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W. Buchanan
from his
affectionate son
J. M.
Glasgow.
April. 1844

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Mrs Hannah More.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS, Esq.

A NEW EDITION, ABRIDGED.

PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE:
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PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE EDITOR willingly introduces the Memoirs of Hannah More into 'The Christian's Family Library, in the belief that this account of so exemplary a Christian lady is peculiarly calculated to be useful to females. For his own part, he must ever retain a deep regard for this distinguished woman. When he was quite a child, her Cheap Repository Tracts were, as far as he recollects, the first human writings on religion which interested and impressed his own mind, and excited his desires to love and serve God. And when in later years he became personally acquainted with her, and saw her from time to time, first at Barley Wood, and then in her subsequent residence at Clifton, he could not but be struck with the growing humility, piety, and devotedness, with which divine grace crowned her last years.

Little would the reader imagine, while noticing only her first acquaintances and her connections, at the beginning of the Memoir, that any extensive good to the church of Christ could arise from one so situated.

But her humble origin and circumstances at the beginning of her life, and her subsequent elevation to the first circles of literature, rank, and polished society, equally fitted her for that widely extended course of usefulness, both among the higher and lower classes, to which she was afterwards led. Her great acuteness of mind, and lively perception of character, and her quick discernment of things that differ, were well adapted for the peculiar state of our country in her days, and enabled her to prepare works just suited to the exigencies of the period.

The goodness of God, in raising up such an instrument at the precise time, and for the peculiar work in which she was employed, should not be unnoticed.

A more deep view of theology, and more full exhibition of the Saviour, a more comprehensive scope of Christian doctrine, would not have been borne by the multitudes who were interested and profited by the more general statements of Mrs. More. They were led on by her pure morals, and practical piety, and devotional spirit, and so prepared for farther instruction in the school of Christ.

It is a most pleasing and satisfactory part of this memoir, that amidst so many peculiar temptations as those to which Mrs. More was exposed, God graciously led her to more and more decision of character and more entire devotedness of spirit to himself. Amidst so many snares, arising from the remarkable success of her literary efforts, she became in her last days peculiarly humble; amidst so many inducements to worldly conformity, she was enabled to maintain, with increasing simplicity, the holiness and singleness of heart which the gospel requires. Her path in this respect was as *the shining light, shining more and more to the perfect day.*

The ceaseless activity of Mrs. More's life; and her unwearied and self-denying efforts to do good in every way were truly exemplary. Her's was not a mere nominal approval of scriptural truths, but she joined with this also a diligent, laborious, and patient working out of their right and happy issue, in practical and benevolent duties of each day and each hour, as God graciously afforded the opportunity. Like our heavenly Master, she went about doing good, delighting in seizing opportunities of liberality to promote the cause of Christ, and, while she had health, patiently labouring in the more self-denying devotion of time and ease, and home comforts, for the temporal as well as spiritual good of the needy.

Mrs. More took a lively interest in the progress of the Bible Society and Christian Missions, and hailed with much pleasure the visits of the friends of the

Church Missionary Society, who attended the anniversary of the Bristol Association. She was a liberal contributor to the funds of religious societies when they had not the popularity which they have since attained.

Though there is great reason to rejoice in the assurance that scriptural truth has made general and enlarged advances over the whole extent of our country, it is not to be concealed that equal advances have been made in the direct avowal of infidelity, in the spirit of lawlessness and insubordination, and in the more open profession of Popery. The Lord is preparing his church for its dangers, the enemy too has arrayed his forces, and the hosts for the conflict seem to be mustering and gathering on a scale very different to the one country of France, which was the seat of the last conflict, and much more likely to comprehend all the countries of Europe, if not of the world.

The peculiarity of the times is such as to strike every reflecting mind; may it lead all who profess themselves to be Christians to that only course of safety and happiness, true repentance for our past sins, and simple faith in the love of God our Saviour. When we look back on the past history of the church, we cannot but observe, that the most alarming, and difficult, and dangerous times have been those in which Christian gifts and graces have been most freely and fully imparted, and God has been most glorified in the lives of his most eminent and devoted servants. The church for itself need not dread any event—*the gates of hell shall never prevail against it*; but as patriots for our country, as human beings touched with sympathy for our fellow-men, as Christians sensible of the dishonour which our national sins put upon God, we have reason to sigh for the abominations done in the midst of us. The promulgation of plans of education, from which the principles of the gospel are purposely excluded, the endeavours to throw off the national acknowledgment

of God, by in every thing seeking to withdraw the national confession of his truth; the oppressions of the poor, and the making haste to be rich; the fruit of which is seen in the degraded state of the agricultural population, and the excessive labour required from the children in our factories; the increasing luxury of the rich; each class, poor and rich, mutually charging each other with the fault, while both are guilty before God; the speaking evil of dignities; the lawlessness and boasting self-will of increasing multitudes; the widely-spread spirit of infidelity; the assuming pretensions of Popery; with many other glaring evils that might be mentioned, characterize the days in which we are living. Untaught by the experience of past ages, uninstructed by the awful issues of the French revolution, regardless of the plain testimony of the word of God, we see men everywhere seeking to plunge the nations of the earth into all the horrors of a godless and infidel chaos of liberalism; as if a state of licentious freedom from authority in which every man might do what is right in his own eyes, were the sum of human prosperity.

But O how little do such evil spirits know that they are preparing the way for their own overthrow and misery, and for that universal and absolute monarchy, in which *the Lord shall be king over all the earth, and there shall be one Lord, and his name one.* And though it may be by previous sufferings that the Christian church shall attain its finally triumphant state, its full and complete and everlasting victory and triumph is infallibly secure.

May we on whom these days are come be faithful unto death, following them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

E. BICKERSTETH.

Watton Rectory, Herts,

April 20, 1838.



MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

HER BIRTH—EDUCATION—AND EARLY LIFE.

HANNAH MORE, the youngest but one of the five daughters of Jacob More, who was descended from a respectable family at Harleston in Norfolk, was born in the year 1745, in the parish of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester. Mr. Jacob More had received a learned education under the brother of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Clarke, at the Grammar School of Norwich, where he appears to have made a great proficiency in classical learning. He had been designed for the church; but his early expectations being defeated by the failure of a law-suit in the family, he quitted that part of the country, and obtained, through the patronage of Lord Bottetourt, the mastership of a foundation-school near Stapleton—a situation which, at that time, fulfilled the utmost of his wishes. Soon after he came into this part of the world, he married a young woman of plain education, the daughter of a creditable farmer, but endowed, like himself, with a vigorous intellect; and to the soundness of her judgment in the culture and regulation of her children, the credit and suc-

cess which attended them has, in great part, been deservedly attributed.

This branch of the family was attached to the established church, Mr. More himself being a staunch Tory, and what is understood by the designation of a high churchman; but the other members of the family were Presbyterians, and the daughters of Mr. Jacob More had frequently heard their father say that he had two great uncles captains in Oliver Cromwell's army. Mr. More's mother appears, from family tradition, to have possessed a mind of more than ordinary vigour. She was a pious woman, and used to tell her younger relatives, that they would have known how to value gospel privileges, had they lived, like her, in the days of proscription and persecution; when, at midnight, pious worshippers went with stealthy steps through the snow, to hear the words of inspiration delivered by a holy man at her father's house, while her father, with a drawn sword, guarded the entrance from violent or profane intrusion: adding, that they boarded the minister, and kept his horse, for ten pounds per annum. By an anecdote related of this lady, it should seem that she possessed considerable fortitude. Being subject to sudden seizures, for which bleeding was necessary, to avoid the necessity of sending three miles across the country for medical assistance, she learnt to perform the operation upon herself. The mother's only sister, after whom Mrs. Hannah More was named, was a woman of considerable capacity, greatly improved; and her memory was so esteemed, that an embroidered silk apron of her workmanship, is still preserved as a relic by a distant branch of the family. The following communication, received by the executrix some little time after Mrs. More's death, from one of her relations, furnishes a few interesting particulars of the family:—

Diss, Oct. 14, 1833.

DEAR MADAM,

I am anxious to give you all the information I can respecting my mother's family. I can assure you it is correct, and will correspond with any family letters or documents that may be found; as my revered parent had an excellent memory, and a strong affection for her grandmother, which made us value the only memorial we had, namely, the apron which she worked at a boarding-school at Norwich.

The family of the Mores was highly respectable, but they were of different parties. Mrs. H. More's grandfather married into a family who were zealous non-conformists. They boarded a minister in their house, and assembled there at the hour of midnight, to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, while Mr. More guarded the entrance with his sword. In after times, my mother has heard the old lady reproach her grand-daughter as lightly esteeming the word of God, when they complained of fatigue after walking some distance in the midst of winter to their place of worship. She was a staunch Presbyterian, remarkable for the simplicity and integrity of her principles. She always rose at four, even in the winter, after she had reached her eightieth year; and she lived beyond her ninetieth. Her son, Mrs. H. More's father, and her daughter, afterwards Mrs. Hayle, of Needham, each received an education adapted to their prospects, which were considered as promising all that is desirable in this life; but the unfortunate issue of a law-suit blasted their well-founded hopes, and sent Mr. More from his native county to the west of England. We, who are spared to see the result of this trying dispensation of Providence, must pause to meditate awhile on his infinite wisdom and mercy, more particularly when we look at the descendant of the more fortunate cou-

sin, who enjoyed his unjustly-gotten wealth but a short time. Death entered his dwelling, and his eldest son soon dissipated all the property, as he lived in the lowest state of profligacy. The estates were worth more than eight thousand per annum at the close of the law-suit. There was also a substantial family mansion, with a library, family portraits, &c. It is situated near the coast of Wenhaston, in Suffolk, not far distant from Aldborough. I once went a journey thither, to examine if there were any monuments that would supply us with data. I found only one; it was erected to the memory of the fortunate Mr. More; not being acquainted with the Christian names, I am at a loss how to distinguish them. There were two Mr. More's—Mrs. H. More's great uncles,—who served in Cromwell's army. I have seen the name in Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. There was also a Mrs. and Miss More, who died at Yoxford; the latter of a cancer, at the age of fifty. They, with the rest of the family, were on terms of intimacy with Sir John Blois, Lord Rous, the grandfather of the Earl of Stradbroke, the Goldings, of Thorington, Reginald Rabbet, Esq., of Bramfield, Dr. Carter, of Beccles, and all the families of consideration in the vicinity. Believe me to be,

Your faithful

humble servant,

ELIZABETH NEWSON.

From information that cannot be questioned, we learn, that at a very early age Hannah More was distinguished by a great quickness of apprehension, retentiveness of memory, and a thirst after knowledge; and as it may be interesting to the curiosity of the reader to trace the dawnings of so bright a genius, I shall not apologize for inserting a few little anecdotes of her early childhood. Between the age of three and four, her mother, thinking it time to teach

her to read, found to her astonishment, that by an eager attention to the instructions bestowed upon her sisters, she had already made considerable progress; and before she had attained her fourth year, she repeated her catechism in the church, in a manner which excited the admiration of the minister of the parish, who had so recently received her at the font. Her nurse, a pious old woman, had lived in the family of Dryden, whose son she had attended in his last illness, and the inquisitive mind of the little Hannah was continually prompting her to ask for stories about the great poet. At this early period, too, the signs of that precarious health which exercised her piety and virtue by so many trials in the course of her long life, began to appear; and it was remembered in the family, that pain and suffering were in her case always without their usual attendants of fretfulness and impatience.

At eight years old, her thirst for learning became very conspicuous: but her father, in addition to his other disappointments, having, at his removal from his native place, lost the principal part of his books, which he had sent by a separate conveyance, his collection became circumscribed to the very small number which travelled with him, and which consisted of a few Latin, Greek, mathematical, and geographical authors: but this deficiency was in some measure supplied by his very wonderful memory, which enabled him to satisfy the eager desire of his daughter to learn the histories of the Greeks and Romans, by relating to her, while sitting on his knee, all the striking events which they contained, and reciting to her the speeches of his favourite heroes, first, in their original language, to gratify her ear with the sound, and afterwards translating them into English; particularly dwelling on the parallels and wise sayings of Plutarch; and these recollections made her often afterwards remark, that the conver-

sation of an enlightened parent, or preceptor, constituted one of the best parts of education.

It is related, that Mr. More, who was remarked for his strong dislike of female pedantry, having nevertheless begun to instruct his daughter in the rudiments of the Latin language, and mathematics, was soon frightened at his own success.

The study of the mathematics was not pursued: but she ever carefully cultivated her acquaintance with the Latin classics; and of the mathematics she has often said, that the little taste of them she had thus acquired, was of sensible advantage to her through the whole course of her intellectual progress. The mother, who had received but a moderate education, but is said to have been furnished by nature with some of her best gifts, was as anxious for the instruction of their promising daughter, as the father was fearful of its consequences; and his consent to her entering upon any new studies was only wrung from him by their joint importunity.

The eldest of the five daughters was sent to a French school at Bristol; as it was the wish of the parents that their children should be qualified to procure for themselves a respectable independence by the establishment of a boarding-school; and this meritorious purpose was seconded by the industry and solid abilities of this daughter, who upon her return from school at the end of each week, constantly imparted to her sisters the lessons she had received: and under this tuition Hannah began an acquaintance with the French language, which was afterwards matured, by study and opportunity, into a perfect acquaintance with its idiom and pronunciation. Some French officers, of cultivated minds and polished manners, who being on their parole in the neighbourhood, were frequent guests at Mr. More's table, always fixed upon Hannah as their interpreter; and her intercourse with this society is

said to have laid the ground of that free and elegant use of the language for which she was afterwards distinguished.

In her days of infancy, when she could possess herself of a scrap of paper, her delight was to scribble upon it some essay or poem, with some well-directed moral, which was afterwards secreted in a dark corner where the servant kept her brushes and dusters. Her little sister, with whom she slept, was usually the repository of her nightly effusions; who in her zeal lest these compositions should be lost, would sometimes steal down to procure a light, and commit them to the first scrap of paper which she could find. Among the characteristic sports of Hannah's childhood, which their mother was fond of recording, we are told that she was wont to make a carriage of a chair, and then to call her sisters to ride with her to London, to see bishops and booksellers; an intercourse which we shall hereafter show to have been realized. The greatest wish her imagination could frame, when her scraps of paper were exhausted, was that she might one day be rich enough to have a whole quire to herself. And when, by her mother's indulgence, the prize was obtained, it was soon filled with suppositious letters to depraved characters, to reclaim them from their errors; and letters in return, expressive of contrition and resolutions of amendment.

At length, the sisters were thought sufficiently qualified for their long-projected undertaking of opening a boarding-school at Bristol; which, from its first commencement, was attended with uncommon success; and the eldest Miss More, not yet quite twenty-one, took under her care Hannah, scarcely then twelve years old, to give her the benefit of masters in the modern languages. And here it may not be amiss to mention, that the high character for pure morals, discreet conduct, and solid informa-

tion, which the eldest sister had already acquired, made her an early object of that respect which followed her to the tranquil and Christian close of her useful life. She was indebted for this best inheritance to her worthy parents, who had ever anxiously endeavoured to cultivate in their children's minds a high standard of practical morality, built upon religious principles; and the sisters never ceased to remember the pious care which their father had taken to impress upon their minds the sanctity of the Lord's-day.

She had reached her sixteenth year, when the elder Sheridan came to Bristol, to give lectures on eloquence: and such was the impression made upon her young imagination, by an exhibition so novel and intellectual, that her feelings could find utterance only in a copy of verses, which was presented to the lecturer by a friend of both the parties. The performance was probably beyond the promise of an age so tender, as it induced Mr. Sheridan to seek an acquaintance with the author, which, when obtained, increased his admiration of her dawning genius. About the same period, a dangerous illness brought her under the care of Dr. Woodward, a physician of eminence at that day, and distinguished by his correct taste. On one of his visits, being led into conversation with his patient on subjects of literature, he forgot the purpose of his visit in the fascination of her talk; till suddenly recollecting himself, when he was half way down stairs, he cried out, 'Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she was;' and returned to the room, exclaiming, 'How are you to-day, my poor child?'

About this time she formed an acquaintance with Ferguson, the popular astronomer, then engaged at Bristol in giving public lectures: an acquaintance which soon ripened into friendship: and the time they passed together being devoted to topics con-

nected with science, she derived from it a decided advantage; and he, on his part, was impressed with so much respect for her taste and genius, that he is said to have submitted the style of most of his compositions to her inspection. With such testimonies she was early ushered into literary life; and her increasing acquaintance with books and men, kept her on an equality with the expectation which such testimonies had begun to excite. But, among her early acquaintance, to none does she appear to have been more indebted for her advancement in critical knowledge, and the principles of correct taste, than to a linen-draper of Bristol, of the name of Peach, of whose extraordinary sagacity and cultivated intellect she was often heard to express herself with great admiration. He had been the friend of Hume, who had shown his confidence in his judgment, by entrusting to him the correction of his history, in which, he used to say, he had discovered more than two hundred Scotticisms.

At this time there existed few or none of those judicious selections from our best authors, which are now in the hands of all young persons under education; and it was observed by the youthful moralist, that for want of such an advantage a custom was prevailing among her juvenile acquaintance of committing to memory parts of plays, not always sound in principle or pure in tendency. In the hope of giving to these habits a safer direction, she wrote, in her seventeenth year (1762), the pastoral drama of the 'Search after Happiness.' And the attempt succeeded as it deserved.

At the age of twenty, having access to the best libraries in her neighbourhood, she cultivated with assiduity the Italian, Latin, and Spanish languages, exercising her genius and polishing her style, in translations and imitations, especially of the odes of Horace, and of some of the dramatic compositions of

Metastasio, which were shewn only to her more intimate literary friends, of whom some have left their testimonies to their spirit and elegance. She was not, however, in sufficient good humour with these, or indeed with any of her very early compositions, to allow them to live. The only one which was rescued was Metastasio's opera of *Regulus*; which, after it had lain by for some years, she was induced to work up into a drama, and publish, under the title of 'The Inflexible Captive.'

It is related of her, in proof of the ease with which she transfused the spirit of the Italian authors into her own language, that being present at a celebrated Italian concert, to gratify one of the company, who was desirous of knowing the subject of the performance, she took out her pencil, and gave a translation, which was snatched from her, and inserted in the principal magazine of the day.

She ranked among her literary friends, at this time, Dean Tucker, Dr. Ford, and Dr. Stonehouse; persons, to mix with whom upon equal terms, was proof sufficient of her early maturity of understanding.

Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Stonehouse was then a name of high reputation. He had been many years a physician in great practice at Northampton, which profession he was induced to relinquish, for one to which the bent of his mind had strongly disposed and prepared him. Having recovered his health by the use of the Bristol waters, he took holy orders, and fixed his residence in Bristol, in the same street in which Hannah More then lived with her sisters. A friendship soon commenced between them, which suffered no interruption till the death of Sir James. Miss H. More had written but little when this acquaintance commenced, but Dr. Stonehouse discerned the promise of greater things, and was unbounded in his admiration of the fresh-

ness and originality of her powers in conversation, in which her modesty and judgment contended with her fancy and fertility. Miss H. More wrote the epitaphs of both Sir James Stonehouse and his lady, which were placed in the chapel at the Hot-wells.

It would be injurious to the merits of Dr. Stonehouse, to forget to say of him that he was an useful guide to his young friend in her study of divinity, and her choice of theological writers.

At about the age of twenty-two, she received the addresses of a gentleman of fortune, more than twenty years older than herself. He was a man of strict honour and integrity, had received a liberal education, and, among other recommendations of an intellectual character, had cultivated a taste for poetry, and shown much skill in the embellishments of rural scenery, and the general improvement of his estate. But for the estate of matrimony he appears to have wanted that essential qualification—a cheerful and composed temper. The prospect of marriage, with the appendage of an indifferent temper, was gloomy enough; but there were other decisive objections, on which it is unimportant to dwell. It will be enough to produce an extract from a letter, received by the executrix of Hannah More soon after her decease, written by a lady whose early and long intimacy with her, and personal knowledge of this delicate transaction, coupled with the great respectability of her character, entitle her testimony to the fullest credit.¹

“ I knew the late Mrs. Hannah More for nearly sixty-four years, I may say most intimately; for during my ten years’ residence with her sisters, I was received and treated, not as a scholar, but as a child of their own, in a confidential and affectionate

¹ The widow of the late Captain Simmons.

manner; and ever since the first commencement of our acquaintance the same friendly intercourse was kept up by letters and visiting. I was living at her sister's when Mr. Turner paid his addresses to her; for it was owing to my cousin Turner (whom my father had placed at their school) that she became acquainted with Mr. Turner. He always had his cousins, the two Miss Turners, to spend their holidays with him, as a most respectable and worthy lady managed and kept his house. His residence at Belmont was beautifully situated, and he had carriages and horses, and everything to make a visit to Belmont agreeable. He permitted his cousins to ask any young persons at the school to spend their vacations with them. Their governesses being nearly of their own age, they made choice of the two youngest of the sisters,—Hannah and Patty More. The consequence was natural. She was very clever and fascinating, and he was generous and sensible; he became attached, and made an offer of marriage, which was accepted. He was a man of large fortune, and she was young and dependent. She quitted her interest in the concern of the school, and was at great expense in preparing and fitting herself out to be the wife of a man of that condition. The day was fixed more than once for the marriage; and Mr. Turner each time postponed it. Her sisters and friends interfered, and would not permit her to be so treated, and trifled with. He continued in the wish to marry her: but her friends, after his former conduct, and on other accounts, persevered in keeping up her determination not to renew the engagement."

In this difficulty (we borrow still from the same authentic source), Sir James Stonehouse was applied to for his timely interposition, and his assistance was promptly afforded. In the counsel of such a friend she found resolution to terminate this anxious and

painful treaty. The final separation was amicably agreed upon, and the contracting parties broke off their intercourse by mutual consent. At their last conversation together, Mr. T. proposed to settle an annuity upon her, a proposal which was with dignity and firmness rejected, and the intercourse appeared to be absolutely at an end. Let it be recorded, however, in justice to the memory of this gentleman, that his mind was ill at ease till an interview was obtained with Dr. Stonehouse, to whom he declared his intention to secure to Miss More, with whom he had considered his union as certain, an annual sum which might enable her to devote herself to her literary pursuits, and compensate, in some degree, for the robbery he had committed upon her time. Dr. Stonehouse consulted with the friends of the parties, and the consultation terminated in a common opinion that, all things considered, a part of the sum proposed might be accepted without the sacrifice of delicacy or propriety, and the settlement was made without the knowledge of the lady, Dr. Stonehouse consenting to become the agent and trustee. It was not, however, till some time after the affair had been thus concluded, that the consent of Miss More could be obtained by the importunity of her friends.

The regard and respect of Mr. Turner for Miss More was continued through his life ; her virtues and excellences were his favourite theme among his intimate friends, and at his death he bequeathed her a thousand pounds.

Her correct and tender mind, which did not come out from these embarrassments without a certain degree of distress and disturbance, seemed to seek relief in the resolution which she formed and kept, of avoiding a similar entanglement. Nor did her resolution want its trial and its testimony. Not long afterwards her hand was again solicited and refused ; and, as it happened in the former case, the attach-

ment of the proposer was succeeded by a cordial respect, which was met on her part by a corresponding sentiment, and ended only with his existence. These incidents the reader of delicacy will duly appreciate. There is upon the face of them a stamp of that high-mindedness and moral strength, by which the dignity of her character was illustrated in the various walk of her Christian life—public and private.

Those who knew her best, feel the difficulty most of deciding to which belonged the greater homage—the firm or the amiable qualities of her mind. At the early age at which we are now retracing her course, we see in her correspondence and intercourse, a spirit and a principle, which if we do not admire and love, it is because the fascinations of imposing and unfeminine examples have, in these days of deceptive light and dangerous novelties, sophisticated common sense, and inverted the natural dispositions of order and propriety.

CHAPTER II.

HER FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERARY AND
FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WE have now attended Miss More to the threshold of active life and general society,—to the portal of that tumultuous mart where the busy clamour of interest, emulation, and vanity assail the ear and bewilder the senses—to that stage in the progress of ardent inexperience in which the blooming speculations of hope and fancy are to be exchanged for vulgar verities.

Hannah More now presents herself to us as a member of those assemblies where wit and fashion were to put her principles upon the defensive, and to prove and decide her character. Her raptures on her first introduction to a ‘live author,’ she has been heard very humourously to describe; and her sisters long remembered the strong desire she expressed to have a view, from some hiding place, of Dr. Johnson, or some of the literary oracles of the day. Garrick’s career was supposed to be drawing to a close, which inflamed her eager desire to hear Shakspeare speaking in the person of that consummate actor—a wish that might be pardoned in one to whom the Muse had already made a tender of her patronage, and vouchsafed her inspiration; and for whose brows she was preparing an unfading chaplet.

What her opinions were at a subsequent period, of the lawfulness of frequenting theatrical exhibitions, became apparent in her conduct and correspondence; but at the time we are regarding her, neither the manners and habits of persons denominated religious, nor the scruples of her own mind, had interdicted her visits to the theatre.

But there are some rare minds, in which sobriety and enthusiasm settle well together, and combine their forces; and of this temperament was Hannah More's. Impelled by the consciousness of superior powers, she probably felt a natural desire to enter upon the field of intellectual enterprise. Society, in its most engaging form, was extending its arms to receive her, and it was not in woman to resist the invitation; but her correspondence and confidential communications soon made it apparent how just an estimate she put upon its fascinations. She possessed that 'hidden strength,' which in 'the various bustle of resort' kept her from vanity and vacillation. Her admiration of genius belonged to the structure and constitution of her mind, on which the fairest forms of truth and sentiment were beautifully inscribed; and if to know the great and to hear the wise, was the ambition of her early days, let it be remembered that, in the maturity of her age, to gain the good was her single concern: having to decide between pleasure and virtue, she made her choice with a promptitude so resolute, that, if I must not find in Hercules a likeness for a lady, I may well compare her with the heroine of Comus. She came forth to meet the world with a talisman in her bosom; 'something holy lodging there,' that broke and defeated its spells and its forgeries.

Some of her earliest letters, after her introduction into general society, were written to Mrs. Gwatkin, (but it is to be regretted they are without date), then living near Bristol, one of her first and firmest friends;

and it will probably amuse the reader to be made acquainted with their contents.

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Here have I been a whole week, to my shame be it spoken, without ever having given you the least intimation of my existence, or change of situation; but I doubt not of your having been informed of it by my friend Charlotte. You, who know the hurry, bustle, dissipation, and nonsensical flutter of a town life, will, I am sure, excuse me if I have not devoted a few minutes to you before, when I assure you it has not been in my power. Martha and the fair Clarissa are of the party, and we are comfortably situated in Henrietta Street.

Monday we dined, drank tea, and supped, at the amiable Sir Joshua Reynolds'; there was a brilliant circle of both sexes; not, in general, literary, though partly so. We were not suffered to come away till one.

I have not been able to pay my devoirs to my dear Dr. Johnson yet, though Miss Reynolds has offered to accompany me whenever I am at leisure. I wish I could convey his 'Journey to the Hebrides' to you. Cadell tells me he sold 4000 of them the first week. It is an agreeable work, though the subject is sterility itself. He knows how to avail himself of the commonest circumstances, and trifles are no longer trifles when they have passed through his hands. He makes the most entertaining and useful reflections on every occurrence, and when occurrences fail, he has a never-failing fund in his own accomplished and prolific mind. Pray let me hear from you soon. I wish you were with us.

I am so hurried, that I do not know what I write. Adieu, my dear friend,

Your's at all times,

HANNAH MORE.

That *Idler*, that *Rambler*, Dr. Johnson, was out of town, so we were deprived of the felicity of seeing him last night; but it is a pleasure the obliging Miss Reynolds has promised me. Though this bright sun did not cheer us with his rays, yet we had a constellation of the Agreeables. I enclose the verses I mentioned. The thought happened to strike in preference to the others. We cannot have the pleasure of seeing Charles Street to-night—Have been to hear Lindsey—Hope you did not expire at the opera, for fear, as Lady Grace says, you should not live to go to another.

Adieu—much your's,

H. MORE.

This visit to London was made in 1773 or 4, in company with two of her sisters; and her introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick took place in about a week after her arrival. Garrick had seen a letter from Miss More to a person known to them both, so well describing the effect produced upon her mind by his performance of the character of Lear, as to inflame his curiosity to see and converse with her. The interview was easily procured; and after an hour passed together, they parted reciprocally pleased, having discovered in each other what was gratifying to both—natural manners, original powers, and wit in union with good nature. On the day following, Miss More and Mrs. Montagu were brought together at Mr. Garrick's house; and her introduction to the great and the greatly-endowed was sudden and general. It came upon her with a surprise which might excuse some whisperings of self-adulation and some disturbance of principle.

It was afterwards Mr. Garrick's delight to introduce his new friend to the best and most gifted of his own acquaintance. The desire she had long felt to see Dr. Johnson was speedily gratified. Her first

introduction to him took place at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who prepared her, as he handed her up stairs, for the possibility of his being in one of his moods of sadness and silence.

She was surprised at his coming to meet her, as she entered the room, with good humour in his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua's on his hand; and still more, at his accosting her with a verse from a Morning Hymn which she had written at the desire of Sir James Stonehouse. In the same pleasant humour he continued the whole of the evening. Some extracts from the letters of one of her sprightly sisters to the family at home, will afford the best picture of the intercourse and scenes in which Hannah was now beginning to bear a part.

London, 1774.

Since I wrote last, Hannah has been introduced by Miss Reynolds to Baretti and to Edmund Burke, (the 'sublime and beautiful' Edmund Burke!) From a large party of literary persons, assembled at Sir Joshua's, she received the most encouraging compliments; and the spirit with which she returned them was acknowledged by all present, as Miss Reynolds informed poor us. Miss R. repeats her little poem by heart, with which also the great Johnson is much pleased.

London, 1774.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She had sent to engage Dr. Percy, (Percy's Collection,—now you know him,) who is quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women (Miss Reynolds,) ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*; yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as

we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his, (the Tour to the Hebrides), and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, 'She was a *silly thing*.' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, (as it rained) to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us?

I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair in which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself, when they stopt a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the Weird Sisters appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest: however, they learnt the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

Johnson afterwards mentioned to Miss Reynolds how much he had been touched with the enthusiasm which was visible in the whole manner of the young authoress, and which was evidently genuine and unaffected. Such was the first introduction of Hannah More into the world of literature; an introduction which had far exceeded her modest expectations, and more than gratified the thirst she had so early felt for intellectual society. She returned with her

sisters to Bristol, after a six-weeks' residence in town, which she again visited in the February of the following year, 1775.

We shall now best make out the details of some years of her life, by extracts from her letters, written chiefly to her sisters in the country, with the carelessness and freedom of one who wrote only for the bosom and the fire-side, and not for the world. Indeed, she never attempted what are called *good* letters herself, or much valued them when written by others. She used to say, "If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them much better in books. What I want in a letter, is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common course of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is; without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is, therefore, worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me."

Miss H. More to one of her Sisters.

London, 1775.

Our first visit was to Sir Joshua's, where we were received with all the friendship imaginable. I am going, to-day, to a great dinner. Nothing can be conceived so absurd, extravagant, and fantastical, as the present mode of dressing the head. Simplicity and modesty are things so much exploded, that the very names are no longer remembered. I have just escaped from one of the most fashionable disfigurers; and though I charged him to dress me with the greatest simplicity, and to have only a very distant eye upon the fashion, just enough to avoid the pride of singularity, without running into ridiculous excess; yet in spite of all these sage didactics, I abso-

lutely blush at myself, and turn to the glass with as much caution as a vain beauty, just risen from the small pox; which cannot be a more disfiguring disease than the present mode of dressing. Of the one, the calamity may be greater in its consequences, but of the other it is more corrupt in its cause. We have been reading a treatise on the morality of Shakspeare; it is a happy and easy way of filling a book that the present race of authors have arrived at—that of criticising the works of some eminent poet; with monstrous extracts and short remarks. It is a species of cookery I begin to grow tired of; they cut up their authors into chops, and by adding a little crumbled bread of their own, and tossing it up a little, they present it as a fresh dish: you are to dine upon the poet;—the critic supplies the garnish; yet has the credit, as well as profit, of the whole entertainment.

London, 1775.

I had yesterday the pleasure of dining in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, at a certain *Mrs. Montagu's*, a name not totally obscure. The party consisted of herself, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander, and Matty, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua, (the idol of every company); some other persons of high rank and less wit, and your humble servant,—a party that would not have disgraced the table of Lælius, or of Atticus. I felt myself a worm, the more a worm for the consequence which was given me, by mixing me with such a society; but, as I told Mrs. Boscawen, and with great truth, I had an opportunity of making an experiment of my heart, by which I learnt that I was not envious, for I certainly did not repine at being the meanest person in company.

Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness; she is not only the finest genius,

but the finest lady I ever saw; she lives in the highest style of magnificence; her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste; but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montagu! her form (for she has no *body*) is delicate even to fragility: her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen, with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast; her spirits are so active, that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them. Mrs. Carter has in her person a great deal of what the gentlemen mean when they say such a one is a 'poetical lady;' however, independently of her great talents and learning, I like her much; she has affability, kindness, and goodness; and I honour her heart even more than her talents; but I do not like one of them better than Mrs. Boscawen; she is at once polite, learned, judicious, and humble; and Mrs. Park tells me, her letters are thought not inferior to Mrs. Montagu's. She regretted (so did I,) that so many suns could not possibly shine at one time: but we are to have a smaller party, where, from fewer luminaries, there may emanate a clearer, steadier, and more beneficial light. Dr. Johnson asked me how I liked the new tragady of Braganza. I was afraid to speak before them all, as I knew a diversity of opinion prevailed among the company: however, as I thought it a less evil to dissent from the opinion of a fellow-creature, than to tell a falsity, I ventured to give my sentiments; and was satisfied with Johnson's answering, 'You are right, madam.'

From Miss Sarah More to one of her sisters.

London, 1775.

Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's with Dr. Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great

favourite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits; it was certainly her lucky night! I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have imagined we had been at some comedy had you heard our peals of laughter. They, indeed, tried which could 'pepper the highest,' and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was really the highest seasoner. Yesterday Mr. Garrick called upon us; a volume of Pope lay upon the table; we asked him to read, and he went through the latter part of the 'Essay on Man.' He was exceedingly good-humoured, and expressed himself quite delighted with our eager desire for information; and when he had satisfied one interrogatory, said, 'Now, madam, what next!' He read several lines we had been disputing about with regard to emphasis, in many different ways, before he decided which was right. He sat with us from half-past twelve till three, reading and criticising. We have just had a call from Mr. Burke.

We will now present a few extracts from some other of Hannah's letters to one of her sisters.

London, 1775.

'Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence,
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of ———'

'Sense,' I was going to add in the words of Pope, till I recollected that *pence* had a more appropriate meaning, and was as good a rhyme. This apostrophe broke from me on coming from the opera, the first I ever *did*, the last I trust I ever *shall* go to. For what purpose has the Lord of the universe made his creature man with a comprehensive mind? Why make him a little lower than the angels? Why

give him the faculty of thinking, the powers of wit and memory; and to crown all, an immortal and never-dying spirit? Why all this wondrous waste, this prodigality of bounty, if the mere animal senses of sight and hearing (by which he is not distinguished from the brutes that perish) would have answered the end as well: and yet I find the same people are seen at the opera every night—an amusement written in a language the greater part of them do not understand, and performed by such a set of beings!

But the man

‘ Who bade the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense.’

sat at my elbow, and reconciled me to my situation, not by his approbation, but his presence. Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very severe one. Thank my dear Dr. S——, for his kind and seasonable admonitions on my last Sunday’s engagement at Mrs. Montagu’s. Conscience had done its office before; nay, was busy at the time: and if it did not dash the cup of pleasure to the ground, infused at least a tincture of wormwood into it. I *did* think of the alarming call, “What doest thou here, Elijah?” and I thought of it to-night at the opera.

Sunday night, 9 o’clock.

Perhaps you will say I ought to have thought of it again to-day, when I tell you I have dined abroad; but it is a day I reflect on without those uneasy sensations one has when one is conscious it has been spent in trifling company. I have been at Mrs. Boscawen’s; Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, and myself only were admitted. We spent the time, not as wits, but as reasonable creatures; better characters, I trow. The conversation was sprightly, but serious. I have not enjoyed an afternoon so much

since I have been in town. There was much sterling sense, and they are all ladies of high character for piety; of which, however, I do not think their visiting on Sundays any proof: for though their conversation is edifying, the example is bad. You do not, I presume, expect I should send you a transcript of the conversation: I have told you the interlocutors, but you are not to expect the dialogue. Patty says if she had such rich subjects, she could make a better hand of them: I believe her: my outlines are perhaps more just, but she beats me all to nothing in the colouring. She is but a young painter, and is fond of drapery and ornament: for my own part, the more I see of the 'honoured, famed, and great,' the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good; and that no earthly pleasure can fill up the wants of the immortal principle within. One need go no farther than the company I have just left, to be convinced that 'pain is for man,' and that fortune, talents, and science are no exemption from the universal lot. Mrs. Montagu, eminently distinguished for wit and virtue, 'the wisest where all are wise,' is hastening to insensible decay by a slow, but sure hectic. Mrs. Chapone has experienced the severest reverses of fortune; and Mrs. Boscawen's life has been a continued series of afflictions, which may almost bear a parallel with those of the righteous man of Uz. Tell me, then, what is it to be wise? This, you will say, is exhibiting the unfavourable side of the picture of humanity, but it is the right side, the side that shews the likeness.

London, 1775.

I have read Sir Joshua's last discourse at the Academy: in my poor judgment it is a masterpiece for matter as well as style, and that we have scarcely a finer writer. I have told the Reynoldses how angry I am with Burke for an unhandsome paragraph on

the Dean of Gloucester (Dr. Tucker). They are warm friends, but I would not give up my point. They seem to think that the man and the politician are different things: but I do not see why a person should not be bound to speak truth in the House of Commons as well as in his own house.

At the end of another six weeks, Hannah More again returned to her family, and paid her next visit to London in the January of 1776.

During her residence at home she one day laughingly said to her sisters, 'I have been so fed with praise and flattering attentions, that I think I will venture to try what is my real value, by writing a slight poem, and offering it to Cadell myself.' In a fortnight after this idea was started, she had completed the legendary tale of 'Sir Eldred of the Bower;' to which she added the little poem of the 'Bleeding Rock,' which she had written some years previously. Upon her presenting it to Mr. Cadell, he offered her a price which exceeded her idea of its worth; very handsomely adding, that if she could hereafter discover what Goldsmith obtained for 'the Deserted Village,' he would make up the sum, be it what it might. This treaty was the beginning of a connexion with Mr. Cadell, which was carried on through an intercourse of nearly forty years, with a reciprocity of esteem and regard that suffered no interruption.

Miss H. More to one of her sisters.

London, 1776.

Yesterday was another of the few sunshiny days with which human life is so scantily furnished. We spent it at Garrick's: he was in high good humour, and inexpressibly agreeable. Here was likely to have been another jostling and intersecting of our pleasures; but

as they knew Johnson would be with us at seven, Mrs. Garrick was so good as to dine a little after three, and all things fell out in comfortable succession. We were at the reading of a new tragedy, and insolently and unfeelingly pronounced against it. We got home in time: I hardly ever spent an evening more pleasantly or profitably. Johnson, full of wisdom and piety, was very communicative. To enjoy Dr. Johnson perfectly, one must have him to oneself, as he seldom cares to speak in mixed parties. Our tea was not over till nine; we then fell upon Sir Eldred: he read both poems through; suggested some little alterations in the first, and did me the honour to write one whole stanza; but in the Rock he has not altered a word. Though only a tea visit, he staid with us till twelve. I was quite at my ease, and never once asked him to eat (drink he never does any thing but tea); while you, I dare say, would have been fidgetted to death, and would have sent half over the town for chickens, and oysters, and asparagus, and Madeira. You see how frugal it is to be well-bred, and not to think of such a vulgar renovation as eating and drinking.

London, 1776.

Again I am annoyed by the foolish absurdity of the present mode of dress. Some ladies carry on their heads a large quantity of fruit, and yet they would despise a poor useful member of society, who carried it there for the purpose of selling it for bread. Some, at the back of their perpendicular caps, hang four or five ostrich feathers, of different colours, &c. Spirit of Addison! thou pure and gentle shade, arise! thou who, with such fine humour, and such polished sarcasm, didst lash the cherry-coloured hood, and the party patches; and cut down, with a trenchant sickle, a whole harvest of follies and absurdities! Awake! for the follies thou didst lash were but the beginning of follies; and the absurdities thou

didst censure, were but the seeds of absurdities ! Oh, that thy master spirit, speaking and chiding in thy graceful page, could recal the blushes, and collect the scattered and mutilated remnants of female modesty !

We find another letter from one of her sisters, written about the same time, from which we shall make a humorous extract.

London, 1776.

If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised,—between the mother of Sir Eldred, and the father of my much-loved Irene ; nay, Mrs. Montagu says, if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things ; for it is nothing but ' child '—' little fool '—' love,' and ' dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turned round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, ' I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence, we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education ; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas ; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them ; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes ; and how we found a great house with nothing in it ; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none : and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store

of gold in return ; but how, alas ! we wanted the wit to keep it.—‘ I love you both,’ cried the inamorata —‘ I love you all five—I never was at Bristol.—I will come on purpose to see you—what? five women live happily together !—I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you ; you live lives to shame duchesses.’ He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, that we were quite affected at his manner.

If Hannah’s head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then, I will venture to say that nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. Two carriages at the door : Mrs. Boscawen and Sir Joshua ; the latter to take us to an auction of pictures : the former paid a short visit, that she might not break in upon our engagements. Dr. Johnson and Hannah, last night, had a violent quarrel, till at length laughter ran so high on all sides, that argument was confounded in noise ; the gallant youth, at one in the morning, set us down at our lodgings.

From Miss Martha Moore to one of her sisters.

Hampton, 1776.

We have been passing three days at the temple of taste, nature, Shakspeare, and Garrick ; where every thing that could please the ear, charm the eye, and gratify the understanding, passed in quick succession. From dinner to midnight he entertained us in a manner infinitely agreeable. He read to us all the whimsical correspondence, in prose and verse, which, for many years, he had carried on with the first geniuses of this age. I have now seen him in his mellowed light, when the world has been shaken off. He says he longs to enter into himself, and to study the more important duties of life, which he is

determined upon doing: that his whole *domestique* shall be under such regulations of order and sobriety, as shall be both a credit to himself and an example to others. The next time we go, Hannah is to carry some of her writing; she is to have a little table to herself, and to continue her studies; and he is to do the same.

The following extracts are from the letters of Hannah More to her family.

London, 1776.

I dined in the Adelphi yesterday. It was a particular occasion—an annual meeting, where none but men are usually asked. I was however of the party, and an agreeable day it was to me. I have seldom heard so much wit, under the banner of so much decorum. I mention this, because I was told it was a day of licence, and that everybody was to say what they pleased. Colman and Dr. Schomberg were of the party; the rest were chiefly old doctors of divinity. I had a private whisper that I must dine there again to-day, to assist at the celebration of the birthday. We had a little snug dinner in the library. At six, I begged leave to come home, as I expected my *petite assemblée* a little after seven. Mrs. Garrick offered me all her fine things, but, as I hate admixtures of finery and meanness, I refused everything except a little cream, and a few sorts of cakes. They came at seven. The *dramatis personæ* were, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss Reynolds; my beaux were Dr. Johnson, Dean Tucker, and last, but not least in our love, David Garrick. You know that wherever Johnson is, the confinement to the tea-table is rather a durable situation; and it was an hour and a half before I got my enlargement. However, my ears were opened, though my tongue was locked, and they all stayed till near eleven.

Garrick was the very soul of the company, and I

never saw Johnson in such perfect good humour. Sally knows we have often heard that one can never properly enjoy the company of these two, unless they are together. There is great truth in this remark; for after the Dean and Mrs. Boscawen were withdrawn, and the rest stood up to go, Johnson and Garrick began a close encounter, telling old stories, 'e'en from their boyish days' at Lichfield. We all stood round them above an hour, laughing in defiance of every rule of decorum and Chesterfield. I believe we should not have thought of sitting down or of parting, had not an impertinent watchman been saucily vociferous. Johnson outstaid them all, and sat with me half an hour.

I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner, Garrick took up the Monthly Review (civil gentlemen, by the bye, these Monthly Reviewers), and read 'Sir Eldred,' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing, to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself: for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which, I can truly say, was far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. *She* got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and *I*, by saying the same thing of the reading. It furnished us with a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it would really have been decent to have been a little sorrowful.

London, 1776.

Did I ever tell you what Dr. Johnson said to me of my friend the Dean of Gloucester? I asked him

what he thought of him. His answer was *verbatim* as follows: ‘I look upon the Dean of Gloucester to be one of the few excellent writers of this period. I differ from him in opinion, and have expressed that difference in my writings; but I hope what I wrote did not indicate what I did not feel, for I felt no acrimony. No person, however learned, can read his writings without improvement. He is sure to find something he did not know before.’ I told him the Dean did not value himself on elegance of style. He said he knew nobody whose style was more perspicuous, manly, and vigorous, or better suited to his subject. I was not a little pleased with this tribute to the worthy Dean’s merit, from such a judge of merit; that man, too, professedly differing from him in opinion.

Would you believe it? In the midst of all the pomps and vanities of this wicked town, I have taken it into my head to study like a dragon: I read four or five hours every day, and wrote ten hours yesterday. How long this will last I do not know—but I fear no longer than the bad weather. I wish you could see a picture Sir Joshua has just finished, of the prophet Samuel, on his being called. ‘The gaze of young astonishment’ was never so beautifully expressed. Sir Joshua tells me that he is exceedingly mortified when he shows this picture to some of the great—they ask him who Samuel was? I told him he must get somebody to make an oratorio of Samuel, and then it would not be vulgar to confess they knew something of him. He said he was glad to find that I was intimately acquainted with that devoted prophet. He has also done a St. John that bids fair for immortality. I tell him that I hope the poets and painters will at last bring the Bible into fashion; and that people will get to like it from taste, though they are insensible to its spirit, and afraid of its doctrines. I love this great genius, for not being

ashamed to take his subjects from the most unfashionable of all books.

Keeping bad company leads to all other bad things. I have got the head-ache to-day, by raking out so late with that gay libertine Johnson. Do *you* know—I did not—that he wrote a quarter of the *Adventurer*? I made him tell me all that he wrote in the ‘fugitive pieces.’

De Lolme told me he thought Johnson’s late political pamphlets were the best things he had written; but I regret that such men should ever write a word of politics.

Mrs. Garrick had obtained a ticket to carry me to the Pantheon with her and a party; but I could not get the better of my repugnance to these sort of places, and she was so good as to excuse me. I find my dislike of what are called public diversions greater than ever, except a play; and when Garrick has left the stage, I could be very well contented to relinquish plays also: and to live in London without ever again setting my foot in a public place.

Hampton, 1776.

When I come back from Hampton I shall change my lodgings; not that I have any particular objections to these, but those I have taken are much more airy, large, and elegant. Besides the use, when I please, of the whole house, I shall have a bed-chamber and a dressing-room for my own particular company; the master and mistress are themselves well-behaved sensible people, and keep good company; besides, they are fond of books, and can read, and have a shelf of books which they will lend me. The situation is pleasant and healthy—the centre house in the Adelphi.¹ Add to this, it is not a common lodging-house; they are care-

¹ Garrick’s town-house.

ful whom they take in, and will have no people of bad character, or who keep irregular hours. So that on the whole, for the little time I remain in town, I think I shall be more comfortable in my new lodgings.

Adelphi, 1776.

Did I tell you we had a very agreeable day at Mrs. Boscawen's? I like Mr. Berenger prodigiously. I met the Bunbury family at Sir Joshua's. Mr. Boswell (Corsican Boswell) was here last night: he is a very agreeable and good-natured man; he perfectly adores Johnson. They have this day set out together for Oxford, Lichfield, &c. that the Doctor may take leave of all his old friends and acquaintances, previous to his great expedition across the Alps. I lament his undertaking such a journey at his time of life, with beginning infirmities; I hope he will not leave his bones on classic ground. I have here most spacious apartments, three rooms to myself. David Hume is at the point of death, in a jaundice. Cadell told me to-day he had circulated six thousand of Price's book, and was rejoiced to hear that the Dean of Gloucester intended to answer it.

Adelphi, 1776.

We have had a great evening in the Adelphi: the principal people that I can now recollect were, Lord and Lady Camden, their daughters, Lady Chatham and daughters, Lord Dudley, Mr. Rigby, Mrs. Montagu, the Dean of Derry and his lady, Sir Joshua and his sister, Colman, Berenger, &c.

You would take Lord Camden for an elderly physician, though I think there is something of genius about his nose. Did I excel in the descriptive, here would be a fine field for me to expatiate on the graces of the host and hostess, whose beha-

viour was all cheerfulness and good breeding : but lords delight not me, no, nor ladies neither, unless they are very chosen ones.

A relation of the Duchess of Chandos died at the Duchess's, a few days ago, at the card-table ; she was dressed most sumptuously ;—they stripped off her diamonds—stuck her upright in a coach—put in two gentlemen with her, and sent her home two hours after she was dead : at least so the story goes.

Baron Burland died as suddenly. After having been at the House of Lords, he dined heartily, and was standing by the fire, talking politics to a gentleman. So you see, even London has its warnings, if it would but listen to them. These are two signal ones in one week : but the infatuation of the people is beyond any thing that can be conceived.

A most magnificent hotel, in St. James's Street, was opened last night, for the first time, by the name of the 'Savoir Vivre.' None but people of the very first rank were there, so you may conclude the diversion was cards ; and in one night, the very first time the rooms were ever used, the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds was lost ! Heaven reform us !

We had, the other night, a *conversazione* at Mrs. Boscawen's. What a comfort for me that none of my friends play at cards. Soame Jenyns and the learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge were of the party. We had a few sensible ladies, and a very agreeable day, till the world broke in upon us, and made us too large for conversation. The sensible Mrs. Walsingham was there, as was Mrs. Newton, who gave me many invitations to St. Paul's.¹ Mr.

¹ The kindness and friendship of Bishop Newton and his lady to Mrs. H. More continued invariably through their lives.

Jenyns was very polite to me, and as he, his lady, and I, were the first visitants, he introduced me himself to everybody that came afterwards, who were strangers to me. There is a fine simplicity about him, and a meek innocent kind of wit, in Addison's manner, which is very pleasant. The kind Mrs. Boscawen had made another party for me, at her house, with Mr. Berenger, who is everybody's favourite, (even Dr. Johnson's) but I am unluckily engaged.

Cumberland's odes are come out. I tried to prevail on Mr. Cambridge to read them, but could not: he has a natural aversion to an ode, as some people have to a cat: one of them is pretty, but another contains a literal description of administering a dose of James's powders! Why will a man who has real talents, attempt a species of writing for which he is so little qualified? But so little do we poor mortals know ourselves, that I should not be surprised, if he were to prefer these odes to his comedies, which have real merit.

London, 1776.

I dined yesterday with Captain¹ and Mrs. Middleton. Tell Dr. Stonehouse that I recommended the translation of Saurin's Sermons to Captain Middleton and Mrs. Bouverie. Captain M. intends writing to the doctor about them. How nobly eloquent they are! One little peculiarity I remark—his more frequent use of the word *vice* than generally occurs in religious writings. I think sin is a theological, vice a moral, and crime a judicial term. There are so few people I meet with in this good town, to whom one can venture to recommend sermons, that the opportunity is not to be lost; though the misfortune is, that those who are most willing to read them,

¹ Afterwards Lord Barham.

happen to be the very people who least want them. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, and some other of my friends were there.

Mrs. Boscawen came to see me the other day with the duchess, in her gilt chariot, with four footmen (as I hear), for I happened not to be at home. It is not possible for anything on earth to be more agreeable to my taste than my present manner of living. I am so much at my ease ; have a great many hours at my own disposal ; read my own books, and see my own friends ; and, whenever I please, may join the most polished and delightful society in the world ? Our breakfasts are little literary societies. There is generally company at meals, as they think it saves time, by avoiding the necessity of seeing people at other seasons. Mr. Garrick sets the highest value upon his *time* of anybody I ever knew. From dinner to tea we laugh, chat, and talk nonsense : the rest of his time is generally devoted to study. I detest and avoid public places more than ever, and should make a miserably bad fine lady ! What most people come to London *for*, would keep me *from* it.

Adelphi, 1776.

I had promised Mr. Burrows I would certainly go to hear him at St. Clement's, last Sunday, but was again disappointed. At Hampton church we heard a frivolous clergyman preach one of those light compositions which it is impossible for one ever to think of again.

Alas ! I dare not lie in bed in a morning, for the Garricks are as much my conscience here as the doctor is at Bristol.¹ A few evenings ago we were at Mrs. Vesey's ; Tessier read ; we were a moderate party ; not forty ; the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort

¹ Dr. Stonehouse.

was there, Lady Betty Compton, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Bateman, and a dozen other lords and ladies, for aught I know. The old duchess looks amazingly well; I do not know a finer woman of her age.

We expect a large party every minute to breakfast; all the sensible, ingenious French folks, whom I believe I have mentioned before, with Lord North, &c. I find Mr. Boswell called upon you at Bristol, with Dr. Johnson; he told me so this morning when he breakfasted here, with Sir William Forbes and Dr. J——.

London, 1776.

We have been again spending three days at Hampton. On the first, we were visited by our noble neighbours, the Pembrokes; and, on the third, we dined at Richmond, at Sir Joshua's, with a very agreeable party. It was select, though much too large to please me. There was hardly a person in company that I would not have chosen as eminently agreeable; but I would not have chosen them all together. Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Elliott, Edmund, Richard, and William Burke, Lord Mahon, David Garrick, and Sir Joshua. We had a great deal of laugh, as there were so many leaders among the patriots, and had a great deal of attacking and defending, with much wit and good humour.

Adelphi, 1776.

I wish it were possible for me to give you the slightest idea of the scene I was present at yesterday. Garrick would make me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven.

At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle's, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery, communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the king-at-arms had commanded silence, on pain of imprisonment, (which, however, was ill observed,) the gentleman of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by black rod and Mr. la Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges. When she bent, the lord steward called out, 'Madam, you may rise;' which was taking her up before she was down. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head; her hair modestly dressed and powdered; a black silk sacque with crape trimmings; black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and his expression, pointed to the last degree; he made her grace shed bitter tears. I had the pleasure of hearing several of the lords speak, though nothing more than proposals on common things. Among these were Lyttleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. I must not omit one of the best things: we had only to open a door, to get at a very fine cold collation of all sorts of meats and wines, with tea, &c. a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle. I fancy the peeresses would have been glad of our places at the trial, for I saw Lady

Derby and the Duchess of Devonshire with their work-bags full of good things. Their rank and dignity did not exempt them from the ‘villanous appetites’ of eating and drinking.

Foote says that the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, and Mrs. Rudd, are the three most extraordinary women in Europe; but the Duchess disdainfully, and I think unjustly, excludes Mrs. Rudd from the honour of deserving to make one in the triple alliance. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured. She looked very much like Mrs. Pritchard; she is large and ill-shaped; there was nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense: they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did *nothing* with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly.

Adelphi, 1776.

We did not come to town till yesterday, and even then left Hampton with regret, as it is there we spend the pleasantest part of our time, uninterrupted by the idle, the gossiping, and the impertinent. On Tuesday, Lord and Lady Pembroke dined with us. The Countess is a pretty woman, and my Lord a good-humoured, lively, chatty man; but Roscius was, as usual, the life and soul of the company, and always says so many home things, pointed at the vices and follies of those with whom he converses, but in so indirect, well-bred, and good-humoured a manner, that everybody must love him; and none but fools are ever offended, or will expose themselves so much as to own they are. Politicians say that there is a great prospect of an accommodation

with America. Heaven grant it, before more human blood is spilt! But even this topic has, I think, a little given place to the trial. For my part, I cannot see why there should be so much ceremony used, to know whether an infamous woman has one or two husbands. I think a *lieutenant de police* would be a better judge for her than the peers, and I do not see why she should not be tried by Sir John Fielding, as a profligate of less note would have been.

Miss H. More to Mrs. Gwatkin.

Adelphi, May 12, 1776.

A few nights before I saw Garrick in Hamlet, I had seen him in Abel Drugger; and, had I not seen him in both, I should have thought that it would have been as impossible for Milton to have written 'Hudibras,' or Butler 'Paradise Lost,' as for the same man to have played Hamlet and Drugger with such superlative and finished excellence. The more admirable he is, the more painful it is to reflect that I am now catching his departing glories. He is one of those summer suns, which shine brightest at their setting. Within these three weeks, he has appeared in Brute, Leon, Drugger, Benedict, Archer, &c. for the last time; and it appears like assisting at the funeral obsequies of these individual characters. When I see him play any part for the last time, I can only compare my mixed sensations of pain and pleasure to what I suppose I should feel, if a friend were to die and leave me a rich legacy. There is a certain sentiment of gratification and delight in the acquisition; but as you are beginning to indulge in it, it is all of a sudden checked, by recollecting on what terms you possess it, and that you purchase your pleasure at the costly price of losing him to whom you owe it.

I wrote the above two or three days ago, and in-

tended to have sent it immediately ; but happening to show it to Mrs. G. she was so pleased with my remarks, that they insisted on having a copy. Though they paid my foolish letter an undeserved compliment, yet I could not refuse to comply, and not having time to transcribe it, is the reason you did not hear from me sooner.

I am surprised to find myself still there. Could I have had the least idea of my remaining so long after I wrote to you last, I should not foolishly have deprived myself of the satisfaction of hearing from you. But though I have not heard *from* you, I have frequently heard *of* you. I fancy my sisters will have set out on their western excursion before I shall see Bristol. I doubt not but they will find it a very pleasant scheme, and to Martha I hope it will be a beneficial one.

I last night saw Don Felix for the first time ; it is an elegant and pleasing part, but Mrs. Yates did great injustice to the genteel character of Violante, in which Mrs. Barry got so much reputation, when she played it with Mr. Garrick. On Monday night he played King Lear, and it is literally true that my spirits have not yet recovered from the shock they sustained. I generally think the last part I see him in the greatest : but in regard to that night, it was the universal opinion that it was one of the greatest scenes ever exhibited. I called to-day in Leicester-fields, and Sir Joshua declared it was full three days before he got the better of it. The eagerness of people to see him is beyond anything you can have an idea of. You will see half-a-dozen duchesses and countesses of a night, in the upper boxes : for the fear of not seeing him at all, has humbled those who used to go, not for the purpose of seeing, but of being seen ; and they now curtesy to the ground for the worst places in the house.

I dined lately with your neighbour, Mr. Elliot,

whom I like exceedingly: Mr. Gibbon, the three Burkes, Lord Mahon, and Lord Pitt were of the party. What a list of patriots! A few nights ago we had an agreeable evening at Mrs. Vesey's; you know she is a favourite of mine, and indeed of every body that has the pleasure of knowing her.

We go to-morrow to smell the lilacs and syringas at Hampton. I long for the sweet tranquillity of that delicious retreat. We generally spend a day or two in a week there, particularly Sunday, which is no small relief to me.

How does your garden grow? Are your shrubs flourishing? I reckon the Bristol misses will be delighted with your charming prospect. My love to squire Edward. I have not time to look over this scrawl. My kind regards at the vicarage. Adieu, dear Madam,

Yours constantly and sincerely,

H. MORE.

I have been to the Adelphi. Garrick gave me the history of his reading to the king and queen, and went through the fable of the 'Blackbird and Royal Eagle,' which was his prologue. It is really very lively and entertaining. Some part of it is affecting, where he speaks of the sprightly blackbird, who was famous for his imitative powers, and could exactly mimic, from the tender notes of the nightingale to the low comic noises of the crow and magpie. But one day, happening to look on his once fine glossy plumage, he found that his feathers began to turn grey; his eye had lost its lustre; and he also began to be lame. This determined him to give up his mimicry, and he resolved to be silent, and not hop about from tree to tree, but confine himself to one snug bush. The royal eagle, however, hearing of the talents of the lively creature, sent for him to court, and insisted on hearing him sing. This

honour overturned all his prudent resolution; he found his feathers were restored to their native black, his eye resumed its fire, and he was himself again.

London, 1776.

Yesterday, good and dear Mrs. Boscawen came herself to fetch me to meet at dinner a lady I have long wished to see. This was Mrs. Delany. She was a Granville, and niece to the celebrated poet Lord Lansdowne. She was the friend and intimate of Swift. She tells a thousand pleasant anecdotes relative to the publication of the *Tatler*. As to the *Spectator*, it is almost too modern for her to speak of it. She was in the next room, and heard the cries of alarm when Guiscard stabbed Lord Oxford. In short she is a living library of knowledge; and time, which has so highly matured her judgment, has taken very little from her graces or her liveliness. She has invited me to visit her; a singular favour from one of her years and character. Last night, I was again at Mrs. Boscawen's, where there was a very splendid assembly; there were above forty people, most of them of the first quality, but I am sure I shall not remember half of them.

I forgot to tell you I have just been to see Mrs. Montagu. I made it a point to go in the morning; thinking I might stand a chance of catching her alone, which indeed, to my great delight, I did; but just as we were beginning to enter into interesting conversation, the world, as usual, broke in.

CHAPTER III.

HER LITERARY CAREER, TO THE DEATH OF GARRICK.

IN the beginning of June, 1776, Hannah More returned to Bristol after a six months' absence, four of which had been passed between the Adelphi and Hampton. It was remarked by her friends and family, that success and applause had made no change in her deportment. She brought back her native simplicity unsullied by the contact. The constitution of her mind was so opposed to affectation and art, that rank, literature, and fashion saw the bird escape as from the snare of the fowler, without losing a feather of its natural plumage, to soar at large in its own free element, and revisit its accustomed scenes.

In April, 1777, she paid a visit to some relations in Norfolk, passing through London in her way: and we find several letters to her family during her visit, which give a very pleasant account of her tour, and of her intercourse with some of her kindred.

1777.

We arrived at Bungay a little before nine. In my way thither, Thorpe Hall, where my father was born, was pointed out to me. Our cousin Cotton's house is about a quarter of a mile out of the town; it is

large, elegant, and very handsomely furnished. Bungalow is a much better town than I expected, very clean and pleasant. I am very glad, however, that the house is a little way out of it.

On Tuesday, we went to dine at Mr. John Cotton's; a romantic farm-house, buried in the obscurity of a deep wood. A great number of Cottons were assembled, of all ages, sexes, and characters. The old lady of the house told me that my father lay at her brother's house the last night he spent in this country. She took a great deal of pains to explain to me genealogies, alliances, and intermarriages, not one word of which can I remember. The table and the guests groaned with the hospitality of the entertainers, and we had wines that would not have disgraced the table of a Bristol alderman. I am at a loss what to do about the book which I hear Baretti has sent me. As I have not seen it, I know not what to say. It is but cold satisfaction to an author to be thanked for his book, unless he is complimented for it too; and when an author really deserves praise, nothing is more delightful or more proper than to give it. A slowness to applaud, betrays a cold temper, or an envious spirit. I am very well. I eat brown bread and custards like a native: and we have a pretty, agreeable, laudable custom of getting tipsy twice a day upon Herefordshire cider. The other night, we had a great deal of company, eleven damsels, to say nothing of men. I protest I hardly do them justice, when I pronounce that they had, amongst them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plats, tulip-beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen-gardens, and green-houses.¹ Mrs. Cotton and I had an infinite deal

¹ To this incredible but fashionable folly, Garrick put an end, by appearing in the character of Sir John Brute, dressed in female attire, with his cap decorated with a profusion of every sort of vegetable,—an immensely large carrot being pendent from each side.

of entertainment out of them, though, to our shame be it spoken, some of them were cousins ; but I have no doubt that they held in great contempt our roseless heads, and leafless necks.

1777.

We are just returned from an excursion through Norfolk, of about one hundred and sixty miles, to the extreme verge of the county, and nothing was ever more agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. Cotton and myself went comfortably in their chariot; and the only interruption was an attack of one of my headaches. As I do not excel in descriptions, you will not expect a minute detail of every thing I saw ; however, as I know it will entertain my father even to know that I have been to such and such places, I will mention some that I can recollect. After Norwich, Dereham, and Swaffham, we went to the seat of the late Sir Andrew Fountaine, a very agreeable house, well-furnished, with a few good pictures, and one or two fine statues ; many curiosities, particularly a large closet furnished with the most beautiful Delft-ware that can be imagined, much prettier, and more shewy, than china. The housekeeper, with an urbanity rarely to be found among the dependents of the great, very obligingly entertained us with cakes and wine.

We come now to Castle-Acre, a very fine piece of ruins, which it would cost an honest citizen, who loves bow-windows, highway prospects, Chinese railing, chapel-looking stables, and steeples upon malt-houses, a thousand a year to keep in repair. It is not so large as Kenilworth, nor so beautiful as Tintern ; but it has a considerable share of magnificence, and no small portion of beauty. It is so old that tradition itself does not pretend to say when it was built ; but conjecture says, in her usual random language, that it has been destroyed a thousand years.

From the triumphs of time, we were conducted to those of genius. Rainham is the seat of Lord Townsend, of which it is said that it was designed by Inigo Jones. It is a handsome, commodious, well-furnished house; with a few very good pictures, but one of Belisarius surpassingly excellent. We next came to Houghton Hall. As we rode up to it, I could not but look with veneration, in spite of all the littleness of party and the feuds of faction, on this edifice, built by the man who gave to Europe, for twenty years, the blessing of uninterrupted peace.¹ I will give you a description of it to-morrow. But no—description is at an end: for I might as well attempt any other impossible thing, as to give you the faintest idea of this truly splendid and princely dwelling. The pictures form by far the finest private collection in this kingdom; they are valued at more than two hundred thousand pounds. Claudes, Titians, and Salvators, are to be seen in the most delightful profusion; and most of these pieces are in the very best manner of their respective masters. The mind is almost bewildered by the beauty and number of these exquisite works.

The next place worthy of observation is Holkham Hall, the residence of the present Mr. Coke, and built by the late Lord Leicester. It is entirely of white brick, and take it for inside and outside, state and commodiousness, beauty and elegance, I never saw any thing comparable to it. The pictures are many and charming; some exquisite Guidos, particularly St. Catherine, and a Cupid inexpressibly fine. There are many admirable statues, a number of antiques, and some of the finest drapery I ever saw. In the article of sculpture, however, it yields to Wilton, as much as it exceeds most other places. There is a hall of pink-veined marble, of immense

¹ Sir Robert Walpole.

size, superior to any thing of the kind in this nation ; round it is a colonade of pink and white marble fluted. There is at Houghton so exquisite a dining-room, with marble recesses, columns, and cisterns, and so luxurious, so cool, so charming, that I fancied myself at the villa of Pliny, or of Lucullus ; and though I cannot bear oysters, yet I could have eaten some conchyliæ of the lake we saw out of the window ; and I drank, in idea, a glass of Falernian, of twenty consulships, cooled by the elemental nymph. The next place deserving remark was Blicking ; a very delightful seat, belonging to Lord Buckinghamshire. The situation is highly pleasing ; more so to me than any I have seen in the east. You admire Houghton, but you wish for Blicking ; you look at Houghton with astonishment, at Blicking with desire. There is there a *princely* library of wit and genius ; forgive me for the epithet. I know it is an ambiguous one, but it popped out unawares. It is too much like what Voltaire said of the king of Prussia's poems, that they were *royal* verses. The park, wood, and water of this place, are superior to those of any of the neighbouring estates. But the charms of nature in this county are of the middling, calm, and pacific sort ; she does not put forth her bolder, stronger beauties. The striking, the grand, and the picturesque are here unknown. Brandon hill would be an alp in this country.

Between Aylsham and Norwich we went a little out of the road to see some famous mills. But the crane and the wheel are not quite so productive of entertainment to me, as the instruments of Reynolds or Nollekens ; though it must be confessed they are more necessary to the comfort of society ; for even *I* find that the sickle does more for my existence than the chisel.

1777.

We are just returned from spending a few days with Mrs. Cotton's father and mother : they live very genteelly, have a noble garden, a handsome coach, &c. Their other daughter was married to a man of very good fashion, and their niece to Lord Hume. She was down on a visit at Ormsby. Her Lord, in return for the large fortune she brought him, makes her a very fashionable, negligent husband. I saw her on Sunday, poor thing ! She sighs, and is no Countess at her heart. I have just received a present, from the author, of a new publication ; it is a descriptive poem, called *Heath Hill*. How the bard could think it worth his while to look for me in this nook of creation, I cannot conceive. It seems to be very pretty. I have had a letter from Mrs. Barbauld, so full of elegance and good nature, with an invitation so frank and earnest, that I cannot leave the country without going to see her. I like my Brockdish cousins very well ; she is a chatty, sensible woman, and he as deep in divinity as ever. I scarcely ever met with any person that had spent so much time, with so little detriment to his taste and manners, in controversial reading. It has left him very moderate and very charitable. I am quite a nobody in debate *here*, though I made such a figure lately in explaining Arianism, Socinianism, and all the isms, to Mr. Garrick.

They rise here at five, and go to bed at nine ; quite the thing for me you know ; for my morning headaches, alas !¹ preclude early rising : and while they

¹ In her early life as well as in her declining years, Hannah More was subject to successive illnesses, which threw great impediments in the way of her intellectual exertions. She used to say that her frequent attacks of illness were a great blessing to her, independently of the prime benefit of cheapening life and teaching patience ; for they induced a habit of industry not natural to her, and taught her

have been asleep at night, I have gone through Dr. Maclaine's answer to Soame Jenyns. There is a good deal of wit and learning, and, I believe, truth and solidity, in some of his objections; others I think false and trivial, and his manner of stating them unfair. I do love Jenyns, but I do not contend for every part of his book: he is but a sucking child in Christianity, and I am afraid has represented religion as a very uncomfortable thing. The deists will triumph at Maclaine's book, and exclaim, 'See how these Christians disagree!' Our cousins are very much concerned, and so am I, that their son is so fond of Bollingbroke and Hume. He is much too fashionable in his principles, though I believe very correct in his conduct. We frequently give each other, in our indirect warfare, broad hints about infidelity and *methodism*.

After service yesterday morning I was very politely accosted by every well-dressed person in the congregation, all desiring to see me at their houses. The invitations were so warm and numerous that I was quite at a loss what to do. Amongst these kind people was an elderly gentleman, who says he is the oldest friend my father has in the world: a friendship of seventy years is something like; he was delighted to see me. I find Mr. Cotton was one of eight gentlemen who were spirited enough to subscribe money towards building a house for their worthy minister. I have long ago found out that hardly any but plain frugal people ever do generous

to make the most of her *well* days. She laughingly added, it had taught her also to contrive employment for her sick ones; that from habit she had learnt to suit her occupations to every gradation of the measure of capacity she possessed. 'I never, (she said) afford a moment of a healthy day to transcribe, or put stops, or cross *t*'s, or dot my *i*'s. So that I find the lowest stage of my understanding may be turned to some account, and save better days for better things. I have learnt from it also to avoid procrastination, and that idleness which often attends unbroken health.'

things. Our cousin Mr. Cotton, who I dare say is often ridiculed for his simplicity and frugality, could yet lay down two hundred pounds without being sure of ever receiving a shilling interest, for the laudable purpose of establishing a man of merit, to whom he is still a very considerable contributor. This is commonly the case; and I am apt to conceive a prejudice against every body who makes a great figure, and to suspect those who *talk* generously.

I went to Mrs. Barbauld's on Thursday, intending only to spend one day: but the muses are such fascinating witches, that there is no getting away from them. We had an agreeable addition to our party, a Mr. Forster, who had sailed round the world and has published his voyages in two volumes quarto. So that for a little remote village in Suffolk, we do not make up a bad society. Mrs. B. and I have found out that we feel as little envy and malice towards each other, as though we had neither of us attempted to 'build the lofty rhyme;' though she says 'this is what the envious and malicious can never be brought to believe.'

From Hannah More to her Sister.

Hampton, 1777.

As soon as I got to London, I drove straight to the Adelphi, where, to my astonishment, I found a coach waiting for me to carry me to Hampton.

Upon my arrival here I was immediately put in possession of my old chamber. Garrick is all good humour, vivacity and wit. While I think of it, I must treat you with a little distich which Mrs. Barbauld wrote extempore, on my shewing my Felix Buckles (the elegant buckles which Garrick wore

the last time he ever acted the part of Don Felix, and with which he presented me as a relic).

‘Thy buckles, O Garrick, thy friend may now use,
But no mortal hereafter shall tread in thy shoes.’

Last Wednesday we went to town for a night, when Dr. Burney sat an hour or two with us. We have had a great deal of company here, lords, ladies, wits, critics, and poets. Last Saturday we had a very agreeable day. Our party consisted of about twelve; for these dear people understand society too well ever to have very large parties. The Norfolk, Windham, Sheridan, and Lord Palmerston said the most lively things. But Roscius surpassed himself, and literally kept the table in a roar for four hours. He told his famous story of ‘Jack Pocklington’ in a manner so entirely new, and so infinitely witty, that the company have done nothing but talk of it ever since. I have often heard of this story: it is of a person who came to offer himself for the stage, with an impediment in his speech. He gives the character, too, in as strong a manner as Fielding could have done.

After supper, on Sunday, Garrick read to us, out of *Paradise Lost*, that fine part on diseases and old age. Dr. Cadogan and his agreeable daughter have spent a day and a night here. The Doctor gave me some lectures on anatomy, and assures me that I am now as well acquainted with secretion, concoction, digestion, and assimilation, as many a wise-looking man in a great wig. We go, on Friday, into Hampshire, to Mr. Wilmot’s. Lord and Lady Bathurst are to be of the party. I should be apt to suspect that the presence of a lord-chancellor was not very likely to contribute to mirth; but I don’t think all the great officers of state put together could have gravity enough to damp the fire of Garrick, or blunt the edge of his wit. As soon as we return from

Farnborough Place, I shall quit the rosy bowers of Hampton, and conclude my very long and pleasant campaign.

Farnborough Place, 1777.

We reached this place yesterday morning. You will judge of the size of the house, when I tell you there are eleven visitors, and all perfectly well accommodated. The Wilmots live in the greatest magnificence; but what is a much better thing, they live also rationally and sensibly. On Sunday evening, however, I was a little alarmed; they were preparing for music (sacred music was the *ostensible* thing,) but before I had time to feel uneasy, Garrick turned round, and said, ‘Nine,’¹ you are a *Sunday woman*; retire to your room—I will recal you when the music is over.’

The *great seal* disappointed us, but we have Lady Bathurst, Lady Catherine Apsley, Dr. Kennicott, the Hebrew professor of Oxford, his wife, a very agreeable woman (though she copies Hebrew),² besides the Garricks and two or three other very clever people. We live with the utmost freedom and ease imaginable, walking all together, or in small parties, chatting, reading, or scribbling, just as we like. I shall set out for Bristol on Friday.

At this visit to Mr. Wilmot, a friendship commenced between Hannah More and every individual of the party, which lasted during their respective lives. She returned to Bristol in August, 1777, after an absence of five months; and we find her again in London in the November of the same year, 1777. Her tragedy of Percy, on which she had long been

¹ An appellation he generally gave her.

² It should be here mentioned to her honour, that she took the trouble of acquiring this language for the sole purpose of qualifying herself for correcting the press of her husband’s great work.

employed, had been accepted by Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, and was to be brought out without delay.

On her arrival in town, she thus writes to her sister, from her lodgings in Gerrard Street.

1777.

I believe I shall go to Hampton to-morrow, to stay two or three days. They insist upon it, and I think it will be of service to me, if it be only to keep me quiet for a few days. Mrs. Garrick says I shall have my own comfortable room, with a good fire, and 'with all the lozenges and all the wheys in the world.' You may be sure this was her own expression. Mr. Garrick was at the Chancellor's this morning. It is impossible to show more friendly anxiety than both *he* and Lady Bathurst do for the success of Percy. The play seldom comes into my head unless it be mentioned. I am at present very tranquil about it. The town is rather empty, but who's afraid?

Gerrard Street, 1777.

It is impossible to tell you of all the kindness and friendship of the Garricks; he thinks of nothing, talks of nothing, writes of nothing but Percy. He is too sanguine; it will have a fall, and so I tell him. When Garrick had finished his prologue and epilogue (which are excellent), he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas a piece, but as he was a richer man, he would be content if I would treat him with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price—I insisted that I could only afford to give him a beef-steak and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard contented himself. Several very great ones made interest to hear Garrick read the play, which he peremptorily refused. I supped on Wednesday night at Sir Joshua's: spent

yesterday morning at the Chancellor's, and the evening at Mrs. Boscawen's, Lady Bathurst being of the party.

What dreadful news from America! We are a disgraced, undone nation. What a sad time to bring out a play in! when, if the country had the least spark of virtue remaining, not a creature would think of going to it. But the levity of the times will, on this occasion, be of some service to me.

Mr. Garrick's study, Adelphi, ten at night.

He himself puts the pen into my hand, and bids me say that all is just as it should be. Nothing was ever more warmly received. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick; sat in Mr. Harris's box, in a snug dark corner, and behaved very well, that is, very quietly. The prologue and epilogue were received with bursts of applause; so indeed was the whole; as much beyond my expectation as my deserts! Mr. Garrick's kindness has been unceasing.

Gerrard Street, 1777.

I may now venture to tell you, (as you extorted a promise from me to conceal nothing) what I would not hazard last night,—that the reception of Percy exceeds my most sanguine wishes. I am just returned from the second night, and it was, if possible, received more favourably than on the first. One tear is worth a thousand hands, and I had the satisfaction to see even the men shed them in abundance.

The critics, (as is usual) met at the Bedford last night, to fix the character of the play. If I were a heroine of romance, and were writing to my confidante, I should tell you all the fine things that were said, but as I am a real living Christian woman, I do not think it would be so modest; I will only say, as Garrick does, that I have had so much flattery, that I might, if I would, choke myself in my own pap.

Gerrard Street, 1777.

Yesterday morning Dr. Percy was announced to me. When he came in he told me he was sent by the Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy to congratulate me on my great success; to inform me of the general approbation, and to thank me in their names for the honour I had done them. That the duke and my lord were under much concern at not being able to attend the play; both father and son having the gout. They sent, however, each for a ticket, for which they paid as became the blood of the Percys; and in so genteel and respectful a manner, that it was impossible for the nicest pride to take umbrage at it.

I am more flattered with the honour this noble family have done me, because I did not solicit their attention, nor would I even renew my acquaintance with Dr. Percy, on coming to town, lest it should look like courting the notice of his patrons. *Je suis un peu fière.*

Last night was the ninth night of Percy. It was a very brilliant house; and *I* was there. Lady North did me the honour to take a stage-box. I trembled when the speech against the wickedness of going to war was spoken; as I was afraid my lord was in the house, and that speech, though not written with any particular design, is so bold, and always so warmly received, that it frightens me; and I really feel uneasy till it is well over. Mrs. Montagu had a box again; which, as she is so consummate a critic, and is hardly ever seen at a public place, is a great credit to the play. Lady B. was there of course; and I am told she has not made an engagement this fortnight, but on condition she should be at liberty to break it for Percy. I was asked to dine at the chancellor's two or three days

ago, but happened to be engaged to Mrs. Montagu, with whom I have been a good deal lately. We also spent an agreeable evening together at Dr. Cadogan's, where she and I, being the only two monsters in the creation who never touch a card, (and laughed at enough for it we are) had the fire-side to ourselves; and a more elegant and instructive conversation I have seldom enjoyed. I met Mrs. Chapone one day at Mrs. Montagu's; she is one of Percy's warmest admirers; and as she does not go to plays, but has formed her judgment in the closet, it is the more flattering. I have been out very little except to particular friends. I believe it was a false delicacy, but I could not go to any body's house, for fear they should think I came to be praised, or to hear the play talked of.

I am at this moment as quiet as my heart can wish, and quietness is my definition of happiness. I had no less than five invitations to dine abroad to-day, but preferred the precious and rare luxury of solitude. I was much diverted at the play the other night; when Douglas tears the letter which he had intercepted, an honest man in the shilling gallery, vexed it had fallen into the husband's hands instead of the lover's, called out—'Do pray send the letter to Mr. Percy.' I think some of you might contrive to make a little jaunt, if it were only for one night, and see the *bantling*. Adieu, and some of you come.

The sisters complied with this invitation, and here follows an extract from one of their letters.

January, 1778.

Just returned from Percy; the theatre overflowed prodigiously, notwithstanding their Majesties and the School for Scandal at the other house. Yes: we

did overflow—the twelfth night? On entering the parlour, where Hannah was sitting alone, our eyes were greeted with the sight of a wreath, composed of a Roman laurel, ingeniously interwoven, and the stems confined with an elegant ring. From whence, you will ask, could such a fanciful thought proceed? I answer—from Mrs. Boscawen. It originated at Glanvilla, where the wreath was made. The letter which accompanied it was an elegant morceau.

Friday, a card from Lady —, to engage Hannah to dine with her on Sunday, which she, being of the *Christian* faction, declined. Yesterday, when we were all seated in the drawing-room in the Adelphi, a gentleman was announced by the name of Home, (author of the tragedy of Douglas.) Mr. Garrick took Hannah by the hand, and approaching the stranger, said, he begged leave to introduce the *Percy* to the *Douglas*; upon which Mr. Home expressed his desire that the alliance might be again renewed; and all the company with pleasure took notice, that it was the Douglas that first sued to the Percy.

Mrs. Garrick tells us that when they were at Althorp, Mr. Garrick read Percy to all the party at Lord Spencer's. Though the first edition of the play was near four thousand, and it has only been printed a fortnight, Cadell yesterday sent for a corrected copy, in order to forward the second edition as fast as possible.

H. More to her sister.

London, 1778.

To-morrow I go to Hampton; I dread catching cold, as I have not ventured down stairs; the doctor violently opposes my going, as he has the most exalted opinion of my indiscretion. Mrs. Garrick and

he battled an hour about the propriety of it. As he found we were both secretly resolved, he made a virtue of necessity, and gave the leave we were determined to take. He told us he expected I should be brought back half dead with feasting, and indolence, and luxury, and imprudence; but at last he consented, on condition that I should be well furred and flannelled, live maigre, and drink no wine.

We have been here a week; Mrs. Sheridan is with us, and her husband comes down on evenings. I find I have mistaken this lady; she is unaffected and sensible; converses and reads extremely well, and writes prettily. To be sure there may be wiser parties in the world than ours, but I question if there is one more cheerful. Ought one to own it, that the great English Roscius, and the best English dramatic poet, (to say nothing of the ladies, who set up for something too)—that these great geniuses, I say, sit up till midnight, playing at cross-purposes, crooked answers, and what's my thoughts like? You never heard a set of wits utter half so much nonsense!

I dined to-day in the Adelphi: we were very comfortable. Garrick read a good deal, and would insist upon my reading a poem, which I told him I would not do to prevent a French war. Saturday, Lady Juliana Penn spent the afternoon with me; I like her much; she bears her misfortunes, (the loss of the government of a vast province, and twenty thousand a year) with the constancy of a great mind.

I was last night in some fine company. One lady asked what was the newest colour; the other answered that the most truly fashionable silk was a *soupçon de vert*, lined with a *soupir étouffée et bradée de l'espérance*; now you must not consult your old-fashioned dictionary for the word *espérance*, for you will there find that it means nothing but hope, whereas *espérance*, in the new language of the times,

means rose-buds. I dined the other day at Mrs. Leveson's, and spent the afternoon at Mrs. Boscawen's with the Duchess of Beaufort.

London, 1778.

I dined with the Garricks on Thursday; he went with me afterwards, intending only to set me down at Sir Joshua's, where I was engaged to pass the evening. I was not a little proud to be the means of bringing such a beau into such a party. We found Gibbon, Johnson, Hermes Harris, Burney, Chambers, Ramsey, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Boswell, Langton, &c.; and scarce an expletive man or woman among them. Garrick put Johnson into such good spirits, that I never knew him so entertaining or more instructive. He was as brilliant as himself, and as good-humoured as any one else.

Yesterday I dined with Captain and Mrs. Middleton, and Mrs. Bouverie;—good Jonas Hanway and the Bishop of Chester¹ and his lady were of the party. I had only been in company with the Bishop once before, and that was two years ago. I left them earlier than I wished, though not till near nine, being engaged to spend the evening at the Burrows', to meet Lady Juliana Penn and Dr. Price.

Hannah More returned to Bristol in April, 1778, after another five months' absence; and immediately on the death of Mr. Garrick, which happened on the 20th January, 1779, she again set out for London, at the earnest desire of Mrs. Garrick, whose melancholy summons she rose from the bed of sickness to attend.

Adelphi, Jan. 1779.

From Dr. Cadogan's, I intended to have gone to

¹ Dr. Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London.

the Adelphi, but found that Mrs. Garrick was that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes. At last she whispered, 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and he has convinced me he will not let my life be quite miserable; for he gives astonishing strength to my body and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe that he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Dr. Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits, and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him, made light of his illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she desired to be called if

there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, 'Oh, dear!' and yielded up his spirit without a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him, for the trouble he gave them.

On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other; yet this was not the immediate cause of his death: his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to his coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation, till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant: and beside, it is so quiet, that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning; and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending.

I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude, so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed, in any family, more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his: where I never saw a card, or ever met, (except in

one instance) a person of his own profession at his table; of which Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation which was always to be found in the circle, both interesting and delightful.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE DEATH OF MR. GARRICK TO HER RETIREMENT
TO COWSLIP GREEN.

THE death of Mr. Garrick may be considered an æra in the life of Hannah More. His gaiety, his intelligence, and his wit, added to his admiration of her genius, and the warmth of his personal friendship for her, while in the opinion of all mankind his favour was a great privilege and distinction, formed the strongest spell that held her in subjection to the fascinations of brilliant company and a town life, in opposition to those inbred and original propensities which disposed her strongly, in the midst of these blandishments, to cultivate in retirement a better acquaintance with herself, and a better use of her great capacities. She was not a person, however, to be actuated by sudden and overpowering impulses, or to be hurried into any adoption, especially one which implied a change of principle and habit, without much consideration both of the end and the means. From the death of Garrick to her retreat to Cowslip Green, an interval of about five years, she gradually proceeded in redeeming her time, and detaching herself from engagements, which, however agreeable to her taste and talents, kept her from answering the higher vocation which summoned her to the service of the soul and to labours of love.

The following letters to her sister occur at this period.

Adelphi, Feb. 2, 1779.

We (Miss Cadogan and myself) went to Charing Cross, to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester, to admit us into the Abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney-coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St. Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters, we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in; but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man, who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half-a-hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there was no way out; we ran down again—called—and beat the door, till the whole pile resounded with our cries. Here we staid half an hour in perfect agony: we were sure it would be all over: nay, we might never be let out; we might starve—we might perish! At length our clamours brought an honest man—a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and get us into a part of the Abbey whence we might see the grave. He asked for the bishop's ticket; we had given it away to the wrong person; and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm, carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear every thing as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly! We were no

sooner recovered from the fresh bursts of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof: the organ struck up, and the whole choir, in strains only less solemn than the "archangel's trump," began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan as chief mourner; then the body—alas! whose body! with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye,—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

As soon as the body was let down, the bishop began the service, which he read in a low but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the hope, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a very little while, and he shall "say to the worm, Thou art my brother; and to corruption, Thou art my mother and my sister." So passes away the fashion of this world. And the very night he was buried, the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened; nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night—the same night too!

As soon as the crowd had dispersed, our friend came to us with an invitation from the bishop's lady, to whom he had related our disaster, to come into the deanery. We were carried into her dressing-room, but, being incapable of speech, she very kindly said she would not interrupt such sorrow, and left us; but sent up wine, cakes, and all manner of good things, which were really well-timed. I caught no cold, notwithstanding all I went through.

On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi,—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed, in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure.

Hampton, February, 1779.

We have been at this sweet and once cheerful place near a week. Alas! it has lost its perfume, yet it is in great beauty; the weather is fine, the verdure charming; and could we ‘pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,’ all would appear as beautiful as it used to do.

A very few intimate friends came with us. Our first entrance was sad enough. Dragon looked as he used to do, and ran up to meet his master. Poor Mrs. Garrick went and shut herself up for half an hour. Not a sigh escapes our poor friend that she can restrain. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered, ‘Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn but a little while; but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent and romantic.’

We shall go to town to-morrow, when she insists on it that I shall go and see my friends.

London, 1779.

I have been to Mrs. Boscawen’s, where I was a little amused by spending an hour with Lord Howe, lately returned from America. He is agreeable, and remarkably modest in speaking of himself. He said, It was a little hard, that after a man had devoted his whole time and talents (however poor the latter might be), to the service of his country, that

the *event*, and not his conduct, should determine his character; that to be *unsuccessful* and *guilty* should be the same thing; and that he should be held up as a public criminal, for not doing what could not be done.

Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey have spent one afternoon with us; and these, with Ladies Bathurst, Edgecumbe, and Spencer, are all we have seen. She is refused to everybody, but she is so circumstanced as to be much solicited on that score; for I suppose Garrick had more, what we may call particular friends, than any man in England.

My way of life is very different from what it used to be; you must not therefore expect much entertainment from my letters, for, as in the annals of states, so in the lives of individuals, those periods are often the safest and best which make the poorest figure. After breakfast, I go to my own apartment for several hours, where I read, write, and work; very seldom letting anybody in, though I have a room for separate visitors; but I almost look on a morning visit as an immorality. At four we dine. We have the same elegant table as usual, but I generally confine myself to one single dish of meat. I have taken to drink half a glass of wine. At six we have coffee; at eight tea, when we have, sometimes, a dowager or two of quality. At ten we have salad and fruits. Each has her book, which we read without any restraint, as if we were alone, without apologies or speech-making.

London, 1779.

Mrs. Montagu said a very sensible thing to me the other day: we were speaking of a friend of ours, who, with great sense, gives way to great violence of temper. ‘The ancient heathens,’ said she, ‘taught men to subdue the passions from a principle of wisdom; the Christian religion teaches it from a principle of

duty; but it is no wonder that the modern fine gentlemen should be the slaves of passion, for they are neither wise heathens nor good Christians.' I was asked yesterday to meet Dr. Burney and Evelina at Mrs. Reynolds', but was engaged at home. This Evelina is an extraordinary girl; she is not more than twenty; of a very retired disposition; and how she picked up her knowledge of nature and low life, her *Brangtons*, and her *St. Giles's* gentry, is astonishing! Lady Bathurst and I are very friendly. Apsley House is finished, and most superbly furnished; and, which is not always the case with superb things, it is very beautiful, and teeming with patriotism, for all her glasses, hangings, and ornaments are entirely English.

Pleasure is by much the most laborious trade I know, especially for those who have not a vocation to it. I worked with great assiduity at this hard calling on Monday. The moment I had breakfasted, I went to Apsley House: there I staid till near two: I then made insignificant visits till four, when I went to Mrs. Boscawen's to dinner, where I staid till eight, and from thence went to spend the evening at Mrs. Vesey's, where there was a small assembly of about thirty people, and all clever. She keeps out dunces, because she never has cards. Mrs. Montagu and the provost of Dublin talked *most* and *best*. I was asked to meet another party the same evening, but not being able to make a polypus of myself, I did not go. And yet I had rather slave at it all day now and then, than make a single little dull formal visit every afternoon.

Encouraged by the great success of Percy, and constantly urged by Mr. Garrick to try her power once more in the same way, Hannah More had amused herself during the former year in writing another tragedy, four acts of which had been read

and much approved of by him. She had completed this piece some time before his death, and now brought it with her, intending to leave it in the manager's hands during the summer, that it might appear with proper advantages the following season. Mr. Harris, however, no sooner understood that the play was in readiness, than he solicited her with so much earnestness to let him bring it out the very next month, that she yielded to his persuasions, against the better judgment of herself and friends, and suffered it to appear at an unfavourable season.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages arising from the extreme lateness of the season, and the absence of many of the first actors, *Fatal Falsehood*, though it was very far from having such a run as *Percy*, was received with very great applause: in corroboration of which, we will insert two or three extracts from the letters of one of her sisters, who was in town nursing her during a severe illness, to another sister at Bristol.

Adelphi, 1779.

Just returned from the house; the applause was as great as her most sanguine friends could wish. Miss Young was interrupted three different times, in the speech on false honour, with bursts of approbation. When Rivers, who was thought to be dead, appeared in the fifth act, they quite shouted for joy. The curtain fell to slow music,—and now for the moment when the fate of the piece was to be decided! The audience did her the honour to testify their approbation by the warmest applause that could possibly be given; for when Hull came forward to ask their permission to perform it again, they did give leave by three loud shouts, and by many huzzas. I will tell you a little anecdote. A lady observing to one of her maid-servants, when she came in from the play, that her eyes looked red, as if she

had been crying, the girl, by way of apology, said, Well, ma'am, if I did, it was no harm; a great many respectable people cried too. Percy, I hear, is translated into German, and has been performed at Vienna with great success.

Miss H. More returned to Bristol in June, and in the December of the same year (1779) we find her again at Mrs. Garrick's, with whom she spent many subsequent winters at Hampton in quiet seclusion, gratifying her avidity for knowledge, by enlarging her acquaintance with the best authors. She writes to her sister as follows.

Hampton, 1780.

Mrs. Garrick and I read to ourselves sans intermission. Mr. Matthew Henry and Mr. David Hume (two gentlemen of very different ways of thinking on some certain points,) at present engage a great part of my time. I have almost finished the sixth volume, and am at this moment qualified to dispute with the Dean of Gloucester on tonnage and poundage, monopolies, and ship-money.

Here we are still, and as little acquainted with what passes in the world as though we were five hundred, instead of fifteen miles out of it. Poor Mrs. Garrick is a greater recluse than ever, and has quite a horror at the thought of mixing in the world again. I fancy, indeed, she will never go much into it. Her garden and her family amuse her: but the idea of company is death to her. We never see a human face but each other's. Though in such deep retirement, I am never dull, because I am not reduced to the fatigue of entertaining dunces, or of being obliged to listen to *them*. We dress like a couple of Scaramouches, dispute like a couple of Jesuits, eat like a couple of aldermen, walk like a

couple of porters, and read as much as any two doctors of either university.

I wish the fatal 20th was well over: I dread the anniversary of that day. On her wedding day she went to the abbey, where she staid a good while: and she said she had been to spend the morning on her husband's grave; where, for the future, she should always pass her wedding days. Yet she seems cheerful, and never indulges the least melancholy in company. She spends so very few hours in her bed, that I cannot imagine how she can be so well: but her very great activity, both of body and mind, has, humanely speaking, preserved her life.

Mrs. Boscawen has made a little party which she thought I should like: for you must know there are no assemblies or great parties till after Christmas, and till then it is not the fashion to wear jewels, or dress at all. This last custom has, I think, good sense and economy in it, as it cuts off a couple of months from the season of extravagance: but I fancy it redeems but little from the nights, for one may lose a good deal of money in a very bad gown.

London, 1780.

I spent a very comfortable day yesterday with Miss Reynolds: only Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams and myself. He is in but poor health, but his mind has lost nothing of its vigour. He never opens his mouth but one learns something; one is sure either of hearing a new idea, or an old one expressed in an original manner. We did not part till eleven. He scolded me heartily as usual, when I differed from him in opinion, and, as usual, laughed when I flattered him. I was very bold in combating some of his darling prejudices: nay, I ventured to defend one or two of the Puritans, whom I forced him to allow to be good men, and good writers. He said he was not angry with me at all for liking Baxter. He

liked him himself; 'but then,' said he, 'Baxter was bred up in the establishment, and would have died in it, if he could have got the living of Kidderminster. He was a very good man.' Here he was wrong; for Baxter was offered a bishopric after the restoration.

I never saw Johnson really angry with me but once; and his displeasure did him so much honour that I loved him the better for it. I alluded rather flippantly, I fear, to some witty passage in 'Tom Jones:' he replied, 'I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to find you have read it: a confession which no modest lady should ever make. I scarcely know a more corrupt work.' I thanked him for his correction; assured him I thought full as ill of it now as he did, and had only read it at an age when I was more subject to be caught by the wit, than able to discern the mischief. Of Joseph Andrews I declared my decided abhorrence. He went so far as to refuse to Fielding the great talents which are ascribed to him, and broke out into a noble panegyric on his competitor, Richardson; who, he said, was as superior to him in talents as in virtue; and whom he pronounced to be the greatest genius that had shed its lustre on this path of literature.

Hampton, 1780.

I have been spending a week with my good friends the Diceys: they have an admirable house, and as far as I can judge of the grounds, in their present winter dress, they are exceedingly pretty. The Duke of Bridgewater has a seat in the parish. We lived very placidly. The good parson read to us every evening. Mr. Dicey lives like a prince. I never saw any establishment more consistently liberal and handsome throughout. Mr. D. saw me safe home, and loaded me with apples, cream-

cheeses, &c.: and, not being able to procure any game, I really thought they would have made me bring away some of their clothes and furniture. As Mrs. Garrick's year is out, we have been very busy sending round her cards of thanks. I suppose they include seven hundred people; six hundred of whom I dare say she will hardly ever let in again.

We pack off on Tuesday, for *good*, as they say, all except Liddy. We regret leaving a new cow and a young calf. The birds that we feed three times a day at the window are to be left on board wages; a small loaf being to be brought them every morning. I think I have told you a great deal of news.

Your letters are as full of deaths as the weekly bills of mortality; or, as an honest man who dined here the other day called them, the 'bills of morality.' Who would have thought *they* had been *London bills*!

London, 1780.

Cadell and I are going to prepare the second edition of 'Fatal Falsehood.' We talked over all my affairs. He gave me some very good advice, but says I am too good a Christian for an author. Poor Dr. Schomberg is dead; Beauclerk is dying; what terrible depredations have been made in that society in a very little time! The doctor had a great deal of polite learning, knew the world, and was agreeable; but he was the rankest infidel I ever knew: his company was much sought after, but I always dreaded it, as he took pleasure in introducing the particular subject which he knew would shock me. He thought me a poor, prejudiced, well-meaning bigot.

I expect the coach to take me to Mrs. Delany's, where I am going to visit for Mrs. Garrick, and for myself. I have sometimes the privilege of being present at her select parties, never exceeding eight, which are elsewhere unequalled. The venerable hostess herself, the friend and correspondent of Dean

Swift; the Duchess Dowager of Portland, heiress to the great Earl of Oxford; my friend Horace Walpole, son to the minister of that name; the Countess of Bute, wife to the late first minister, and daughter (but of a very superior character) to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Dowager Lady Leicester; Lady Wallingford, daughter of the famous Mississipi Law; and Mrs. Boscawen. They are all advanced in life and in knowledge, and it is a great honour for such a young nobody as I am to be admitted. I forgot to say, that here, too, I met Mrs. Dashwood, celebrated as the Delia of Hammond, in his beautiful elegies, written more than anything I have met with, in the spirit of his master, the tender Tibullus.

We had the finest party imaginable at Mrs. Boscawen's on Friday. There was all the *elite* of London, both for talents and fashion. I got into a lucky corner. Mrs. Carter and I, who had not met before this winter, fastened on each other, and agreed not to part for the evening. We got Soame Jenyns, Mr. Pepys, and Mr. Cole into our little circle, and were very sprightly. It was to have been entirely a talking party, but our hostess very wisely put two card-tables in the outer drawing-room, which weeded the company of some of the great, and all the dull, to the no small accommodation of the rest.

London, 1780.

My being obliged to walk so much, makes me lose seeing my friends who call on me; and what is worse, it makes me lose my time, which will never call on me again. Yesterday I spent a very agreeable day in the country. The Bishop of St. Asaph and his family invited me to come to Wimbledon Park, Lord Spencer's charming villa, which he always lends to the bishop at this time of the year. I did not think there could have been so beautiful a place within seven miles of London. The park has as much

variety of ground, and is as *un-Londonish* as if it were an hundred miles off; and I enjoyed the violets, and the birds, more than all the marechal powder and the music of this foolish town. There was a good deal of company at dinner; but we were quite at our ease, and strolled about, or sat in the library just as we liked. This last amused me much, for it was the Duchess of Marlborough's (old Sarah), and numbers of the books were presents to her from all the great authors of her time, whose names she had carefully written in the blank leaves, for I believe she had the pride of being thought learned, as well as rich and beautiful. I drank tea one day last week with our bishop (Newton), whom I never thought to see again on this side heaven. He has gone through enough to kill half the stout young men, and seems to be patched up again for a few months. They are superabundantly kind to me.

The gentlemen of the Museum came on Saturday to fetch poor Mr. Garrick's legacy of the old plays and curious black-letter books. Though they were not things to be read, and are only valuable to antiquaries for their age and scarcity, yet I could not see them carried off without a pang.

I was, the other night, at Mrs. Ord's. Everybody was there, and in such a crowd I thought myself well off to be wedged in with Mr. Smelt, Langton, Ramsay, and Johnson. Johnson told me he had been with the king that morning, who enjoined him to add Spencer to his *Lives of the Poets*. I seconded the motion; he promised to think of it, but said the booksellers had not included him in their list of the poets.

Instead of going to Audley Street, where I was invited, I went to Mrs. Reynolds', and sat for my picture. Just as she began to paint, in came Dr. Johnson, who staid the whole time, and said good things by way of making me look well. I did not forget to ask him for a page for your memorandum

book,¹ and he promised to write, but said you ought to be contented with a quotation; this, however, I told him you would not accept.

Hampton, 1780.

Hampton is very clean, very green, very beautiful, and very melancholy; but the 'long drear calm of fixed repose' suits me mightily after the hurry of London. We have been on the wing every day this week. Our way is to walk out four or five miles, to some of the prettiest villages, or prospects, and when we are quite tired, we get into the coach, which is waiting for us with our books, and come home to dinner as hungry as Dragon himself. I took an airing by myself one morning to Hounslow, and paid a visit to the Sheridans at their country-house, where I had a very agreeable hour or two.

Miss More soon after this letter, (which was written in the spring of 1780,) paid a visit of a few days at Dr. Kennicott's, at Oxford, where she was introduced to the society of many persons valuable for their piety and learning, among the foremost of whom we may rank Dr. Horne, then president of Magdalen College, and afterwards bishop of Norwich, and with this excellent man she preserved an uninterrupted friendship till his death. From Oxford she proceeded to Bristol, where she remained till December, 1780. During this period we find the following letters to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bristol, May 13, 1780.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I received a few days ago a most valuable treasure, Mr. Mason's Life of Gray, with the works of the latter. As there was not the least shadow of ap-

¹ A collection of autographs of eminent persons which her sister was making at that time.

pearance from whom it came, perhaps you will conclude I was very busy in conjecturing. No such thing, my dear Madam, the action brought its explanation along with it, and I was not a moment in determining that so elegant and flattering a present could only be sent me by the friend I have now the honour of addressing. This idea had so fully impressed itself upon my mind, that I should have troubled you with many thanks for it, even if I had not had the honour of receiving the most obliging letter in the world two days after, which convinced me I was not mistaken.

I staid rather longer with my friend at Hampton than I intended: one has always so many last words to say. The Sheridans were of our party for a few days; need I say they embellished it? Your friend Mr. Cambridge spent one morning with us, and did me the favour of repeating to me some parodies, for which I think he has a peculiar talent; one in particular highly pleased me; it is a passage from Lucan, in which he introduces Wilkes instead of Cæsar. Do you remember to have seen it?

How do you like the Wreath of Fashion, by Tickell (grandson of Addison's Tickell)? I hope you have seen it, and like it. I was much entertained with it, if I may say so of a thing which glances a little satirically at some of my acquaintance. The satire, however, is well-mannered and decent, and not of that immoral and flagitious kind which has lately been so much written and encouraged. In my humble opinion, he bids fair to become one of the best of our modern bards. If he have any fault, I think it is the want of plan and perspicuity; but he is very young, and will write still better. I suppose you have read Mr. Warton's second volume; I have not seen it, but hear that he totally rejects the authenticity of Rowley's Poems; so does Johnson, so does Percy, so do most of the antiquaries; but neither their authority

nor their reasonings have yet entirely convinced your obstinate friend.¹

I enclose for your *correction* (remember that, dear Madam) an epitaph I was prevailed upon to write for a very worthy lady of this neighbourhood. She was a pattern of piety and goodness. As I know no species of composition in which one has less chance of succeeding, I would gladly have been excused, but could not. Among many other faults, it has one which is very material, and yet it seems almost to have the apology of necessity. All good critics, you know, have agreed that the introduction of the person's name is indispensable in all sepulchral inscriptions; and I am so well convinced of the justness of this remark, that I think an epitaph without a name belongs to nobody: but here is my difficulty, this good lady had two names, so peculiarly unlucky, and so obnoxious to puns, Fortune Little, that I would defy any poet, from Chaucer to Cumberland, to introduce either of them with the least degree of gravity or dignity. I have not yet sent it to the sculptor, who is polishing a very fine tablet of marble for me to spoil.

Bristol, 1780.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It has long been the fashion to make the most lamentable *Jeremiades* on the badness of the times; still we were made to believe that a new parliament would repair a great part of these evils. Now I am a living witness that this was a false prediction; for, alas! out of the small number of friends and acquaintance I had the honour to boast of in the British senate, hardly any remain—not to take care of my liberty, for I always thought that would take care of itself, when it was so finely set a-going at the Re-

¹ She was convinced afterwards.

volution,—but to give me a few franks; for that, dear Madam, is the source and subject of this present philippic against the new parliament. I am afraid, though, that this complaint is impolitic, because it looks as if my friends were in the opposition, and that I had not the good fortune to be known to any of the honourable fraternity of new gentlemen traders and authors, who have crept in.

Your obliging letter from Badminton, my dear Madam, found me gone on a ramble (is not that an hibernicism) into Wiltshire, Hants, &c. I did homage to Pan and Sylvanus, and all the rural deities of Stourhead; paid my devoirs to the Apollo Belvidere, and the fair ‘statue which enchants the world’ at Wilton, which place, as the critic said of the wood and water at Marli, were it not for the pictures and statues, would be the dullest place in the world. But the simple graces and plain magnificence of Lord Palmerston’s sweet place at Romsey, is inexpressibly agreeable. I saw nothing so light, *riant*, and habitable; yet its being new-built destroys that satisfaction which arises from the association of ideas, in surveying halls of ‘grey renown,’ terrific armour, worn, perhaps, by heroes who fought the battles of the Tudors and Plantagenets; and avenues of oaks, which have heard the sound of ‘Sidney’s song, perchance of Surrey’s reed.’ From this sort of combination of remote images, we derive, I believe, some of the liveliest pleasures we enjoy; and these delights of the imagination seem to fill up the chasm between those of the senses and of reason; they have less keenness than the one, and less solidity than the other; yet is their dominion not less powerful or less pleasant. One reason of my making this tour was to avoid the bustle of the Bristol election; but, in keeping clear of Scylla, I dashed against Charybdis; for as it was the great and universal saturnalia of the nation, I ran into the very jaws of

half-a-dozen country elections, of which, had I had the honour to be a composer of speeches, I might have made good use.

Many thanks, my dear Madam, for Mr. Walpole's sensible, temperate, and humane pamphlet. I am not *quite* a convert yet to his side of the Chattertonian controversy, though this elegant writer, and all the antiquaries and critics in the world are against me; but I like much the candid regret he everywhere discovers, at not having fostered this unfortunate lad, whose profligate manners, however, I too much fear, would not have done credit to any patronage. Poor Mrs. G. read it, and was more interested than I have seen her.

I am to thank you for '*Cardiphonia*.' I like it prodigiously: it is full of vital experimental religion. I thought I liked the three first letters best, but I have not read half the book. Who is the author? From his going a little out of his way to censure the Latin poets, I suspect he is of the calumniated school, though I have found nothing but rational and consistent piety.

I have just finished Johnson's *Life of Addison*. There is the same exquisite discrimination of character, the same exactness of criticism and moral discernment, which have distinguished and dignified the other writings of this truly great biographer.

The only thing I am inclined to quarrel with him for, is, that he has perpetuated the malignity of that foe to genius and to worth, John Dennis, of crabbed memory. He has given a quotation of forty or fifty pages from this old snarler's barking at Cato; which produces these two evils, that we lose forty or fifty pages of Johnson's elegant writing, and that the satire, which has some acuteness and more malice, will, by this means, be rescued from that oblivion into which Dennis had fallen; and the slander will now be as durable as its object. *Entre*

nous, what Johnson says of Cato may be applied to *his* Irene; the same exalted sentiments, harmonious verse, and highly polished style, and the same deficiency in what relates to the passions and affections. My dear Madam, you are glad my paper is out, and I am sorry, since I have not room to tell you with what truth I am,

Yours affectionately,

H. M.

Hannah More was now again at Hampton, and thus writes to one of her sisters:—

Hampton, 1780.

I would wish you a merry Christmas, as well as happy new year, but that I hate the word merry so applied; it is a fitter epithet for a *bacchanalian* than a *Christian* festival, and seems an apology for idle mirth and injurious excess. What frost—what snow! By the bye, if this same snow were of human invention, I should be apt to say I did not like it. Yet the vast expanse of glistening white on the ground—the fluid brilliants dropping from the trees—and the green-house full of beautiful blossoms and oranges, make it altogether look like some region of enchantment; and as the gravel walks are all swept clean, I parade an hour or two every morning.

I enclose you my Ode on the Marquis of Worcester's Birth-day; it was impossible to refuse a request couched in such terms, and from such a friend as Mrs. Boscawen; but of all the wild flowers in the wilderness, that she should think an ode could spring up in such a soil, is curious. I wrote every line of it one night after eleven o'clock. I will not pretend to say it would have been better, if I had had more time; but this I will say, it could not well have been worse. The concluding stanza was occasioned

by the Dutch war, which I heard of that day. I believe you will think I have invoked the muse which inspired Mrs. Mary Deverill, *parsoness* and *poetess*, when she sung in elegiac strains the pity-moving story of the thirty poisoned chickens!

Hampton, 1781.

If we commit any crime, or do any good here, it must be in thought; for our words are few and our deeds none at all. Poor Hermes Harris is dead! Everybody is dead, I think; one is almost ashamed of being alive! That you may not think I pass my time quite idly, I must tell you that I had begun *Belshazzar*; I liked the subject, and have made some progress in it. But that, and all my other employments, have given way to the melancholy occupation of reading over, with Mrs. Garrick, all the private letters of the dear deceased master of this melancholy mansion. The employment, though sad, is not without its amusement: it embraces the friendly correspondence of all the men who have made a figure in the annals of business or of literature for the last forty years; for I think I hardly miss a name of any eminence in Great Britain, and not many in France: it includes also all his answers: some of the first wits in the country, confessing their obligations over and over again to his bounty; money given to some, and lent to such numbers as would be incredible, if one did not read it in their own letters. It is not the least instructive part of this employment to consider where almost all these great men are now? The play-writers, where are they? and the poets, are their fires extinguished? Did Lord Bath or Bishop Warburton, or Lord Chatham, or Goldsmith, or Churchill, or Chesterfield, trouble themselves with thinking that the heads which dictated those bright epistles would so soon be laid low? Did they imagine that such a nobody

as I am, whom they would have disdained to have reckoned 'with the dogs of their flock,' should have had the arranging and disposing of them? I found my own letters, but I thought it a breach of trust to take them till they are all finally disposed of.

I enclose you Dean Tucker's answer to my letter of congratulation.

Adelphi, 1781.

We have stolen away for a few days to town, but I am now so habituated to quiet, that I have scarcely the heart to go out, though I am come here on purpose. As to poor Mrs. Garrick, she keeps herself as secret as a piece of smuggled goods, and neither stirs out herself, nor lets anybody in. The calm of Hampton is such fixed repose, that an old woman crying fish, or the postman ringing at the door, is an event which excites attention. Mrs. Boscawen is very full of the ode:¹ she would make me hear how finely she has brought herself to read it by daily practice; but she says she has one cruel mortification, she wishes everybody to see it, and yet has not the courage to shew it to any one, unless I will strike out the two lines about Glanvilla, which I beg to be excused doing. Be cautious, I entreat, of giving copies. My friends know I am so fearful of newspapers, that Mrs. Kennicott actually refused 'Sally Horne' to the Bishop of London. She has told him she will ask my consent, which I do not know very well how to refuse. But it shall be on condition that he gives a handsome piece of his writing to your memorandum-book; for I am too much of a Bristol woman to give anything for nothing.

Hampton, 1781.

We courageously came back yesterday through all

¹ On the Marquis of Worcester's birth-day.

the snow. I was desirous to do it, having but a short time now to stay here, and I want a little for writing,¹ that I may afford to be idle in town with less regret. We are forbidden to do *evil* that *good* may come of it, and this looks like doing *good* that *evil* may come of it.

I have just waded through almost nine hundred pages of Madan's book, but retain all my prejudices in favour of Monogamy. There never was such a strange book under such a mask of holiness; in short, I have as great an antipathy to some of 'the gospel according to Mr. Madan,' as ever an infidel had to the gospel according to St. Matthew. A friend of mine says of him, 'This saint will make sinners after his death.' He treats the *New Testament* very cavalierly, under the pretence of the most flaming veneration for the *Old*, and is quite outrageous at the general mistake, he says, that all modern Christians make, that Christ taught a more perfect morality than Moses. I believe the Holy Scriptures were never before made the cover, nay the *vehicle*, of so much indecency.

Your history of the election I read to Mrs. Garrick, and we agreed it deserved a place in the book called *great events from small causes*! Methinks I envy Burke that 'consciousness of his worth,' which he must feel on considering himself rejected only because his talents were a crime. But Providence has wisely contrived to render all its dispensations equal, by making those talents which set one man so much above another, of no esteem in the opinion of those who are without them. The direct contrary is the case with riches: they are most admired by those who want them, and this becomes a spur to industry. So that I do think that even in this world things are carried on hand in hand, more equally than many are willing to allow; for the 'painful pre-eminence'

¹ She was at this time proceeding with the 'Sacred Dramas.'

is so mixed with mortification and disappointment, that its pleasures, I believe, are not a compensation for the envy and plague which it brings. Is it not much better to be easy and happy now, than talked of a thousand years hence, when you either will not know it, or will despise it?

London, 1781.

I heard from a person who attended the trial of Lord George Gordon, that the noble prisoner (as the papers call him,) had a quarto Bible open before him all the time, and was very angry because he was not permitted to read four chapters in Zechariah. I can less forgive an affectation of enthusiasm in him, because he is a man of loose morals. Where the morals are exact, I can make great allowance for a heated imagination, strong prejudices, or a wrong bias of judgment. Though I have not the least doubt that he deserved punishment, yet I am glad he is acquitted, for it disappoints the party, and uncanonizes the martyr.

In the evening I went to Audley Street, where pride met with a small mortification; for not being very well recovered from my rheumatic headache, and expecting to meet only the Jenynses and the Coles, I went quite in a dishabille, when I found Lady Edgecombe, the Yorke family, Bishop of Exeter, and, in short, a brilliant, though a small assembly. I was just able to listen, though not to talk, and was very well seated between Soame Jenyns, the Bishop, and Chamberlayne. The other morning Mrs. Garrick took me to Lever's museum; for, to the scandal of my taste, I had never seen it before. If any man had the misfortune to be an atheist, I think he might be converted by perusing that vast book of various nature; as Galen is recorded to have been by his own discoveries in physiology. And yet Buffon is said to be an unbeliever!

Public thanksgivings were returned last Sunday in several churches for the acquittal of Lord George Gordon. I know some who actually heard it in Audley chapel. The famous Mr. Tighe read to us the other evening. He was so polite as to lament that he had not Jephson's tragedy (the Count of Narbonne) in his pocket; but I was not sorry, for I must have sunk very low in his opinion, as he expects every body to faint away, and I am no hand at fainting.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Adelphi, Feb. 1781.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your most agreeable little *volume* of *six pages* never could have been bestowed upon a reader more worthy of it, if the highest veneration for the author, and the keenest relish for the composition, could give the reader a claim to the title of worthy; but, alas! yours, like many other *valuable works*, is of so serious a cast as to have given me fully as much pain as pleasure. How much do I pity the poor ——'s; I am afraid it will be almost too much for our excellent friend Mrs. ——. I grieve that her great virtues are exposed to such severe trials. Reason, religion, and time, when they come to operate, do wonders—such wonders as the sufferer in the first attack of sorrow has no conception of. Yet one cannot but lament that persons of the best sense and most piety, suffer more, perhaps, from the first assaults of affliction than any others; and those who bear distress with the most dignity, I am persuaded feel it with the greatest intenseness. This good family possess the only consolation which can mitigate such distress—a deep sense of the truth and efficacy of the Christian religion; yet I am going to say a bold thing—I never could observe that nature suffered the less, because grace triumphed the more. And hence arises, as I

take it, the glory of the Christian sufferer,—he feels affliction more intensely than a bad man, or grace would not have its perfect work ; as it would not be difficult to subdue that which it was not difficult to endure. Poor Lady ——, too ! her distress is a very poignant one indeed ; I begin to think, happy are those who do not multiply their chances of suffering, by increasing their connections !

I can better *send* you the Bishop's verses, than I could *give* them to you, for reasons which will be clear enough when you see them ; as, without the least affectation, I am confounded by the praise which he gives me only because he does not know me. I would not wish any copy to be taken, as I would not for the world they should get into print, which would never be attributed to accident, but to the most egregious vanity in me ; and the Bishop writes so little, and so excellently, that people are glad to catch at any thing of his. I had a particular request from his lordship to give him a copy of my childish verses on Mother Bunch's Tales : you will wonder, my dear Madam, that so wise a personage should pardon my impertinence, in attacking learning in her own proper fort.

And now, my dear Madam, you will readily allow that I have said enough of myself. I do not expose myself so much to every body ; and I own it to be very hard that you should bear all the weight of my folly and impertinence, merely as a mark of my esteem and respect. If I do not speak or write of my foolish verses to any other person, it is because I know no one else who unites so great a relish for good things, with so much charity for indifferent ones. I hope I need not say in which class I place my own. There is no room, I think, for an equivocal. Adieu, my dear Madam,

Your most faithful and obliged,

H. MORE.

To one of her Sisters.

London, 1781.

Tell my father I am quite delighted with his verses, and particularly that he could write them in so good a hand; I have put them among my curiosities. I do not think I shall write such verses at eighty-one. Saturday I had a comfortable dinner with my dear Mrs. Boscawen. She is transported with the bishop's verses. I wish he had a better subject; but, like Swift, Rochester, and other wits, he was resolved, I suppose, to shew how well he could write on nothing.

On Friday evening I went to Mr. Tighe's, to hear him read Jephson's tragedy. 'Praise,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is the tribute which every man is expected to pay for the grant of perusing a manuscript;' and indeed I could praise without hurting my conscience, for the 'Count of Narbonne' has considerable merit; the language is very poetical, and parts of the fable very interesting; the plot managed with art, and the characters well drawn. The love scenes, I think, are the worst; they are prettily written, and full of flowers, but are rather cold; they have more poetry than passion. I do not mean to detract from Mr. Jephson's merit by this remark, for it does not lessen a poet's fame, to say he excels more in painting the terrible, than the tender passions. Think of Johnson's having apartments in Grosvenor Square!¹ but he says it is not half so convenient as Bolt Court. He has just finished the poets; Pope is the last. I am sorry he has lost so much credit by Lord Littleton's: he treats him almost with contempt; makes him out a poor writer, and an envious man; speaks well only of his 'Conversion of St. Paul,' of which

¹ At Mr. Thrale's new house.

he says, 'it is sufficient to say it has never been answered.' Mrs. Montagu and Mr. Pepys, his lordship's two chief surviving friends, are very angry.

We spent one very agreeable day at Mrs. Delaney's: her inseparable friend the Duchess Dowager of Portland was there. This charming duchess is very kind to me, and honours me with particular attention. She has invited me to spend some time in the summer at Bulstrode. Perhaps you do not know that she is Prior's 'noble, lovely, little Peggy.' She remembers him perfectly well, and promises I shall read a quarto manuscript which he left to her father, Lord Oxford, which contains Dialogues of the Dead, in the manner of Lucian.

London, 1781.

On Friday I was at a great dinner at Mr. Middleton's; the company was numerous; it threatened therefore to be dull: but I had a great deal of agreeable conversation with the Bishop of Chester, (Dr. Porteus) who is an excellent critic, and perfectly to my taste; he is, moreover, I believe, a very good man. I hope great popularity, and the estimation in which his company is held, will not spoil him, nor make him relax; it requires a steady head to stand so high without being giddy. We little folks below, that walk quietly in the vale, know nothing of the danger, and are therefore pert and censorious.

I have often said, I do not know so hard a trade as pleasure, if it be well followed. I am quite tired of visiting, and yet I do not go to a quarter of the places I am asked to. I never knew a great party turn out so pleasantly as the other night at the Pepys's. There was all the pride of London,—every wit and every wit-ess; though these, when they get into a cluster, I have sometimes found to be as dull as other people: but the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade, till past

eleven, without cards, scandal, or politics. Mrs. Boscawen threw me into no small confusion; she got among the men, not less than twenty, all Beaux Esprits, and gave them, privately, Bishop Lowth's verses to read.

A very affecting circumstance happened yesterday. Mrs. Garrick and I were invited to an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's. There was to be a fine concert, and all the fine people were to be there; but the chief object was to meet the Brahmin and the two Parsees, and I promised myself no small pleasure in seeing the disciples of the ancient Zoroaster, for such these are, and worshippers of fire. Just as my hair was dressed, in came a servant to forbid our coming, for that Mr. Thrale was dead! A very few hours later, and he would have died in this assembly. What an awful event! He was in the prime of life, but had the misfortune to be too rich, and to keep too sumptuous a table, at which he indulged too freely. He was a sensible and respectable man. I am glad the poor lady has, in her distress, such a friend as Dr. Johnson; he will suggest the best motives of consolation.

The other night we were at a very great and full assembly. My distaste of these scenes of insipid magnificence I have not words to tell. Every faculty but the sight is starved, and that has a surfeit. I like conversation parties when they are of the right sort, and I do not care whether it be composed of four, or forty persons, because if you know and like the generality of them, nothing is more easy than to pick out a snug pleasant corner; whereas it is impossible to do so, when two or three hundred people are continually coming in, popping a courtesy, exhibiting their fine persons, and popping out again, or nailing themselves down to a card table.

London, 1781.

I was last Monday at a meeting at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, where were all the brides, Duncannon and Althorp; and I had the pleasure of a vast deal of snug chat with the Bishop, Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Kennicott tells me Bishop Lowth insists upon my publishing 'Sensibility,' and all my other poems collected, immediately, that people may have them altogether. The Dean of Gloucester has sent me his book against Locke, splendidly bound. I have not yet had the manners to write and thank him for it. I am afraid it will draw upon him a number of enemies and answers, which at his time of life cannot be very agreeable. I believe where the spirit of controversy has once possessed the mind, no time can weaken it.

I was, on Monday night, at a very snug little party at Mr. Ramsay's. He has written an Essay on the Harmony of Numbers, and on Versification. He wished me to hear it read, and convened a small party of wits. It is scientific and ingenious, but I do not allow him his positions, and very pertly told him so, for he seems to set written rules above the 'nicely-judging ear,' which I will never allow; and he denies Pope to have been an excellent harmonist, which I will never allow neither. On Friday I dined at Mrs. Boscawen's, only we two. We had a snug day, and a deal of that social cordial chat, that is so preferable to all the mummary of great parties. At eight I went to Lady ——'s large assembly, which was very magnificently dull.

Tuesday we were a small and very choice party at Bishop Shipley's. Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Althorp, Sir Joshua, Langton, Boswell, Gibbon, and to my agreeable surprise, Dr. Johnson, were there.

Mrs. Garrick and he had never met since her be-

reavement. I was heartily disgusted with Mr. Boswell, who came up stairs after dinner, much disordered with wine, and addressed me in a manner which drew from me a sharp rebuke, for which I fancy he will not easily forgive me. Johnson came to see us the next morning, and made us a long visit. On Mrs. Garrick's telling him she was always more at her ease with persons who had suffered the same loss with herself, he said that was a comfort she could seldom have, considering the superiority of his merit, and the cordiality of their union. He bore his strong testimony to the liberality of Garrick. He reproved me with pretended sharpness, for reading 'Les Pensées de Pascal,' or any of the Port Royal authors; alleging that, as a good Protestant, I ought to abstain from books written by Catholics. I was beginning to stand upon my defence, when he took me with both hands, and with a tear running down his cheeks, 'Child,' said he, with the most affecting earnestness, 'I am heartily glad that you read pious books, by whomsoever they may be written.'

London, 1781.

'We are just returned from Hampton. I carried 'Belshazzar' there, thinking that in such a scene of quiet and repose, I should be likely to write a great deal; but the beautiful scenes of the country, especially at this time of the year, when all nature is young and blooming, take such possession of my mind, and dissipate it so much, that I could sooner think of writing in all the bustle of London, than in the still tranquillity of Hampton; I mean unless I were settled there long enough for the novelty of rural objects to wear off. The other day I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Dr. Barnard, the very learned Provost of Eton: he justifies all that I had heard of him, and no man's reputation is more high. We had a great deal of conversation, and

though his first *abond* is not quite pleasing, yet I was never more entertained.

On Monday I was at Mrs. Vesey's; she had collected her party from the Baltic to the Po; for there was a Russian nobleman, an Italian virtuoso, and General Paoli. In one corner was the pleasantest group in the world, and having peeped into the various parties in both rooms, I fixed upon that which I liked best. These were the agreeable Provost of Eton, Mrs. Boscawen, Mr. Pepys, Mr. Walpole, and the Bishop of Killaloe. The conversation was quite in my way, and in a great measure within my reach; it related chiefly to poetry and criticism.

We begin now to be a little cheerful at home, and to have our small parties. One such we have just had, and the day and evening turned out very pleasant. Johnson was in full song, and I quarrelled with him sadly; I accused him of not having done justice to the 'Allegro' and the 'Penseroso.' He spoke disparagingly of both. I praised Lycidas, which he absolutely abused, adding, 'If Milton had not written the Paradise Lost, he would have only ranked among the minor poets: he was a Phidias that could cut a Colossus out of a rock, but could not cut heads out of cherry-stones.'

Boswell brought to my mind the whole of a very mirthful conversation at dear Mrs. Garrick's, and my being made, by Sir William Forbes, the umpire in a trial of skill between Garrick and Boswell, which could most nearly imitate Dr. Johnson's manner. I remember I gave it for Boswell in familiar conversation, and for Garrick in reciting poetry. Mrs. Boscawen shone with her usual mild lustre.

Mr. Walpole has done me the honour of inviting me to Strawberry Hill; as he is said to be a shy man, I must consider this as a great compliment.

London, 1781.

I have now put a period to my pleasurable cam-

paign, and as we shall be in the country for the greatest part of the little time we have left, I have refused to make any more engagements; indeed I am quite tired of assemblies and conversation parties, and long for *disengagement*, (if there be such a word) and leisure. We dined at Mrs. Wilmot's the other day, and the Provost of Eton entertained me much with his wit and humour.

On Monday we had a farewell party at Mrs. Vesey's, where we were a little sad to think how many of us might never meet again, particularly poor Mrs. Vesey herself, who is going to Ireland, at an advanced age, and in bad health. It was a very choice party. Mr. Burke came and sat next me for an hour. I complained of my false countrymen, and he repeated my epitaph in Redcliff church. I was astonished that he had not forgotten it. The Bishop of Chester was on my other hand, and the conversation was kept up with great liveliness. I asked the Bishop if he thought he should carry his bill against Sunday amusements through both houses. Burke said he believed it would go through *their* house, though his *pious friend Wilkes* opposed it with all his might. Oriental Jones was with us; but he is one of those great geniuses whom it is easier to read, than to hear; for whenever he speaks, it is with seeming reluctance, though master of many languages.

I am just come in from paying morning visits to two deans, Carlisle and Gloucester. On Tuesday Mrs. Boscawen carried me to Glanvilla; we had the pleasantest tête-à-tête day imaginable, and walked about and sat under the spreading oaks, and eat our cold chicken, and drank our tea, as happy folks are wont to do.

We have made no visit of length, except one to the Duchess Dowager of Portland, which was very pleasant; for she has much knowledge, and her attractions owe nothing to her rank.

HANNAH MORE returned as usual to Bristol, in June, 1781, but was at this time accompanied by her friend Mrs. Garrick, who spent a month with her sisters; and in the December of the same year, 1781, she again became an inmate with Mrs. G. at Hampton, from whence her first letter to one of her family is dated.

Hampton, Dec. 24, 1781.

Poor Ayrey dropped down dead a few days ago! He was the only atheist I ever knew; but what I thought particularly argued a wrong judgment in him was this, that he was an honest, good-natured man, which certainly he should not have been on his principles. He was a fatalist, and if he snuffed the candle, or stirred the fire, or took snuff, he solemnly protested he was compelled to do it: and it did not depend on his own discretion, whether he should buckle his shoe, or tie his garter. If I did not know him well, I would not have believed there had existed such a character. He always confessed he was a coward, and had a natural fear of pain and death, though he knew he should be as if he had never been. I cannot think of him without horror and compassion. He knows by this time whether a future state was really such a ridiculous invention of priestcraft and superstition, as he always said it was.

I met at dinner the other day, at Mrs. Boscawen's, Lady Smith; she is dowager of the pious Lord Chief Baron; really an excellent good woman, though a little uncharitable in her opinions about others; she said my friend was the best *natural* woman she had ever known.

Hampton, Jan. 17, 1782.

Mrs. Garrick and I go to London before Wednesday. She to her mass, and I to my mantua-maker—she to be daubed with ashes, and I to be decorated

with vanities. And now we are upon vanities, what do you think is the reigning mode as to powder!—only turmerick, that coarse dye which stains yellow. The Goths and Vandals, the Picts and Saxons, are come again. It falls out of the hair and stains the skin so, that every pretty lady must look as yellow as a crocus; which I suppose will become a better compliment than as white as a lily. I have just made a very important discovery in poetical antiquities, which I hereby make a present of to all the commentators upon Virgil, every one of whom it has escaped; it is this—that the dish the wandering Trojans eat first on the Latian shore was a flap-jack; it could be nothing else, and the pretty childish remark of that great hungry boy, Master Ascanias, (that they had eaten their tables,) means nothing more than that they devoured the bottom crust on which the apples were baked. I hope you will allow there is a great critical acumen, and much recondite learning in this remark, which I think will pass muster with some of Warburton's.

I yesterday returned Mr. Strahan the last proof of my book; I suppose it will be out in a few days, though I do not know when, nor do I even know what is to be the price. I trust all to Cadell's prudence. I have desired him to charge it as low as he can. I actually feel very awkward about this new book. Strangers who read it will, I am afraid, think I am good; and I would not willingly appear better than I am, which is certainly the case with all who do not act as seriously as they write. I think sometimes of what Prior makes Solomon say of himself in his fallen state—'They brought my proverbs to confute my life.'

Adelphi, Feb. 17, 1782.

I met yesterday, at Mrs. —'s, the Bishop of Chester and Mrs. Porteus. The Bishop inquired

very much when the book¹ was to appear, to my no small confusion, for the reason I am going to give. The book lay on Mrs. Boscawen's table, and we had just discovered a most ridiculous blunder, for by the misplacing of a single asterisk, the bishop is made a painter, and Sir Joshua Reynolds a bishop. Neither Mrs. B. nor I had courage to mention this, so I very foolishly only said, I could not tell when it would be published. I have sent the history of this blunder to Cadell, and with a dash of a pen it is tolerably rectified.

After all, the kindest thing to my friends is *not* to send them a book; for a present from the author is very inconvenient, as I have often found to my cost; since it forces the person so distinguished to write against their conscience, and to praise what perhaps they secretly despise. Besides, as I have mentioned all my poetical friends, it would be rather awkward, after offering the incense, to thrust the censer in their faces.

London, 1782.

The word *Sacred* in the title is a damper to the dramas. It is tying a millstone about the neck of Sensibility, which will drown them both together. I was one night at a large blue-stocking party, at the Bishop of St. Asaph's. All the old set were there, that death and sickness have spared, with the addition of the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Hinchliffe).

Bishop Lowth has just finished the Dramas, and sent me word, that although I have paid him the most swinging compliment he ever received, he likes the whole book more than he can say. But the Bishop of Chester's compliment was most solid; he said he thought it would do a vast deal of *good*; and that is the praise best worth having. Well, I think I have

¹ Sacred Dramas; with the Poem on Sensibility in the same volume. The work has since passed through nineteen editions.

said enough of myself now, or I could treat you with some more fine things from other quarters, and which I believe as little as those who utter them; so there is no harm done on my part at least, for I had neither the guilt of falsehood, nor the weakness of credulity.

Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Carter, are mightily pleased that I have attacked that mock feeling and sensibility which is at once the boast and disgrace of these times, and which is equally deficient in taste and truth. Ask Dr. Stonehouse if he has read '*Cardiphonia*,' by Mr. Newton of Olney. There is in it much vital religion, and much of the experience of a good Christian, who feels and laments his own imperfections and weaknesses. I am up to the ears in books. I have just finished six volumes of Jortin's Sermons; elegant, but cold, and very low in doctrine,—'plays round the head, but comes not near the heart.' *Cardiphonia* does; I like it much, though not every sentiment or expression it contains. I have almost gone through three very thick quartos of Mr. Gibbon's History of the Lower Empire; a fine, but insidious narrative of a dull period; this I read aloud every day from dinner to tea. It is melancholy to observe the first corruptions of Christianity in the fourth century, and I never rise from the book, without feeling sad and disgusted. Gibbon is a malignant painter, and though he does give the likeness of depraved Christianity, he magnifies deformities, and takes a profane delight in making the picture as hideous as he can. Indeed, in the two last volumes he has taken some pains to hide the cloven foot; but whenever a Christian emperor, or bishop of established reputation is brought forward, his encomiums have so much coldness, and his praises so much sneer, that you cannot help discovering contempt where he professes panegyric: but of all the birds in the air, who do you think is his favourite—the strict and rigid Athanasius! Of all the saints and all the fathers,

I should never have guessed *he* would have been the object of Mr. Gibbon's applause. Julian you may naturally suppose is the man after his own heart; I expected it would be so. He is more decent on the subject of Constantine's conversion than I expected: though indeed I should be very sorry that the truth of the Christian religion hung by so slender a thread as that miracle. However, I am now plunging into other studies than the disputes of Arius and his antagonists, with which my head has been filled, and am pleasantly engaged to spend the evening with Eneas, at Evander's rustic banquet; which, however, I shall not half enjoy, because I know that my favourite Pallas will be killed before I go to bed.

London, 1782.

I spent an evening last week at Dr. Kennicott's, with the new Provost of Eton, and Mrs. Roberts. I have a certain awkwardness about me, which I have never yet been able to get rid of; it is, that I can never congratulate any man on honours and dignities which fall to him by the death of another. I tried to wish Dr. Roberts joy, but could not do it; I do not much wonder at it indeed in this particular case, because I was very fond of Dr. Barnard, and have received a thousand attentions from him. However, I am glad, for the sake of so many of my friends who are connected with him, that Dr. Roberts is made Provost. He is a good poet, and a respectable man; an appendage which does not always belong to a good poet. *Tant pis.* On Wednesday I dined at Lady Middleton's, with Mrs. Carter, &c. I was quite flattered with the many cordial things good Jonas Hanway said to me about the Dramas. He told me he had sat down to read them with fear and trembling, as he had persuaded himself it was taking an undue liberty with the scriptures; but he had no sooner finished them, than he ran off to the bookseller,

bought three or four, and went to a great boarding-school, where he has some little friends. He gave the governess the book, and told her it was part of her duty to see that all her girls studied it thoroughly.

I spent the evening at Dr. Kennicott's. Among other company was mythology Bryant, who is as pleasant as he is learned. We have since dined together at Mrs. Montagu's, and are become great friends. He 'bears his faculties so meekly,' and has such simplicity of manners, that I take to him as I did to Hermes Harris, whom every body must regret, that had the pleasure and advantage of knowing him. Only Bryant is the pleasanter man. He told me an amusing anecdote of one of the little princes. He had been that morning to Windsor to present his book. He was met in the anti-chamber by the youngest of them, who begged to look at it. When it was put into his hands, he held it upside down, and glancing his eyes for a moment over the pages, returned it with an air of important graciousness, pronouncing it—excellent!

We have been a few days at Hampton, from whence we returned yesterday: the weather was unpleasant, and windy enough, yet I contrived to be out of doors the greater part of the time; it does me a vast deal of good to go for a few days into pure air, after being smoke-dried in this 'scene of sin and sea-coal.'

I dined to-day at Apsley House. I was exceedingly diverted with my Lord Chancellor, who, the minute he saw me, cried out, 'Well, what do they say? is the ministry to go out?' I could not help saying, he put me in mind of Sir Robert Walpole, who, on being asked the same question, replied, 'I really do not know, I have not seen the papers.'

The next day I was at Bishop Barrington's; he is a delightful man; the more I know of him, the more I like him; quite the man of breeding, with

great sense and piety. I am told they spend good part of their fortune in acts of charity. I also met your new bishop, Dr. Bagot. A thought to the memory of his unburied predecessor filled my mind, while every body was congratulating him on his new honours. He is a good man; of exact morals, and has a great deal of that charity which giveth her goods to the poor, but not quite so much of that which consists in tenderness to the opinions of others. I dined another day with Dr. —. He had not read my book, which saved me from a violent quarrel; for you may guess how great his dislike must be to a book which begins with praising Milton, and ends with praising God.

I breakfasted with Miss Hamilton the other morning at St. James's. There was only dear Mrs. Carter, and a very agreeable nobleman. Miss H. told the queen she expected me, and she charged her with all manner of flattering messages, desiring me above all things to pursue the same path, and to go on by writing a sacred drama upon the history of Joseph.

Hampton, 1782.

When I was in town last week, we had another *last* breakfast at St. James's. There I found Lord Monboddo, Mrs. Carter, that pleasantest of the peerage Lord Stormont, and Count Marechale, a very agreeable foreign nobleman, and a worthy man: he has almost promised to put the story of our poor insane Louisa into German for me. I was three times with Mrs. Montagu the week I stayed in town. We spent one evening with her and Miss Gregory alone, to take leave of the Hill street house; and you never saw such an air of ruin and bankruptcy as every thing around us wore. We had about three feet square of carpet, and that we might all put our feet upon it we were obliged to sit in a circle in the middle of the room; just as if we were playing at

‘hunt the slipper.’ She was full of encomiums of Bristol, and of every one she saw there. She is now settled in Portman Square, where I believe we were among the first to pay our compliments to her. I had no conception of any thing so beautiful. To all the magnificence of a very superb London house, is added the scenery of a country retirement. It is so seldom that any thing superb is pleasant, that I was extremely struck with it. I could not help looking with compassion on the amiable proprietor, *shivering at a breeze*; and who can at the best enjoy it so very little a while. She has, however, my ardent wishes for her continuance in a world to which she is an ornament and a blessing.

On Sunday, I breakfasted at the Bishop of Chester’s, and after a couple of hours’ good conversation, they took me to the Chapel Royal, where he preached. ‘As I know committee-men, and committee-men know me,’ I was of course well accommodated; else it is but a disagreeable place to go to, for it takes up almost all the day to go to church once, and there is more music, and more bustle, and more staring than I like. The king and queen both looked very pale. The sermon, which I should have blamed in a village, was very well suited to a court. It was an eloquent and able vindication of Christianity; the text, “For the Jews seek a sign,” &c. They were so kind as to ask me to eat some orthodox beef and pudding with them, which I declined.

At a party the other day I was placed next General Paoli, and as I have not spoken seven sentences of Italian these seven years, I had not that facility in expressing myself which I used to have. I therefore begged hard to carry on the conversation in French. By the bye, I believe I never told you that Paoli is my chief beau and flirt this winter. We talk whole hours. He has a general good taste in the Belles Lettres, and is fond of reciting passages from Dante

and Ariosto. He is extremely lively when set a going; quotes from Shakspeare, and raves in his praise. He is particularly fond of Romeo and Juliet, I suppose because the scene is laid in Italy. I did not know he had such very agreeable talents; but he will not talk in English, and his French is mixed with Italian. He speaks no language with purity.

On Monday I was at a very great assembly at the Bishop of St. Asaph's. Conceive to yourself one hundred and fifty or two hundred people met together, dressed in the extremity of the fashion; painted as red as bacchanals; poisoning the air with perfumes; treading on each other's gowns; making the crowd they blame; not one in ten able to get a chair; protesting they are engaged to ten other places; and lamenting the fatigue they are not obliged to endure; ten or a dozen card-tables, crammed with dowagers of quality, grave ecclesiastics and yellow admirals; and you have an idea of an assembly. I never go to these things when I can possibly avoid it, and stay when there as few minutes as I can.

London, 1782.

I paid my visit to Apsley House on Wednesday. The Lord Chancellor was particularly kind and friendly, and gave me a pressing invitation to dine there the next day, or any other day when he could get disengaged from the cabinet; but charged me never to come when he had any engagement abroad. On Saturday I dined with the patriots at Bishop Shipley's. You may be sure they were in high spirits at so large a division in the House of Commons. Indeed I could not help rejoicing with them, at any event that bids fair to put an end to this ill-omened war.

London, 1782.

Poor Johnson is in a bad state of health: I fear

his constitution is broken up; I am quite grieved at it; he will not leave an abler defender of religion and virtue behind him; and the following little touch of tenderness, which I heard of him last night, from one of the Turk's Head club, endears him to me exceedingly. There are always a great many candidates ready, when any vacancy happens in that club, and it requires no small interest and reputation to get elected; but upon Garrick's death, when numberless applications were made to succeed him, Johnson was deaf to them all; he said, No, there never could be found any successor worthy of such a man; and he insisted upon it there should be a year's widowhood in the club, before they thought of a new election. In Dr. Johnson some contrarieties very harmoniously meet; if he has too little charity for the opinions of others, and too little patience with their faults, he has the greatest tenderness for their persons. He told me the other day, he hated to hear people whine about metaphysical distresses, when there was so much want and hunger in the world. I told him I supposed, then, he never wept at any tragedy but Jane Shore, who had died for want of a loaf. He called me a saucy girl, but did not deny the inference.

I spent a delightful day with Mrs. Delany. She is eighty-two years old, and blind; yet she is the object of my veneration, and I almost said envy. Such an excellent mind, so cultivated, such a tranquil grateful spirit, such a composed piety! She retains all that tenderness of heart which people are supposed to lose, and generally *do* lose in a very advanced age. She told me with some tears, that she had no dread of death, (besides her extreme unworthiness,) but what arose from the thought, how terribly her loss would be felt by one or two dear friends. Her courage entirely sunk under that idea.

London, 1782.

Thursday I spent the evening at the Bishop of Llandaff's. Mrs. Barrington is so perfectly well-bred, and the Bishop¹ so delightful, that it is impossible not to be happy in their company. Mitred Chester and all the favourites were there. On Good Friday I went to hear the Bishop of Llandaff preach; he is extremely sensible, and deeply serious. Mrs. Carter and I met, at a little breakfast party, with a French lady who writes metaphysical books. We got into great disgrace, for saying that a little common sense and a little Scripture would lead one much further and safer than volumes of metaphysics. She forgave us, however, on condition we would promise to read two huge quartos, which she had just translated. What Mrs. Carter will do, I know not, but I shall certainly never fulfil my part of the compact. It is a terrible fetter upon the liberty of free-born English conversation, to have so many foreigners as this town now abounds with, imposing their language upon us.

It has affected me very much to hear of our king's being constrained to part with all his confidential friends, and his own personal servants, in the late general sweep. Out of a hundred stories, I will only tell you one, which concerns your old acquaintance, Lord Bateman: he went to the king as usual, to ask if his majesty would please to hunt the next day; 'Yes, my lord,' replied the king, 'but I find with great grief, that I am not to have the satisfaction of your company.' This was the first intimation he had had of the loss of his place; I really think the contest with France and America might have been settled, though the buck-hounds had retained their old master.

¹ Dr. Barrington, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

I dined very pleasantly one day last week at the Bishop of Chester's. Johnson was there, and the bishop was very desirous to draw him out, as he wished to show him off to some of the company who had never seen him. He begged me to sit next him at dinner, and to devote myself to making him talk. To this end, I consented to talk more than became me, and our stratagem succeeded. You would have enjoyed seeing him take me by the hand, in the middle of dinner, and repeat with no small enthusiasm, many passages from the 'Fair Penitent,' &c. I urged him to take a *little* wine, he replied, 'I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore, I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me, as *temperance* would be difficult.' He was very good-humoured and gay. One of the company happened to say a word about poetry; 'Hush, hush,' said he, 'it is dangerous to say a word about poetry before her; it is talking of the art of war before Hannibal.' He continued his jokes, and lamented that I had not married Chatterton, that posterity might have seen a propagation of poets.

The metaphysical and philological Lord Monboddoo breakfasted with us yesterday; he is such an extravagant adorer of the ancients, that he scarcely allows the English language to be capable of any excellence, still less the French. He has a hearty contempt for that people and their language. He said we moderns were entirely degenerated. I asked in what? 'In every thing,' was his answer: 'Men are not so tall as they were; women are not so handsome as they were; nobody can now write a long period; every thing dwindles.' I ventured to say that though long periods were fine in oratory and declamation, yet that was not the language of passion. He insisted that it was. I defended my opinion by many passages from Shakspeare, among others, those broken bursts of passion in Constance, 'Gone to be

married !' 'Gone to swear a truce !' 'False blood with false blood joined !' Again, 'My name is Constance, I am Geoffrey's wife—Young Arthur is my son, and he is slain.' We then resumed our old quarrel about the slave trade. He advocates slavery upon principle. I asked him how he could vindicate such an enormity. He owned it was because Plutarch justified it. Among much just thinking and some taste, especially in his valuable third volume on the 'Origin and Progress of Language,' he entertains some opinions so absurd, that they would hardly be credible, if he did not deliver them himself, both in writing and conversation, with a gravity which shews that he is in earnest, but which makes the hearer feel, that 'to be grave exceeds all power of face.' He is so wedded to system, that, as Lord Barrington said to me the other day, rather than sacrifice his favourite opinion, that men were born with tails, he would be contented to wear one himself.

Hampton, 1782.

The other morning, the captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes breakfasted at Sir Charles Middleton's, and related the following little anecdote. One day he went out of his own ship, to dine on board another. While he was there a storm arose, which, in a short time, made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four, the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant. The people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black took his two little children, and having tied them into a bag, and put in a little pot of sweetmeats for them, slung them across his shoulder, and put them into the boat. The boat by this time was quite full: the black was stepping into it himself, but was told by the master there was no room

for him, so that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both would sink the boat. The exalted heroic negro did not hesitate a moment. Very well, said he, give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults. And then—guess the rest—plunged to the bottom never to rise again, till the sea shall give up her dead! I told it the other day to Lord Monboddo, who fairly burst into tears. The greatest lady in this land wants me to make an elegy of it, but it is above poetry. Did I tell you I breakfasted at Lord Barrington's? I am now in love with all the four brothers of that noble family. I think the Peer as agreeable as any of them, always excepting the bishop, however, whose conversation that morning was, as it always is, instructive and delightful. In the evening, I went to a small party, where Lord Stormont made the chief figure among the male talkers. Mrs. Crewe looked beautifully, and Lady Susan talked *wittily*. That I talked *prudently* you will allow, when I tell you that I caught myself in an invective against the new ministry, which I wisely thought proper to address to Lady Charlotte Wentworth, forgetting at the moment that she was Lord Rockingham's sister.

Miss Hannah More quitted Mrs. Garrick's in the June of this year, 1782, and paid a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Kennicott, at Oxford, in her way to Bristol. We will extract two or three paragraphs of the letters she wrote from thence.

Oxford, June 13, 1782.

Who do you think is my principal Cicerone at Oxford? Only Dr. Johnson! and we do so gallant it about. You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own college (Pembroke), nor how rejoiced Henderson looked, to make one in the party. Dr. Adams, the master of Pem-

broke, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. We spent the day and evening at his house. After dinner Johnson begged to conduct me to see the college, for he would not let one show it me but himself. 'This was my room—this Shenstone's.' Then, after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his college, 'In short,' said he, 'we were a nest of singing-birds. Here we walked, and there we played at cricket.' He ran over with pleasure the history of the juvenile days he passed there. When he came into the common room, we spied a fine large print of Johnson, framed and hung up that very morning, with this motto—'*And is not Johnson ours, himself a host.*' Under which stared you in the face, '*From Miss More's Sensibility.*' This little incident amused us: but, alas! Johnson looks very ill indeed—spiritless and wan. However, he made an effort to be cheerful, and I exerted myself much to make him so.

Oxford, 1782.

We are just setting off to spend a day or two at the Bishop of Landaff's,¹ near Wallingford. But first I must tell you I am engaged to dine on my return with the learned Dr. Edwards of Jesus College, to meet Dr. Johnson, Thomas Warton, and whatever else is most learned and famous in this university.

Oxford, Friday.

We had a delectable visit at the Bishop's. It is a paradise, and they are meet inhabitants for it. I have hardly time to say a word, we have such an inundation of company. There are in the next room three Canons, three *Heads*, three Ladies, one Dean, one Student, and one Professor. I got your letter with those of the French Academicians enclosed.

¹ Dr. Barrington.

So I am to send them the history of my life! *I think I had better cut it out of the European Magazine*, or get Mrs. — to write it; in their hands all my sins will make a flaming figure.¹

Hampton, Jan. 9, 1783.

It was so unusual for me to receive a letter two days following, that when Sally's came on Wednesday, I had so strong a presentiment of its contents, that I did not open it for a long time; but laid it down very deliberately, and went and did several things which I thought too well I should not be able to do after I had read it. Yet, notwithstanding all this preparation, I was just as much shocked at reading it as if I had expected nothing like it.² I could not get quite through it for many hours after: and yet there is no cause for grief; but much for joy,—much cause to be thankful. And I am *very* thankful that he was spared to us so long—that he was removed when life began to grow a burden to himself—that he did not survive his faculties—that he was not confined to the miseries of a sick-bed—but above all, that his life was so exemplary, and his death so easy. I wished I had seen him. Yet that is a vain regret. I hope he did not inquire after me, or miss me. Mrs. Garrick was very much affected, as my father was a very great favourite of hers.

Hampton, Jan. 28, 1783.

Since my dear father's death, I have never yet had resolution to go out of doors, so much as to walk

¹ That the reader may understand the allusion in the above letter, it is necessary to inform him that, a few months before, the Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres at Rouen, had done Miss More the honour of electing her one of their members. She kept up an occasional correspondence with this Academy till near the time of the French Revolution.

² The death of her father.

round the garden, in almost three weeks ; but as the day is fine, I intend to get out when I have finished this scrawl.

Miss More appears to have remained in her usual deep retirement at Hampton, till March, when she removed with Mrs. Garrick to the Adelphi.

London, March.

Another application for an epitaph. I had rather write a hundred lines on any other subject, than ascribe virtues to people I did not know, or who are undeserving. I cannot do it. Pray give my compliments to all my friends, and tell them I hope none of them will die soon ; but in case they should, I wish they would, instead of leaving me any thing, be so good as to insert a passage in their wills, that I am not to be asked to write their epitaphs. My monumental wit is all disposed of, and I am sure I never can cobble up enough for another inscription. I mentioned yesterday to Lady Spencer the idea of a print of the Maid of the Haystack. She says, by all means ; it may be of great service, at least by keeping up the attention of people. I thought the peace was to put an end to all divisions and disturbances, but I think I never knew this town in such a state of anarchy and distraction. The disputes are not about peace or war, but who shall have power and place, both of which are lost as soon as obtained. Before you can pay your congratulations to your friends on their promotion, presto ! pass ! they are out again, Lord Falmouth told me he sat down with a most eager appetite to his soup and roast at eight in the morning, and several of the Lords had company to dinner at that hour, after the house broke up. Miss Anna Maria Shipley formally presented to me, the other day, her future husband, Sir William Jones, and we had a great deal of conversation. He is a

very amiable as well as learned man, and possesses more languages, perhaps, than any man in Europe.

London, March 7, 1783.

I was yesterday at Mrs. Ord's, to start upon my career of friendship with Mr. Smelt. I enclose part of his letter to her, in which you will see that I have the honour to be in favour with this very exalted character. You know he was preceptor to the Prince of Wales, under the direction of the Earl of Holderness, and as he would receive no settled appointment, he is distinguished by the high appellation of 'the king's friend.' We had a pleasant interesting evening. I have known him for some years: he is an old acquaintance, but a new friend. Her party was small, as it was made on purpose to bring us together. I had Sir Joshua, Cambridge, and Mr. Smelt, all to myself; 'not badly off,' you will say. On Friday evening, I was at a very fine party at Lady Rothes'; where I found a great many of my friends, Mrs. Montagu, Boscawen, Carter, Thrale, Burney, and Lady Dartrey; in short, it was remarked that there was not a woman in London, who has been distinguished for taste and literature, that was absent. The men were modest, and said they were abashed, the other sex made so strong a party.

I refused to go to-night with Lady Middleton and Mrs. Porteus, to hear Tessier read: for even if I had the least appetite for anything of that sort, I should certainly prefer being drawn into the stream, and going to see Mrs. Siddons, which I have also refused to do, though Lady Spencer took the pains to come yesterday to ask me to go with her. You know I have long withdrawn myself from the theatre. Lady Bathurst came by appointment, and made a very long and kind visit; she was quite happy, in hourly expectation of Lord Apsley, after a two years' absence in Germany and France. We dined the other

day at Mrs. Montagu's. Out of sixteen persons, there were not three English men or women. De Luc, the Swiss metaphysician and geologist, a man of great merit, and Madame la Fite, were all the foreigners I knew; but, my good stars placed Mr. Locke on one side of me; which was some consolation for having a prate-apace jackanapes of a Frenchman (a *bel esprit* though,) on the other. Mr. Locke never speaks but to instruct, in matters of taste, especially in the fine arts. In the evening we had a very strong reinforcement of blues. Mrs. Montagu inquires after you all.

London, 1783.

Did you hear of a woman of quality, an earl's daughter, perishing for want the other day, near Cavendish Square? The sad story is, that she had married an attorney, a bad man, and had several children; they all frequently experienced the want of a morsel of bread. Lady Jane grew extremely ill, and faint with hunger. An old nurse who had never forsaken her mistress in her misfortunes, procured by some means a sixpence; Lady Jane sent her out to buy a cow-heel; the nurse brought it in, and carried a piece of it to her mistress: 'No,' said she, 'I feel myself dying—all relief is too late; and it would be cruel in me to rob the children of a morsel, by wasting it on one who must die,'—so saying, she expired. I leave you to make your own comments on this domestic tragedy, in a metropolis drowned in luxury. What will Sally say to side-dishes and third courses now?

Yesterday we dined at the Bishop of Salisbury's.¹ Dr. Heberden, Dr. and Mrs. Kennicott, Mythology Bryant, and Mrs. Carter. With Mr. Bryant I always have some delightful conversation; he is not

¹ Dr. Barrington.

only a very able, but a pious man, and has devoted his Pagan learning to truly Christian purposes. I spent the afternoon on Tuesday with Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland. I think that charming duchess very much broken in her looks; and she is not likely to be cured by her son's being appointed premier to this distracted country. His ministry, I suppose, will be still shorter than his viceroyalty was. These labours and vicissitudes are the blessings of greatness. Even riches do not make rich. I should be glad to know what our friend Dr. Stonehouse would think of such new-fashioned doctrines as I have lately heard in a charity sermon on a Sunday, from a dignified ecclesiastic,—and a popular one too, but I will not tell his name: he told the rich and the great that they ought to be extremely liberal in their charities, because they were happily *exempted* from the *severer virtues*. How do you like such a sentiment from a Christian teacher? What do you think Polycarp or Ignatius would say to it?

London, March 29, 1783.

I spent an evening lately with Lady Charlotte Wentworth. She had a very select little party, and they made me read to them;—poetry too! I defended myself as well as I could; but, to my great regret, was forced to comply. Lady Charlotte has a great deal of general literature; and what is far better, she is really a pious and well-informed Christian. On Sunday I breakfasted at Sir Charles Middleton's, and we went with the Bishop of Chester afterwards, and heard him preach. They set me down as usual after church.

I thought Mrs. Garrick would have dropped with laughing, when I read, in Sally's letters, that you spent all your leisure in teaching the *governesses* to read and spell. It struck her fancy mightily. I am glad to hear such good tidings of Henderson. I hope

he will begin to put his great parts to good use, and avoid the condemnation, as well of the *buried*, as of the abused talent. I passed the whole evening at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, in a very pleasant wrangle with Mr. Walpole about poets: he abusing all my favourites, and I all his: he reprobating Akenside, Thomson, and all my bards of the *blank song*; and I all his odes and lyrics. I told him (rather lightly I fear) that David had expressed my notion of the obscurity of lyric poetry, when he said, "I will utter my dark speech upon the harp." Sir William Jones (for the new judge is also knighted previous to his Indian voyage,) is gone down to prepare all things for his and his lady's accommodation. She is a little low at the thought that she is leaving all, perhaps for ever; but she goes with what she best loves—an advantage with which few women set out to India. They are to be married in a few days. We are to have one more evening together.

Hoole has just sent me his preface to his translation of Ariosto, which is coming out; an expensive present; since I can now do no less than subscribe for the whole work; and a guinea and a half for a translation of a book is dearish. Saturday I went to Mrs. Reynolds', to meet Sir Joshua and Dr. Johnson: the latter is vastly recovered. Our conversation ran very much upon religious opinions, chiefly those of the Roman Catholics. He took the part of the Jesuits, and I declared myself a Jansenist. He was very angry because I quoted Boileau's *bon mot* upon the Jesuits, that they had lengthened the creed and shortened the decalogue; but I continued sturdily to vindicate my old friends of the Port Royal. On Tuesday I was at Mrs. Vesey's assembly, which was too full to be very pleasant. She dearly loves company; and as she is connected with almost every thing that is great in the good sense of the word, she is always sure to have too much. I inquired

after the Shipleys, who had promised to meet us there, and was told that they had just sent an excuse ; for that Anna Maria and Sir William were at that moment in the act of marrying. They will be now completely banished ; but as they will be banished together, they do not think it a hardship. May God bless them, and may his stupendous learning be sanctified ! I went and sat the other morning with Dr. Johnson, who is still far from well. Our conversation was very interesting ; but so many people came in, that I began to feel foolish, and sneaked off. He has written some very pretty verses on his friend Levett, which he gave me, and which I will send you when I can. He was all kindness to me.

London, April 5, 1783.

On Saturday I dined at Apsley House, where there was a good deal of company. Lord Apsley has brought with him all the benefit to be derived from travelling ; and has more vivacity and spirit than falls to the share of our modern young men of quality in general. Lord Bathurst entertained me a good deal, apart after dinner, with anecdotes of his godfather Lord Bolingbroke, of Pope, of his own father, and others ; which, as they fell under his own eye, perhaps I could have learned from no other man living. He entirely exculpates Pope from an evil intention in printing the Patriot King ; which excited Bolingbroke's hatred so much after Pope's death : though I do think it was a very unaccountable step.

I received your letter on Wednesday. I stole that day out of the fire, as I may say, and staid at home, maugre several invitations. I had really dined out such a vast number of days, that I was quite weary, and was inflexible to all entreaty ; indeed so much visiting does now begin to be very irksome : I go to so many places when I should rejoice

to stay at home ; but I consider that this round of visiting will not last long ; for I begin to calculate that there is little more than a clear month between this and June.

London, May 5, 1783.

I went yesterday to hear the Bishop of Chester. That good man is under great affliction for the death of Dr. Stinton, his dearest friend through life. In the sermon there happened to be a passage which, among other losses, mentioned the death of a beloved companion ; he was so much affected that his voice faltered, and he could not go on without the greatest difficulty. As most of the audience knew the circumstance, they were very much touched at it. Poor Ryland ! from the time he absconded till he was apprehended, he continually sat with a razor in a Prayer-book. Think what a state of mind, to have just conviction and faith enough to pray, and yet to be so desperately wretched, as to live with the instrument of self-murder continually in his hand ! His bane and antidote were not so comfortable to him as Cato's were : for he had the misfortune to know better, and to believe more.

Is it not very melancholy when you go to see our solitary mother ? I endeavour to think of it as little as I can ; but in spite of my endeavours it mixes with all my thoughts. On Saturday we had a dinner at home, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, the Kennicotts, and Dr. Johnson. Poor Johnson exerted himself exceedingly ; but he was very ill, and looked so dreadfully, that it quite grieved me. He is more mild and complacent than he used to be. His sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. I was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun. We had but a small party of such of his friends as we knew would be most agreeable to him ; and as we were all very atten-

tive, and paid him the homage he both expects and deserves, he was very communicative, and of course instructive and delightful in the highest degree.

London, May, 1783.

I dined one day last week in Audley Street,¹ to celebrate the Viscount's² birth-day, who completed his twenty-fifth year. His mother told him she wanted to have him married, and advised him to fall in love: he said he should if he were with any young ladies in the country; but that he never could in London, for the women did not stand still long enough for a man to fall in love with them. The other day I divided between Lady Bathurst and Lady Charlotte Wentworth. The latter gave me a little packet she had just received from Madame le Cat, directed for me; it contained a pretty French snuff-box, on which is the tomb of Rousseau, in the isle of Poplars. I was invited last week to six or eight dinners or assemblies, but did not go to any of them. I intended to have sent this away last night, but Mr. Cambridge came in at tea, and sat gossiping and being agreeable till twelve; and I was so full of dactyls and spondees, that I quite forgot my letter. I was asked to meet the chemical and polemical Bishop Watson to-day at Mr. Cole's; but was engaged elsewhere.

The King and Queen have suffered infinitely from the loss of the sweet little prince, who was the darling of their hearts. I was charmed with an expression of the king's. 'Many people (said he) would regret they ever *had* so *sweet* a child, since they were forced to part with him: that is not my case. I am thankful to God for having graciously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years.' Yet his sorrow was very great.

¹ Mrs. Boscawen's.

² Viscount Falmouth.

London, May 22, 1783.

I have finished my campaign in town; we do not now appear to any body unless we meet them strolling in the streets. We dined one day last week at Mrs. Banister's, to meet the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. North; there was a great deal of other company, among whom was Mr. Swinburne, the author of 'Travels to Spain, Sicily,' &c. One is always surprised to find the author of two or three great big burly quartos, a *little* genteel young man. He is modest and agreeable, not wise and heavy, like his books. The next morning I breakfasted with the Bishop of Chester and Mrs. Porteus, and we visited the tombs, and dwelt among the dust in Westminster Abbey. On Saturday I wound up my town adventures, by dining and passing the evening with Mrs. Boscawen and a little snug party, consisting of the above-said bishop, the Coles, and the Duchess of Beaufort. Since that time, I have been inexorable to all invitations, though two rival parties were strongly pressed upon me last night; one at Mr. Soame Jenyns', and the other to meet the Barringtons at Bishop Porteus'. There was no way of getting off either, but by refusing both.

A visitor has just gone away quite chagrined that I am such a rigid Methodist that I cannot come to her assembly on Sunday, though she protests with great piety, that she *never has cards*, and that it is quite savage in me to think there can be any harm in a little agreeable music.

Hampton, May 29, 1783.

We have been at Hampton nearly a week. I am here to-night by myself. Mrs. Garrick is gone to town. I begged to stay behind, both because I have a great deal of business to do, and because I hate London when I have nothing to do, and nobody to see there; and having taken my leave once, I do not

like to begin again. Before I left London, I spent a whole morning with Mrs. Delaney. She gave me a great treat—the reading of all Dean Swift's letters, written to herself. She likewise gave me a choice of one to bring away for your book of autographs. I had the modesty to choose the shortest, and she had the modesty to oppose it, because there was so much to her praise in it; but if that were to be an objection, there would not be one for you!

Did I tell you that the Bishop of Chester's Sermons were out of print in eight days? I hope the age is not so bad as we took it to be; and yet it cannot be very good neither, when the strawberries at Lady Stormont's breakfast last Saturday morning cost one hundred and fifty pounds.

I am tired of writing several letters, and of reading the Lives of the Reformers, and of trimming a fine gauze handkerchief; and now I am going to close the day with a thick quarto of Dr. Beattie's metaphysics.

Hampton, 1783.

As I do not go to Ranelagh, nor the play, nor the opera, nor sup at Charles Fox's, nor play at Brookes', nor bet at Newmarket, I have not seen that worthy branch of the house of Bourbon, the duke de Chartres.

I never heard of such a low, vulgar, vicious fellow. His character is —

Poltron sur mer,
Escroc sur terre,
Et vaut rien partout.

I have read Colman's 'Ars Poetica:' he is much too negligent a versifier, but easy and elegant. I believe I forgot to mention Mrs. Vesey's pleasant Tuesday parties to you. It is a select society, which meets at her house every other Tuesday, and of which I am invited to be an unworthy member. It assembles on the day on which the Turk's Head Club dine together. In the evening they all meet at Mrs.

Vesey's, with the addition of such other company as it is difficult to find elsewhere. Last Tuesday we met; and Mr. Langton and Mr. Walpole were added to the society, for the first time this winter. I rejoiced to find them again: for they are two of the very pleasantest men 'that e'er my conversation copied withal.' The latter told me a hundred pleasant stories of his father and the *then* court.

Alas! when will the distractions of this land be healed! Nothing but a national judgment can bring us to our senses. Surely the miseries which have visited the devoted Calabrians might open our eyes, and shew us that all our evils are either imaginary, or of our own bringing on. War, gambling, and luxury, are none of them inflictions from heaven.

An arrangement of the ministry seems to be as far off as ever, and I am tired of writing, hearing, and undesignedly circulating untruths on this undecided subject. The news that was true at the beginning of one's page, proves false before one has reached the bottom, and one can hardly catch, ere it falls, the arrangement of the minute.

I wish you could see Hampton at this moment; I think there never was greater perfection of beauty; so clean, so green, so flowery, so bowery! We dined the other day at Strawberry Hill, and passed as delightful a day, as elegant literature, high breeding, and lively wit can afford. As I was the greatest stranger, Mr. Walpole devoted himself to my amusement with great politeness; but I have so little of virtû and antiquarianism about me that I really felt myself quite unworthy of all the trouble he took for me.

Very shortly after Miss H. More's return to Bristol, in June, 1783, she received a summons from her friend Mrs. Kennicott, at Oxford, who was anxious for her assistance and consolation under the very

afflicting event of Dr. Kennicott's being attacked with a dangerous illness. She writes to her sister.

Oxford, August 19, 1783.

My last will have prepared you to expect the contents of this letter. Dear Dr. Kennicott expired yesterday, about four o'clock in the afternoon. I saw him breathe his last. The servants, though there were six of them, were afraid to stay in the room without me. I got her away from him down stairs, and for the last two hours ran continually up and down, from the afflicted wife to the expiring husband, she all the time knowing he was in the last agonies. Yet, when I came to break it to her, she bore it with the utmost fortitude. She has been very composed ever since; indeed she is a true Christian heroine. The Dean of Christchurch has just been to say that in a quarter of an hour the great bell is to toll. I have told her of it, and she is now looking out a book for me to read during that time.

Adieu. I hear the bell—my task begins.¹

Oxford, August 23, 1783.

My excellent friend was buried on Thursday afternoon, in Christchurch, close to Bishop Berkeley. Mrs. Kennicott made it a point that I should go to see this last sad office performed. I objected to leaving her alone for so long a time, but her strength of mind overruled this objection. The choir service was awful, almost beyond bearing: and the dean

¹ Mrs. Hannah More used to repeat, from her friend Mrs. Kennicott, a little anecdote of Dr. Kennicott, which strikingly proves how much the love of the sacred volume grows with its perusal. During the time that he was employed on his Polyglot Bible, it was her constant office, in their daily airings, to read to him those different portions to which his immediate attention was called. When preparing for their ride the day after this great work was completed, upon her asking him what book she should *now* take, 'Oh,' exclaimed he, 'let us begin the Bible.'

read the prayers in a manner most solemn and impressive. I shall stay while I have any chance of being useful to the afflicted widow. Thus closed a life, the last thirty years of which were honourably spent in collating the Hebrew scriptures. One now remembers with peculiar pleasure, that, among other disinterested actions, he resigned a valuable living, because his learned occupation would not allow him to reside upon it.

What substantial comfort and satisfaction must not the testimony which our departed friend was enabled to bear to the truth of the holy scriptures, afford to those who lean upon them as the only anchor of the soul! When Dr. K. had an audience of the king to present his work, his majesty asked him, What, upon the whole, had been the result of his laborious and learned investigation? To which he replied, that he had found some grammatical errors, and many variations, in the different texts; but not one which, in the smallest degree affected any article of faith or practice.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. E. Carter.

Christ Church, Oxford, 1783.

A thousand thanks, my dear Mrs. Carter, both from Mrs. Kennicott and myself, for your very obliging and friendly inquiries. I did not receive your letter till Friday, and yesterday there was no post, or I should have testified our acknowledgments sooner. We have, indeed, had a most distressful and affecting scene. I have lost a most excellent friend, and poor Mrs. Kennicott the best of husbands. His illness was lingering, but not judged to be hopeless till within a few days before we lost him. I saw him breathe his last; and you, my dear friend, who know my weakness of mind, and the agitation of spirits to which I am subject, will feel for my situation, and

for what I endured when I had to convey to her the news of his death ; for I had forced her out of the room some hours before. But her fortitude made me ashamed of myself. I never saw courage so great, grounded upon principles so good. She feels the sincerest sorrow, but without any mixture of weakness ; and she yields the most lively proof that the divine consolations are, indeed, neither *few nor small*. She is preparing, with the utmost composure, to leave this fine residence, so suitable to her taste and to her regular and orderly mind ; for she is formed for the sober dignity of academical life ; but she seems quite indifferent to all these outward things ; and that part of the change which would occupy the hearts of some women, she does not even think of. I intend staying with her about another week, soon after which she proposes to leave this place.

I have to thank you, my dear madam, for a delightful letter which I received at Bristol, from whence I was called away hither just as I was about to answer it, and to condole with you on the misfortunes Mr. Carter had sustained. Poor Dr. Wheeler too ! but don't you pity the excellent Bishop of London ? He sent off an express as soon as his daughter died, to hasten Dr. Wheeler up, to be with and console him : an express from the doctor's sister, to say he was dead, met the bishop's messenger on the road. Such is this world, and so the fashion of it passes away !

Adieu, my dear madam ! I am most faithfully and affectionately yours,

H. MORE.

We pass over the two or three months which Miss H. More spent at Hampton this winter, in unvaried tranquillity, till we find her, in the ensuing spring, writing from the Adelphi to her sister.

Adelphi, March 8, 1784.

I have been in town some days, but had not time to write before, because, as the Duchess of Gordon told the Queen, ‘ ’tis nothing but fruz, fruz, all day, and rap, rap, all *neet*.’ Being here alone, I have dined out almost every day. This total change of scene, from the quiet, reading, contemplative life I have been so much used to, gave me headaches at first; but now that I am a little seasoned to the hot rooms, I am very well again. One of my engagements was to the Bishop of Chester’s. It was a very pleasant party.

Mr. and Mrs. Soame Jenyns, gay, gallant, and young as ever, are really delectable to behold; so fond of each other, and so free from characteristic infirmities. I do not know such another pair. I think they make up between them about 165 years. There is this peculiarity in Mr. Jenyns’ character, that though he has the worst opinion of human nature, he has the greatest kindness for the individuals who compose it; and such a conformity in his temper to everything and everybody in common things, that he seems equally pleased in societies the most opposite. Whatever scepticism he might once have been charged with, I believe him now to be a real believer. The doubts entertained by some persons of his sincerity, appear, from his late work on the internal evidence of Christianity, to be quite unfounded. I think him very sincere, but not having been long acquainted with the doctrines of revelation, the novelty of them has excited his love of paradox. The book is very ingenious: perhaps he brings rather too much ingenuity into his religion. I know, however, an instance in which this little work has converted a philosophical infidel, who had previously read all that had been written on the subject, without effect.

We dined on Thursday at the Bishop of Salisbury's. I was a little sad at first, to think of the old party's being so broken up. We had only the Bishop of Chester and Mr. Bryant, who had belonged to it. There was other company, and too fine a dinner.

Only think of this being Friday, and no Lælius¹ mentioned. We did not meet till the other day at dinner, at Mrs. Montagu's, and then there were such wonderments, and astonishments, and lamentations, that we had not met since last year. We were fifteen in company. Mr. Langton was one. I am sure you will honour him, when I tell you he is come on purpose to stay with Dr. Johnson, and that during his illness. He has taken a little lodging in Fleet Street, in order to be near, to devote himself to him. He has as much goodness as learning, and that is saying a bold thing of one of the first Greek scholars we have.

Mr. Locke has just sent me a curiosity, the first number of the London Chronicle, written by Johnson, an excellent paper, and very characteristic of the author. Mrs. Carter breakfasted with me on Monday. I saw the Lady Windsors the other night at a great assembly at Lady Rothes', which was so hot, so crowded, and so fine, that I never passed a more dull unpleasant evening. I am absolutely resolved I will go to such parties no more. How I grudged the waste of time, to pass an evening squeezed to death among a parcel of fine idle people, many of whom care as little for me as I do for them; and where it was impossible to have anything worthy of being called conversation. It was not only vanity but vexation of spirit; but one is drawn in by assurances of 'a very small party.'

¹ Mr. Pepys.

Adelphi, 1784.

I have been falsely assuring everybody that there was no contest, but that the old members stood for Bristol. And yet we are such fools as to read history, and believe it too, when we can't come at the truth of what is passing in our own town. A propos of elections—I had like to have got into a fine scrape the other night. I was going to pass the evening at Mrs. Cole's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I went in a chair, and they carried me through Covent Garden. A number of people, as I went along, desired the men not to go through the Garden, as there were a hundred armed men, who, suspecting every chairman belonged to Brookes', would fall upon us. In spite of my entreaties, the men would have persisted; but a stranger, out of humanity, made them set me down, and the shrieks of the wounded, for there was a terrible battle, intimidated the chairmen, who at last were prevailed upon to carry me another way. A vast number of people followed me, crying out, 'It is Mrs. Fox; none but Mr. Fox's wife would dare to come into Covent Garden in a chair: she is going to canvass in the dark.' Though not a little frightened, I laughed heartily at this, but shall stir no more in a chair for some time. Mrs. Garrick is so interested for Pitt, that we send the man every day to wait the close of the poll, and to bring us the numbers. I do not believe she could eat her dinner without knowing how matters go. I, too, try to be interested, and sometimes do really act solicitude very well; but unluckily for my principles, I met Fox canvassing the other day, and he looked so sensible and agreeable, that if I had not turned my eyes another way, I believe it would have been all over with me.

I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He

was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great, his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever; he is one of the three persons still living who were mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was the intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and of all the wits of that time. He is perhaps the oldest man of a *gentleman* living. I went to see him the other day, and he would have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldred. He is quite a *preux chevalier*, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry. On Monday I dined at Lady Middleton's, and in the evening went to Mrs. Ord's, where there was everything delectable in the blue way. Mr. Walpole and I fought over the old ground—Pope against Dryden, and Mrs. Montagu backed him, but I would not give up.

I wish Sally had been in my place to-night; she would have enjoyed it, and I could have spared it. I have just returned from Mrs. Montagu's, where I sat close by Lord Rodney, crowned with laurel and glory. Mrs. Pepys proposed that all the women in the room should go up and salute him, and wanted me to begin; I professed that I would willingly be the second, but who would be the first? Nobody choosing to undertake it, so fine a project fell to the ground. He looks more like a delicate feeble man of quality, than a hero.

April, 1784.

Did I tell you what a pleasant breakfast I had at Miss Hamilton's, where I met Lord Stormont by appointment? He was vastly agreeable. But as we had Mr. de Luc, and Sir William Hamilton, we had a little too much of virtû, and Calabria, and Vesuvius, all which was more interesting to them, than to

his lordship and me. Miss Hamilton told us a pleasant anecdote of Hutton, the Moravian, who has the honour of being occasionally admitted to the royal breakfast-table. 'Hutton,' said the king to him one morning, 'is it true that you Moravians marry without any previous knowledge of each other?' 'Yes, may it please your majesty,' returned Hutton, 'our marriages are *quite royal*.' We had at dinner on Saturday the Abbé Grant from Rome, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Joshua, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, and young Montagu, an amiable and agreeable young man. I think his excellent aunt judges very rightly in not sending him abroad for a year or two: he will learn as much from her conversation, and see as much good company in her house, as he could do in any foreign city in the world; and with greater safety to his morals. But to return to the company: in the evening we had Mrs. Walsingham, the Jenynses, the Pepyses, the Shipleys, Lady Rothes, Mrs. Ord, the Burneys, Mr. Walpole,—in short, I think we had above thirty, all as agreeable people as one would wish to see; and yet, being as it were at home, I was obliged to divide myself, to avoid the censure of addicting myself to favourites, so that I could not pick up much amusement, and indeed Mr. Walpole told me he never saw me so disagreeable; he wished I would be rude and entertaining; so I promised him I would the next time.

I am just returned from a very great dinner at Mrs. Montagu's; but the naughty king robbed us again of Mr. Smelt. Colman dined with us, and inquired about you all. I cannot spare time to write another word, as I am very busy copying the *Bas Bleu* for the king, who desires to have it. Yesterday Dr. Heberden made me a very long and kind visit, and said civil things about the *Bas Bleu*. He seems eager to have it printed, and tried to combat all my reasons,

which I told him were too good to give up. I had a very kind note from Johnson about a week since; it was written in good spirits: and as it was a volunteer, and not an answer, it looks as if he were really better. He tells me he longs to see me, to praise the *Bas Bleu* as much as envy can praise;—there's for you!

April, 1784.

Did I tell you I went to see Dr. Johnson? Miss Moncton carried me, and we paid him a very long visit. He received me with the greatest kindness and affection; and as to the *Bas Bleu*, all the flattery I ever received from everybody together would not make up the sum. He said,—but I seriously insist you do not tell anybody, for I am ashamed of writing it even to you;—he said ‘there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it.’ You cannot imagine how I stared: all this from Johnson, that parsimonious praiser! I told him I was delighted at his approbation; he answered quite characteristically. ‘And so you may, for I give you the opinion of a man who does not rate his judgment in these things very low, I can tell you.’

We had a good party at the Bishop of St. Asaph's a few nights ago. Among the chief talkers was Mr. Erskine; he has amazing abilities, but to me he is rather brilliant than pleasant. His animation is vehemence; and he contrives to make the conversation fall too much on himself—a sure way not to be agreeable in mixed conversation. It is not natural that I should much commend his taste in letters, because he and I disagreed on the few subjects we started. I confess, however, that that is no proof of his being in the wrong. The bar seems to be a fitter theatre for his talents than the drawing-room, where good breeding is still more necessary than wit. On Saturday night Mrs. Garrick and I drank tea with Lælius and his lady, only a *partie quarrée*, so quiet and com-

fortable! He read select passages from the poets, and we commented, and criticised, and were chatty and foolish. We had been two months trying to get that quiet evening.

I have told Mrs. Vesey all the fine things you say of your pathetic Recorder. She agrees with me in thinking him very bright, though a little coarse.

The autumn of this year was passed with her sisters at Bristol; during which an extraordinary object was presented to the benevolence of the family. Their cook informed them that the person who called daily for the kitchen-stuff, for the maintenance of her pig, was, with her husband and several children, absolutely perishing with hunger; and drew such a picture of their distress, as excited the liveliest compassion. They lost no time in endeavouring to rescue this wretched family; and soon discovered that the woman was possessed of uncommon talents, which not even the last stage of famine and misery could repress. She produced several scraps of her poetry, in which were striking indications of genius. It immediately occurred to Miss H. More that this talent might be made the means of exciting a general interest in her behalf, and raising a fund to set her up in some creditable way of earning her subsistence. She accordingly took considerable pains in furnishing her with some of the common rules of writing, spelling, and composition; and while the object of her charity was preparing, under her inspection, a small collection of poems, she was employing herself in writing statements of the case to all her friends of rank and fortune, bespeaking subscriptions to this work, and setting forth the probability of being enabled, after allowing the woman a certain portion of the sum raised, to apprentice out the children with the remainder. The generous zeal with which Miss H. More's friends seconded

her wishes, soon produced a sum exceeding £600, which was placed in the funds under the trusteeship of Mrs. Montagu and herself. During thirteen months, her time was chiefly engrossed by her exertions in this woman's cause, in whose service, she has been heard to say, she calculated that in transcribing and correcting her poems, and in letters of application, she had written more than a thousand pages.

But this person was equally a stranger to gratitude and prudence; and inflated by the notice she had attracted, soon began to express, in the coarsest terms, her rage and disappointment, at not having the sum subscribed immediately put into her hands. Neither could she bear, as it seems, to be represented to the public, in Miss More's preface to her work, as an object of charity. Not being able to gain her point, she soon broke out into the bitterest invectives, and scrupled at no calumnies however absurd and ferocious. We will produce a specimen. The late Duchess of Devonshire having presented her with 'Bell's Edition of the Poets,' Miss H. More kept them for her till she should be able to find a few second-hand shelves to place them on. Mrs. Y—— immediately wrote to her Grace, complaining that they were kept back from her; at the same time spreading a report in the neighbourhood, that her patroness was purchasing an estate with the sum she had pretended to raise for her benefit. Mrs. Montagu and Miss More resisted with great patience her violent importunities to be put in possession of the principal, as well as interest, of her little fortune; fearing it would be consumed in those vices, to which it now began to be apparent that she was addicted. But at length they gave it up into the hands of a respectable lawyer, who made it over to a rich and honourable merchant of Bristol; and he was soon harassed into the relinquishment of the whole con-

cern. Miss More, as may well be imagined, never took the trouble of vindicating herself, nor did she manifest any resentment towards this unfortunate creature, with respect to whom she had no other feeling than that of Christian sorrow for her depravity.

Miss H. More again paid her customary visit to Mrs. Garrick, at the latter end of this year, 1784, the first few weeks of which she passed, as usual, at Hampton, in such seclusion as to furnish few incidents to enliven her correspondence.

Hampton, December, 1784.

Poor dear Johnson! he is past all hope. The dropsy has brought him to the point of death; his legs have been scarified: but nothing will do. I have, however, the comfort to hear that his dread of dying is in a great measure subdued; and now he says "the bitterness of death is past." He sent the other day for Sir Joshua; and after much serious conversation told him he had three favours to beg of him, and he hoped he would not refuse a dying friend, be they what they would. Sir Joshua promised. The first was, that he would never paint on a Sunday; the second, that he would forgive him thirty pounds which he had lent him, as he wanted to leave them to a distressed family; the third was, that he would read the Bible whenever he had an opportunity; and that he would never omit it on a Sunday. There was no difficulty but upon the *first* point; but at length, Sir Joshua promised to gratify him in all. How delighted should I be to hear the dying discourse of this great and good man, especially now that faith has subdued his fears. I wish I could see him.

1785.

Mrs. Garrick is gone to town again for one night,

to attend mass, but I desired to stay behind. Mr. Pepys wrote me a very kind letter on the death of Johnson, thinking I should be impatient to hear something relating to his last hours. Dr. Brocklesby, his physician, was with him. He said to him, a little before he died, Doctor, you are a worthy man, and my friend, but I am afraid you are not a Christian! what can I do better for you than offer up in your presence, a prayer to the great God, that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word. Instantly he fell on his knees, and put up a fervent prayer; when he got up he caught hold of his hand with great earnestness, and cried, ‘Doctor, you do not say, Amen!’ The doctor looked foolish, but, after a pause, cried, ‘Amen!’ Johnson said, ‘My dear doctor! believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God; go home, write down my prayer, and every word I have said, and bring it me to-morrow.’ Brocklesby did so.

A friend desired he would make his will, and as Hume, in his last moments, had made an impious declaration of his opinions, he thought it might tend to counteract the poison, if Johnson would make a public confession of his faith in his will. He said he would; seized the pen with great earnestness, and asked what was the usual form of beginning a will? His friend told him. After the usual forms he wrote, ‘I offer up my soul to the great and merciful God; I offer it full of pollution, but in firm assurance that it will be cleansed in the blood of my Redeemer.’ And for some time he wrote on with the same vigour and spirit as if he had been in perfect health. When he expressed some of his former dread of dying, Sir John said, If you, doctor, have these fears, what is to become of me and others? Oh! Sir, said he, I have *written* piously, it is true; but I have *lived* too much like other men. It was a consolation to him, however, in his last hours, that he had

never written in derogation of religion or virtue. He talked of his death and funeral, at times, with great composure. On the Monday morning, he fell into a sound sleep, and continued in that state for twelve hours, and then died without a groan.

No action of his life became him like the leaving it. His death makes a kind of era in literature. Piety and goodness will not easily find a more able defender, and it is delightful to see him set, as it were, his dying seal to the professions of his life, and to the truth of Christianity.

I now recollect, with melancholy pleasure, two little anecdotes of this departed genius, indicating a zeal for religion which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When the Abbé Raynal was introduced to him, upon the Abbé's advancing to take his hand, he drew back, and put his hands behind him, and afterwards replied to the expostulation of a friend,—‘Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel!’ At another time, I remember asking him if he did not think the Dean of Derry a very agreeable man, to which he made no answer, and on my repeating my question, ‘Child,’ said he, ‘I will not say anything in favour of a sabbath-breaker, to please you, or any one else.’

Adelphi, 1785.

Boswell tells me he is printing *anecdotes* of Johnson; not his *life*, but, as he has the vanity to call it, his *pyramid*. I besought his tenderness for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, and begged he would mitigate some of his asperities. He said, roughly, ‘He would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody.’ It will, I doubt not, be a very amusing book; but I hope not an indiscreet one: he has great enthusiasm, and some fire. The Bishop of Gloucester, (Dr. Halifax,) did me the honour of calling upon me. I have since been there

of an evening, and we are become great friends : they seem amiable people.

I have had a great deal of conversation with Mr. Anstey. I found him obliging and polite, but he is one of those poets who are better to read than to see. I think him a real genius in the way of wit and humour ; but he appears to be of a shy and silent cast, and to prefer the quiet solemnity of a whist table to talking parties. On Wednesday we had a great dinner at home, for the first time this year, Mrs. Garrick disliking company more and more. The party consisted of the Smelts, the Montagus, the Boyles, the Walsinghams, Mrs. Carter, Mr. Walpole, and Miss Hamilton. Though I like them every one separately, yet it was impossible to enjoy them all together. I never desire to sit down with more than six, or eight at the outside, at dinner. I have had an affecting business on my hands. The wife of Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, is dead, and his friends prevailed on him to set out for London, to be out of the way during the last sad ceremonies ; so he came to the hotel next to us, in order for me to devote myself to him as much as possible. Our first meeting was very affecting. I never saw anything so meek and so resigned ; but it is a heavy blow.

We had a splendid dinner in Stratford-place, indeed much too magnificent, and too many people for comfort ; all literati. Among them Sir Joshua, the two Wartons, and Tyrwhitt. Dr. Warton was, as usual, very enthusiastic and very agreeable. We staid till near twelve. Mrs. Montagu, in a whisper, engaged us to dine privately with her the next day, so we staid on purpose, and had nobody but dear Mrs. Carter ; which I liked vastly. We spent the evening at Mrs. Vesey's last Thursday, with Mr. Walpole and Dowager Lady Townsend ; a woman who has *said* more good things than any living person, but who, I believe, has not done quite so many. Poor Mr. —

could not talk much ; but he seemed to enjoy the conversation. When I shook hands with him, I said to myself, ‘ I shall never see you again ; ’ and so it is likely to prove ; for he has lain senseless ever since. Poor man ! he has not the dispositions suited to his advanced age, and his near prospect of death. Soame Jenyns, too, is in great trouble. We spent the evening agreeably together, and Mrs. Jenyns was taken that very night with a fever, and is dangerously ill. I tremble for an event which is to destroy an union of such perfect harmony, and put an end to an attachment which continues to be a passion very long after fourscore.

Sir Charles and Lady Middleton dined here last Tuesday, and in the evening we had a magnificent *bas bleu*, at which I think assisted almost every creature that adorns that fraternity. We had much pleasant and some profitable discussion.

Glanvilla, June 16, 1785.

We left Teston on Monday. Poor Lady Middleton still in bed with a fever ! the only drawback from a visit which was otherwise so delightful ! It is a charming mansion. We spent the evening with Miss Hamilton ; who, I fancy, will have another name by the time you get this letter. I was much amused with hearing old Leonidas Glover sing his own fine ballad of ‘ Hosier’s Ghost,’ which was very affecting. He is past eighty.

Mr. Walpole coming in just afterwards, I told him how highly I had been pleased. He begged me to intreat a repetition of it. I suppose you recollect that it was the satire conveyed in this little ballad, upon the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole’s ministry, which is thought to have been a remote cause of his resignation. It was a very curious circumstance to see his son listening to the recital of it with so much complacency. Such is the effect of the lapse of time.

I have rarely heard a more curious instance of the absence of mind produced by poetic enthusiasm, than that which occurred when the author of *Leonidas* made one of a party of literati assembled at the house of Mr. Gilbert West, at Wickham. Lord Lyttleton, on opening his window one morning, perceived Glover pacing to and fro with a whip in his hand, by the side of a fine bed of tulips just ready to blow, and which were the peculiar care of the lady of the mansion, who worshipped Flora with as much ardour as Glover did the muses. His mind was at the instant teeming with the birth of some little ballad, when Lord Lyttleton, to his astonishment and dismay, perceived him applying his whip with great vehemence to the stalks of the unfortunate tulips; all of which, before there was time to awaken him from his reverie, he had completely levelled to the ground; and when the devastation he had committed was afterwards pointed out to him, he was so perfectly unconscious of the proceeding, that he could with difficulty be made to believe it.

I spent a couple of evenings, the last week I was in town, with only Mr. Walpole and Miss Hamilton. The former read some productions of his own to us. He is gone down to Strawberry Hill, where is his printing press, to collect all his works; which, when bound, are to be sent after me to Bristol, to help towards making a library at 'Cowslip Green.' He likes the name, and says it is a relation, a cousin at least, to 'Strawberry Hill.' He likes the plan and drawing mightily; and so does Mr. Smelt, with whom I spent a pleasant evening, a day or two before I set out. The cottage has travelled about to them all in turn, so that they all know every creek and corner of the little mansion.

CHAPTER V.

HER RETIREMENT TO COWSLIP GREEN.

THE letter just produced was the last we find written from Hannah More to her sister, during her visit to Mrs. Garrick, in the spring of 1785. And at this period we observe the genuine characteristics of her mind more fully and forcibly in operation.

We have long been regarding her in the crowded scenes of gaiety and greatness, moving within a fairy circle, where all that could captivate the sensibility and betray the understanding of a trusting heart and a capacious head, were leagued against her.

In the midst of these disturbing influences, an interior guide suggested the duty of religious recollection and self-inquiry; and it was well known to her intimate friends how cordially she welcomed the serious hour and the solitary pause, which let in upon her mind the solemn and substantial purposes for which she was intended and qualified, and brought before her a brighter world and purer subjects of thought and aspiration.

A candid examiner of her letters will discern in them, as their dates come nearer to the present time, a growing conviction of the unsatisfactoriness of all enjoyments which are not in accordance with scripture, and in unison with prayer. And while many of

her friends and companions remained contented where she found them, till their places knew them no more, Hannah More was advancing in religious attainments, and listening to the vocation that summoned her to solid glory. Prayer, the frequent perusal of holy scripture, and the strict observance of the Sabbath, kept her mind in a beautiful state, and her feet in "the walk of wisdom."

She began, about this time, to contract the circle of her acquaintance, with a view to carry into execution the resolution she had long cherished, of passing a portion of her time in the retirement of the country. Having become the possessor of a little secluded spot which had acquired the name of 'Cowslip Green,' near Bristol, the occupation of dressing and cultivating her garden brought back the peaceful associations of her early days.

It will not appear extraordinary to those who have observed how domineering an influence opportunity, habit, and solicitation will maintain for a time over the real and permanent bias of reason and principle, that the settled preferences of Miss More's better judgment should, in the sanguine season of youth, have yielded to the world and its flatteries. But that early feeling which prompted her infant wish for 'a habitation too low for a clock,' was still fresh in her bosom.

After the surprise of her sudden elevation and distinction was over, her first love appeared to return. The country, with its 'green pastures and its still waters,' began to call her back to the element in which such exercises and inquiries might be pursued, as were most profitable and least perishable.

Still, however, her sensibility to kindness would not allow her to withhold herself from her friends in London; and those annual visits to Mrs. Garrick brought her frequently, though less frequently, into contact with the world and its crowded resorts. Her

mornings, however, were generally her own during her stay in London, and those mornings were not vacant or unconsecrated. Neither did the opportunities which the parties of the evening afforded her, of advocating truth and enforcing duty, pass unimproved.

Many of the reflections and animadversions of a sternly virtuous complexion, which fell with great weight upon passing events and existing characters, have been withdrawn from the letters which have been already presented to the public, from an apprehension of imparting pain where pain could no longer conduce to amendment; of wounding family feelings; or of reviving sorrowful recollections; and it is to be remembered, that in her letters to her sisters she was pouring out her heart, on some subjects, under the seal of the strictest confidence. Not to have animadverted with severity upon the prescriptive immoralities of the fashionable scenes which had suddenly opened upon her, would have suggested a doubt of her discernment, or a suspicion of her integrity. Various attractions and temptations conspired to impede her progress in wisdom; yet her thoughts revolted against the system in which she was implicated, and often broke out in the language of becoming indignation against the manners and the practices of those who were raising altars to her genius.

On her visit to town, in the opening of 1786, she writes to her sister as follows:—

Adelphi, February, 1786.

We are come to town, but Mrs. Garrick talks much of the charms of the country, where I think she has acted her winter pastoral rather too long! for the cold is so intense, that the best pleasure I have found for a long time, is to sit over a great fire and read

Cowper's Poems. I am enchanted with this poet; his images are so natural and so much his own! Such an original and philosophic thinker! such genuine Christianity! and such a divine simplicity! but rather rambling, and the order not very lucid. He seems to put down every thought as it arises, and never to retrench or alter any thing. I have hardly the courage to stir, and have refused several invitations out of pity to man and beast; I dined, however, the other day with Mrs. Montagu.

A previous engagement will prevent my dining at Lord Mount Edgecombe's to-morrow, which, as there will be a great many of my friends there, I should have liked very well; but I have laid it down as a act of moral turpitude to break any engagement, because something happens to present itself which you like rather better. I have just been debating, till I am out of breath, with a very great and wise lady on this subject. She laughed, and said it was a ridiculous scruple, but that once she had been as good as I. I told her I wished I had known her in those days.

London, Feb. 17, 1786.

I really have not found a moment's time to write since I came here, one is so hurried and bustled about; and has so many nothings to do which yet must be done, and so many foolish notes to write, which yet must be written. I had, however, yesterday a comfortable solitary Sunday. I am here alone. I have not yet seen a great many of my friends. 'Tis true I have dined out nearly every day with some kind people, who have fetched me and brought me home, but I have not gone to evening parties. I want a little time to break myself in, so as to take to it kindly. I made poor Vesey go with me, on Saturday, to see Mr. Walpole, who has had a long illness. Notwithstanding his sufferings, I never found him so pleasant, so witty, and so entertaining.

He said a thousand diverting things about Florio,¹ but accused me of having imposed on the world by a dedication full of falsehood, meaning the compliment to himself. I never knew a man suffer pain with such entire patience. This submission is certainly a most valuable part of religion; and yet, alas! he is not religious. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that except the delight he has in teasing me for what he calls over strictness, I have never heard a sentence from him which savoured of infidelity.

I was at a small party the other night, of which Mr. Burke was one. He appeared to be very low in health and spirits. He talked to me with a kindness which revived my old affection for him. We had several other opposition wits that evening; among others, Lord North, who was delightfully entertaining, and told some excellent stories, at which he has a very good talent; possessing in perfection the art of grave humour. Mrs. Fielding and I, like pretty little misses, diverted ourselves with teaching Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston the play of twenty questions, and thoroughly did we puzzle them by picking out little obscure insignificant things, which we collected from ancient history. Lord North overhearing us, desired to be initiated into this mysterious game, and it was proposed that I should question him: I did so, but his twenty questions were exhausted before he came near the truth. As he at length gave up the point, I told him my thought was the earthen lamp of Epictetus. I am quite provoked at my own stupidity, said his Lordship, for I quoted that very lamp last night in the House of Commons.

I was the other day at Lady Mount Edgecombe's, who repeated her invitation for the Mount Edgecombe visit next summer with the most earnest

¹ This poetical tale has been lately published with the *Bas Bleu*.

politeness. I gave her to understand that I was afraid it must be left for another year; the truth is, I intend to get off all summer invitations, that I may have the more time for Cowslip Green, which place I hope will favour my escape from the world gradually. I dined the other day with Mrs. Walsingham, and went in the evening to Lady Middleton's, to meet Lord and Lady Dartmouth. He is the nobleman, who, you know, Cowper says—'wears a coronet and prays.' The Attorney-General and Lady Louisa Macdonald wait to convey me to Sir Robert Herries', where we dine together. And now I hope to receive due praise for my implicit obedience in gratifying your insatiable curiosity with an account of almost every dinner I have eaten, and every person to whom I have spoken.

London, May, 1786.

We have had a great but pleasant dinner at the Bishop of Salisbury's, which was the more valuable, as we had so much difficulty to achieve it; and a good old *bas bleu* dinner at Mrs. Vesey's, such as she used to give in her happier days, and which put her in spirits, as it brought back those days to her mind. I sat next my Lord Macartney, who never fails to furnish abundance of lively matter for interesting conversation. Lady Mount Edgecombe made another very kind attack upon my constancy, to prevail upon me to come to her in the summer, but I remained impenetrable to her eloquence, great and obliging as it was. I could have parodied Ulysses' speech in *Telemaque*, 'Pour moi, je préfère ma pauvre petite isle, ses choux et ses rochers, à toute votre magnificence.'

I have naturally but a small appetite for grandeur, which is always satisfied even to indigestion, before I leave this town; and I require a long abstinence to get any relish for it again; yet I repeat, these are

very agreeable people, but there is dress ; there is restraint, there is want of leisure, to which I find it difficult to conform for any length of time,—and life is short.

I sometimes get an interesting morning visitor ; of two or three I have entertained some hope that they were beginning to think seriously. Lady B. and I had a long discourse yesterday ; she seems anxious for religious information. I told her much plain truth, and she bore it so well, that I ventured to give her Doddridge. If she should not stumble at the threshold, from the strong manner in which the book opens, I trust she will read it with good effect. Miss — has been also with me several times—beautiful and accomplished ; surrounded with flatterers, and sunk in dissipation. I asked her why she continued to live so much below, not only her principles, but her understanding—what pleasure she derived from crowds of persons so inferior to herself—did it make her happy ? Happy ! she said, no ; she was miserable ; she despised the society she lived in, and had no enjoyment of the pleasures in which her life was consumed ; but what could she do ? She could not be singular—she must do as her acquaintance did. I pushed it so home on her conscience, that she wept bitterly, and embraced me. I conjured her to read her Bible, with which she is utterly unacquainted. These fine creatures are, I hope, sincere, when they promise to be better ; but the very next temptation that comes across them puts all their good intentions to flight, and they go on, as if they had never formed them ; nay, all the worse for having formed and not realized them. They shall have my prayers, which are the most effectual part of our endeavours.

Teston, June 4, 1786.

We have been a week at this sweet place, with these sweet people. Mrs. E. Bouverie lives with the

Middletons in town, and they with her here. Her character has something sublime in it: but you must know her well to admire her as I do, for she is reserved to strangers. With a cultivated mind, and a most thinking head, she only produces herself in our *têtes-à-têtes*. Her charities are boundless. Lady Middleton is very excellent, and very different; she is made up of feeling and compassion. Her kindness, which you would think must needs be exhausted on the negroes, extends to the sufferings of every animal. She never ‘worked the woe of any living thing.’ Sir Charles is obliged to leave us to attend to the birth-day. You would be delighted too with his character. He has the stern and simple virtues of the old school. Mrs. Garrick carries me as far as Sandford Priory on Monday, the 12th. I remain four days with Mrs. Montagu, and hope to sleep in Bristol on the 17th. Lady Spencer came herself, to prevail upon us to go to her for a little time, at St. Alban’s, but I could not resolve upon prolonging my stay from home. This agreeable place, fine air, and cultivated and pious society have quite set me up again. I was invited to a prodigiously fine concert, a few days ago, to hear *all the Rubinellis and Maras*: but having for some time declined all great parties, I did not go: besides, I was going where I could hear the nightingales for nothing. I dined, one of the last days before I left town, at the Pepys’s; and I think it was one of the wittiest and most brilliant dinners I was ever present at. Since the old times, I think I have not heard so much pleasant discussion. I went to a select party to meet Mr. Smelt and Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. Mr. H. is a man of remarkable simplicity of manners, dress, and deportment: full of admirable good sense: nothing of the nabob about him. The Bishop of Chester declares he will come some time or other to *Cowslip Green*.

Of the interval which Hannah More now passed at Cowslip Green, we find no account supplied by her correspondence. It is probable she lived in great retirement, pursuing her gardening occupations, to which she was so much addicted by her tastes and affections. She visited Mrs. Garrick again in the December of this year, when she writes as follows:—

London, 1786.

I found Mrs. Garrick well. Next morning we sallied out, and called upon a few particular friends. Yesterday I dined at Mrs. Boscawen's; we had a comfortable serious conversation, and in the evening she carried me to Mrs. Vesey's in my travelling dress. I did not find her so much broken as I expected, since last year, though I grieve to say her memory is visibly impaired. I was sorry not to find Mr. Walpole. Instead of the pleasant Horace, I found only two or three formal women of quality; so I left Mrs. Boscawen to *anecdote* with them, and stole home in her coach. This dear friend expressed such a cordial delight to see me, that it did my heart good.

London, March, 1787.

The first day I went out I had an invitation to Lady Amherst, and another to *the Vesey*, to meet Mr. Smelt and Miss Burney. I deserted the peeress, and was rewarded for my democracy with a very pleasant and a *very little* party.

I have an Anti-gallican anecdote for you. Just before Sir Joseph Yorke came home from Holland, he was at dinner one day at the Prince of Orange's, where was the Duc de Chartres: this latter behaved with his usual unpoliteness, and took it into his head to ridicule the English ambassador. Finding that Sir Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffooneries, 'Quoi, Monsieur,' said he, 'est ce que vous

ne riez jamais ?' 'Rarement, Monseigneur,' replied Sir Joseph, with great coolness. Just at that time, the combined French and Spanish fleets were in the British channel—a new subject for the ill-breeding of the French prince. 'Mais, Monsieur,' says he again, turning to Sir Joseph, 'si notre flotte atacqueroit l'Angleterre ?' 'Alors, Monseigneur, je rirois,' said Sir Joseph.

I have the pleasure to find Mr. Walpole remarkably well. Yesterday he sent me a very agreeable letter, with some very thick volumes of curious French memoirs, desiring me, if I liked them, to send for the other *twenty-three volumes*—a pretty light undertaking in this mad town, and this short life. I have just been requested to promote a subscription for poor Maty's widow, who is left in great distress ; but what little I do I had rather do from my own purse, than by applications. I must not remember that he disliked me, and did me whatever little ill turn he could in his review.

I have three or four invitations for every day ; but I can only manage one dinner in one day. I passed an evening very pleasantly at the Bishop of Chester's, with an episcopal party, among others the new Bishop of Lincoln ; and since that I have visited Mrs. Pretzman, at their own house. Yesterday I dined with dear Mrs. Boscawen, and she carried me to drink tea at Mrs. Delaney's, where was Lady Bute and the old noble party, all except its once greatest ornament, the ever-to-be-regretted Duchess of Portland. We then went to Lady Charlotte Finch's, at St. James's, where we found a very agreeable and accomplished society of all the wise ladies of the age. I was at the Bishop of Salisbury's the other day, and am invited to Mrs. Montagu's to-night, and Mrs. Walsingham's to-morrow, but have declined both.

London, 1787.

I believe Patty will be a great fortune at last; for the ninth edition of my present to her,—‘The Search after Happiness,’ is gone to the press. I am really shocked at the public taste, which has taken off ten thousand copies of a poem which I have not patience to read.

One day last week I met at dinner Mrs. Siddons: she is a very fine woman; I never saw her before. I spent yesterday a sober quiet day at Lady Amherst’s: and read Shakspeare to my Lord till eleven o’clock at night. Lady Amherst has great credit in the education of her young folks. I have had a long visit from Mrs. Trimmer. Her appearance, behaviour, and conversation are full of good sense and propriety. I hear that Brentford exhibits a visible change of manners, in consequence of her labours. She is the author whom I venture most to recommend. I made one lady take three dozen of her books yesterday. I presumed to give her a great deal of good wholesome advice about booksellers; for would you believe it, popular as I am persuaded she must be, she has got little or nothing by her writings, except reputation, and the consciousness of doing good: on which two things though I set all due value, yet where there are ten children, money must have the eleventh place in maternal consideration.

I breakfasted on Sunday and Good Friday with the Bishop of Chester, who afterwards carried me to hear him preach; both times to my great delectation. Gibbon comes over in June, with three quarto volumes more of his ‘Decline and Fall.’ I have seen a letter from him, in which he says, ‘these three volumes are somewhat slenderer, but not less laboured than their elder brothers.’ Nor are they, I dare say, more free from the leaven of infidelity, which

pervades every part of his works. I have been reading a new answer to him, by Sir David Dalrymple, very acute and well-mannered. He manages the sly philosopher with great dexterity, and in a way which is more likely to affect a man of Gibbon's cool temper, than the rough blows and hard words of some of his other opponents.

I dined yesterday at Mrs. Montagu's. Mr. Pepys and I made an assignation for a quiet chat this evening at Mrs. Chapone's, where we three spent the pleasantest two or three hours imaginable. We all regretted that we do not get a great many more such, instead of wasting our time in great and promiscuous parties, where there can be little intercourse of mind or sentiment. For this snug party I refused one of the finest assemblies in London, which I knew would be very grand and very dull.

Mr. Pepys told me he had a great struggle whether to come to us or to go to Percy. At last he concluded to give up the child for the sake of the mother. They were astonished at my not being there. I told them as I had been able to resist Shakespeare so many years, there was no great philosophy in withstanding the poet of that night. The next day I had another attack. I dined with Sir Joshua, Mr. Burke, and two or three others of that stamp. They cried all at once, 'Were you not delighted with Mrs. Siddons last night in Percy?' I replied, 'No! for I did not see her.' They would not believe me guilty of such insensibility, adding, 'She did it exquisitely, as the tears of Mr. Fox, who sat with us, testified.'

To-day (Tuesday) I have been into the city to hear good Mr. Newton preach; and afterwards went and sat an hour with him, and came home with pockets full of sermons.

London, 1787.

We have been at Hampton for some days, to my great joy. It has much abated my head-aches. I had yesterday invitations to dine at the Bishop of Salisbury's, and Lord Bathurst's: but was engaged to Mr. Brooksbank, where were all the corps diplomatique, none of whom I thought pleasant, but Sir Joseph Yorke, our thirty years' ambassador to Holland.

We had so fine a show of literati, on Saturday, at Lady Herries's, that somebody was saucy enough to say, that they pitied all other parties that evening, as ours seems to have monopolized all the wit and learning. A card party would have thought us much greater objects of pity. I was at Mr. Cole's¹ the other evening, where were the Bishops of Chester and Peterborough, Soame Jenyns, Mr. Charles Yorke, Arthur Young, and many others. I tormented Mr. Symons, who succeeded the poet Gray as History Professor at Cambridge, to tell me all about Calabria and Sicily, which he has visited with such a classic spirit, as to make his accounts very pleasing. He is a very good-natured and modest man, and very kind and friendly to me.

John Home, the Scotch poet, breakfasted here yesterday. Douglas writes no more, but has hung up his harp as well as Percy. It is time for us both to take our leave of poetry. A friend of mine just come from Paris, told me a story of one of the *notables*. He was a provincial gentleman, of very good sense and learning, but whose coat was not of the newest Paris cut. He was sitting at dinner between two *petit maitres* of the first water, who agreed to roast the countryman; and accordingly began to assail him with the most impertinent curiosity.

¹ A learned lawyer, at whose house she used to meet very select society.

After patiently bearing their ill-breeding, he said to them, gentlemen, I will gratify your desire to be acquainted with my character, *hé bien ! donc ; le voici, je suis ni sot, ni fat, mais je suis entre le deux.* This repartee procured him good treatment the rest of the dinner.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Coleman Street Buildings, May 11, 1787.

MY DEAR MADAM,

A familiar style of address, you may say, upon so short an acquaintance : but may I not use it by anticipation ? Thus, at this season of the year, we speak of a field of wheat, because though there may be some Londoners, who, from its green appearance, would pronounce it to be mere grass, we expect that it will produce ears of wheat, before the harvest arrives. So, from yesterday's specimen, Mrs. Newton and I judge, that if you and we were so situated, as that our present slight acquaintance could be cultivated by frequent interviews, you would soon be very dear to us. And even now, from what I have seen, superadded to what I have read and heard, my heart will not allow me to make a serious apology for taking the liberty to say—My dear Madam.

This waits upon you to thank you for your obliging call—to request your acceptance of the Fast Sermon—to express my best wishes for your welfare, and to assure you that I am, with great sincerity,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Adelphi, May 18, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

You see I adopt your friendly mode of address ;

and, I trust, with an equal degree of cordiality. Whenever I know any thing of a person's character and disposition beforehand, if it be of a meritorious kind, and especially if I have read and liked his writings, it saves me a great deal of trouble ; for it cuts off all the long preliminaries of mere acquaintance, and I at once feel that degree of friendship for them which in other cases one does not arrive at but after much time and by slow gradations.

I should immediately have thanked you for your very acceptable present of books and pamphlets, but that I have been in hope, from day to day, of being able to wait on you with my personal thanks. As every morning has brought its hope, so every day has brought its disappointment ; and as I am now on the point of leaving town, I see very little chance of being able to indulge myself in a way I should like so well. I will not, therefore, any longer incur the censure of ingratitude, by delaying to thank you for your kind attention to me. Your little book to your dissenting friend I opened the moment I came home, intending (for I was very busy) only to read a page or two ; but I was so pleased with the candour, good sense, and Christian spirit of it, that I never laid it out of my hands while there was a page unread. I regret that your ideal academy cannot be realized. The large volume I have unbroached for my country retirement, and expect to receive much profit and pleasure from it.

How could I write so much without saying a word of Mrs. Newton ? Only, I suppose, because one generally saves the best for the last. Pray tell her, with my kind compliments, that I regret exceedingly the inconvenient distance between us, which puts it out of my power to cultivate an intimacy from which I am persuaded I should derive so much pleasure and advantage.

I heartily wish you all the comforts and blessings

of this world, and in the next the high reward promised to those who turn many to righteousness.

I am, dear Sir,
with much regard, your obliged and faithful
humble servant,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Adelphi, May 31, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your very kind letter, and the affectionate interest you are so good as to take in my welfare. It is worth while to be a little sick, were it only to try the kindness of one's friends. I have had a good deal of fever, which is now, I thank God, much abated, though my cough remains; but as I am going out of town almost immediately, I trust that the pure air and quiet of the country will be of service. I am sometimes inwardly rejoiced when a slight indisposition furnishes me with a lawful pretence for not keeping a visiting engagement; but this was far from being the case on Friday last, when I had figured to myself that I should derive not only pleasure but profit from the society I should have found there. But you have said so many consolatory things upon the subject, and have put me in the way of drawing so much good out of these little accidental evils, that I hope I shall be the better, not only from this disappointment, but also from many future ones, for some of the hints you have suggested.

I am thoroughly persuaded of the necessity of seeing and acknowledging the hand of providence in a smaller as well as in the greater events of life: but I want more of the *practical* persuasion of this great truth. Pray for me, my good sir, that I may

be enabled to obtain more firmness of mind, a more submissive spirit, and more preparedness, not only for death itself, but for the common evils of life.

I shall look forward with pleasure to the hope of seeing you in my little thatched hermitage during the summer, and am, very truly,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged and sincere friend,

HANNAH MORE.

In the month of June, in this year, Miss H. More returned to Cowslip Green; and during the summer and autumn of the same year the following letters passed between her and her friends.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Carter.

Cowslip Green, 1787.

MY DEAREST MRS. CARTER,

I left London the 9th of June, after dining the last day at my neighbour's, Mrs. Batt's, with your friend and admirer, Mr. Hawkins Browne, Mr. Pepys, and the two Cambridges, where we talked down not only the sun, but the moon also. I journeyed on to Bristol, near which I met an object which engaged my tenderest affections in a painful manner; it was the funeral procession, all decked with milk-white plumes, of the now angel daughter of your friend, Lady Cremorne. Poor Lord and Lady Cremorne! I hear they bear this last blow with noble resignation.

You will easily imagine my regret to learn, at my return, that I had spent some time at the Castle at Marlborough, while poor Lady Harriet C—— was actually in the house, engaged in the sad duty of attending her dying son. O, if I had suspected it! That excellent family has lately had many hard trials: may they be sanctified to them!

I had the satisfaction to find my little garden very flourishing; very few shrubs dead, the flowers multiplied beyond my hope, and the turf of a little spot (which I am afraid we are magnificent enough to call a lawn,) of a verdure uncommonly bright. I am sorry to owe the beauty of my vegetation to such incessant and violent rains as have, I fear, half ruined the poor farmers in my neighbourhood.

I live so much out of the world, that not a newspaper brings me the history of what passes in it; and the Princess of Orange had been run away with, Miss Cholmeley married, Mr. Gambier dead, and the little Montagu born, weeks before I ever heard that such events had taken place.

I am sure you rejoiced with me on the removal of our excellent friend to the see of London,—a station in which his hands will be so much strengthened, and his power of doing good so widely extended. I rejoice for many reasons, but for none more than that his ecclesiastical jurisdiction extending to the West Indies, will make him of infinite usefulness in the great object I have so much at heart,—the project to abolish the slave-trade in Africa. This most important cause has very much occupied my thoughts this summer; the young gentleman who has embarked in it, with the zeal of an apostle, has been much with me, and engaged all my little interest, and all my affections in it. It is to be brought before parliament in the spring. Above one hundred members have promised their votes. My dear friend, be sure to canvass everybody who has a heart. It is a subject too ample for a letter, and I shall have a great deal to say to you on it when we meet. To my feelings, it is the most interesting subject which was ever discussed in the annals of humanity. When you come to town, I will send you the heads of it.

I am delighted with an old book, but new to me, which I have lately met with—‘Smith’s Discourses.’

Some of them are too metaphysical for me, but all are full of sterling sense and evangelical piety.

Adieu, my most excellent friend,

Yours, most faithfully,

HANNAH MORE.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. John Newton.

Cowslip Green, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am really extremely obliged to you for your very agreeable and instructive letter. Whenever I receive a letter or a visit, I always feel pleased and grateful in proportion to the value I set on the time of the visitor or the writer; and when a friend who knows how to work up to advantage all the ends and fragments of his time, is so good as to bestow a little portion of it on me, my heart owns the obligation; and I wish it were understood as preliminary in all acquaintance, that where no good can be done and no pleasure given, it will be so unprofitable a commerce as to be hardly worth engaging in. I am sure your letter gave me pleasure, and I hope it did me good, so you see it is doubly included in the treaty.

Excepting one month that I have passed at Bath on account of health, and occasional visits to my sisters at Bristol—in this pretty quiet cottage, which I built myself two years ago, I have spent the summer. It is about ten miles from Bristol, on the Exeter road, has a great deal of very picturesque scenery about it, and is the most perfect little hermitage that can be conceived. The care of my garden gives me employment, health, and spirits. I want to know, dear sir, if it is peculiar to myself to form ideal plans of perfect virtue, and to dream of all manner of imaginary goodness in untried cir-

cumstances, while one neglects the immediate duties of one's actual situation? Do I make myself understood? I have always fancied that if I could secure to myself such a quiet retreat as I have now really accomplished, that I should be wonderfully good; that I should have leisure to store my mind with such and such maxims of wisdom; that I should be safe from such and such temptations; that, in short, my whole summers would be smooth periods of peace and goodness. Now the misfortune is, I have actually found a great deal of the comfort I expected, but without any of the concomitant virtues. I am certainly happier here than in the agitation of the world, but I do not find that I am one bit better: with full *leisure* to rectify my heart and affections, the disposition unluckily does not come. I have the mortification to find that petty and (as they are called) innocent employments, can detain my heart from heaven as much as tumultuous pleasures. If to the pure all things are pure, the reverse must be also true when I can contrive to make so harmless an employment as the cultivation of flowers stand in the room of a vice, by the great portion of time I give up to it, and by the entire dominion it has over my mind. You will tell me that if the affections be estranged from their proper object, it signifies not much whether a bunch of roses or a pack of cards effects it. I pass my life in intending to get the better of this, but life is passing away, and the reform never begins. It is a very significant saying, though a very old one, of one of the Puritans, that 'hell is paved with good intentions.' I sometimes tremble to think how large a square my procrastination alone may furnish to this tessellated pavement.

I shall come London-ward next month, but shall be only geographically nearer you, as I pass much of the winter at Hampton. I shall gladly seize every opportunity of cultivating your friendship, and must

still regret that your house and the Adelphi are so wide of each other. I heartily commend myself to your prayers, and am, with the most cordial esteem, dear sir, your much obliged and faithful

H. MORE.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

1787.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is high time to thank you for your favour of the first of November. Indeed I have been thinking so for two or three weeks past, and perhaps it is well for you that my engagements will not permit me to write when I please.

Your hermitage—my imagination went to work at that, and presently built one. I will not say positively as pretty as yours, but very pretty. It stood (indeed without a foundation) upon a southern declivity, fronting a woodland prospect, with an infant river, that is a brook, running between. Little thought was spent upon the house, but if I could describe the garden, the sequestered walks, and the beautiful colours with which the soil, the shrubs, and the thickets were painted, I think you would like the spot. But I awoke, and behold it was a dream! My dear friend William Cowper has hardly a stronger enthusiasm for rural scenery than myself, and my favourite turn was amply indulged during the sixteen years I lived at Olney. The noises which surround me in my present situation, of carriages and carts, and London cries, form a strong contrast to the sound of falling waters, and the notes of thrushes and nightingales. But London, noisy and dirty as it is, is my post: and if not directly my choice, has a much more powerful recommendation; it was chosen for me by the wisdom and goodness of Him, whose I trust I am, and whom it is my desire to serve. And

therefore I am well satisfied with it; and if this busy imagination (always upon the wing,) would go to sleep, I would not awaken her to build me hermitages; I want none.

The prospect of a numerous and attentive congregation, with which I am favoured from the pulpit, exceeds all that the mountains and lakes of Westmoreland can afford; and *their* singing, when their eyes tell me their voices come from the heart, is more melodious in my ear, than the sweetest music of the woods. But were I not a servant, who has neither right nor reason to wish for himself, yet has the noblest wish he is capable of forming, gratified,—I say, were it not for my public services, and I were compelled to choose for myself, I would wish to live near your hermitage, that I might sometimes have the pleasure of conversing with you, and admiring your flowers and garden; provided I could likewise, at proper seasons, hear from others that joyful sound, which it is now the business, the happiness, and the honour of my life to proclaim myself. What you are pleased to say, my dear Madam, of the state of your mind, I understand perfectly well; I praise God on your behalf, and I hope I shall earnestly pray for you. I have stood upon that ground myself. I see what you yet want to set you quite at ease, and though I cannot give it you, I trust that he who has already taught you what to desire, will, in his own best time, do every thing for you, and in you, which is necessary to make you as happy as is compatible with the present state of infirmity and warfare: but He must be waited *on*, and waited *for*, to do this; and for our encouragement it is written as in golden letters over the gate of his mercy, “Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” We are apt to wonder that when what we accounted hindrances are removed, and the things which we conceived would be great advantages, are

put within our power, still there is a secret something in the way which proves itself to be independent of all external changes, because it is not affected by them. The disorder we complain of is *internal*, and in allusion to our Lord's words upon another occasion, I may say, it is not that which surrounds us, it is not any thing in our outward situation, (provided it be not actually unlawful,) that can prevent or even retard our advances in religion; we are defiled and impeded by that which is within. So far as our hearts are right, all places and circumstances, which his wise and good providence allots us, are nearly equal; their hindrances will prove helps; losses, gains,—and crosses will ripen into comforts; but till we are so far apprised of the nature of our disease, as to put ourselves into the hands of the great and only Physician, we shall find, like the woman in Luke viii. 43, that every other effort for relief will leave us as it found us.

Our first thought, when we begin to be displeased with ourselves, and sensible that we have been wrong, is to attempt to reform; to be sorry for what is amiss, and to endeavour to amend. It seems reasonable to ask, what can we do more? but while we think we can do so much as this, we do not fully understand the design of the gospel. This gracious message from the God who knows our frame, speaks home to our case. It treats us as sinners,—as those who have already broken the original law of our nature, in departing from God our creator, supreme law-giver, and benefactor, and in having lived to ourselves, instead of devoting all our time, talents, and influence to his glory. As sinners, the first things we need are pardon, reconciliation, and a principle of life and conduct entirely new. Till then we can have no more success or comfort from our endeavours, than a man who should attempt to walk while his ankle was dislocated: the bone must be reduced

before he can take a single step with safety, or attempt it without increasing his pain. For these purposes we are directed to Jesus Christ, as the wounded Israelites were to look at the brazen serpent. John iii. 14, 15. When we understand what the scripture teaches of the person, love, and offices of Christ, the necessity and final causes of his humiliation unto death, and feel our own need of such a Saviour; we then know him to be the light, the sun of the world, and of the soul; the source of all spiritual light, life, comfort, and influence; having access by God to him, and receiving out of his fulness grace for grace.

Our perceptions of these things are for a time faint and indistinct, like the peep of dawn; but the dawning light, though faint, is the sure harbinger of approaching day. Prov. iv. 18. The full-grown oak that overtops the wood, spreads its branches wide, and has struck its roots to a proportionable depth and extent into the soil, arises from a little acorn; its daily growth, had it been daily watched from its appearance above ground, would have been imperceptible, yet it was always upon the increase; it has known a variety of seasons, it has sustained many a storm, but in time it attained to maturity, and now is likely to stand for ages. The beginnings of spiritual life are small likewise in the true Christian; *he* likewise passes through a succession of various dispensations, but he advances, though silently and slowly, yet surely: and will stand for ever.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the Christian life is a warfare. Much within us and much without us must be resisted. In such a world as this, and with such a nature as *our's*, there will be a call for habitual self-denial. We must learn to cease from depending upon our own supposed wisdom, power, and goodness, and from self-complacence and self-seeking—that we may rely upon him whose wisdom and power are infinite.

It is time to relieve you, I shall therefore only add Mrs. Newton's affectionate respects. Commending you to the care and blessing of the Almighty,

I remain, my dear Madam,

with great sincerity,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

The reader will have collected, from the many reflections which are incidentally scattered over these letters, that neither the fascinations of wit and talent, nor the splendour of rank and affluence, with which the subject of this memoir was surrounded, had obscured her spiritual discernment, or rendered her blind to that fatal levity, that indifference to religion, and that disregard to the sacredness of the Sabbath, which prevailed in the higher ranks of society. She perceived all this, indeed, with all the sorrow natural to a mind full of Christian sympathy; but she felt it her duty to do something more than lament,—she resolved, with a righteous courage, to raise her voice against it. It is impossible duly to appreciate the value of the effort she made in publishing her work on '*The Manners of the Great*,' without considering that her's were not the animadversions of a recluse, but of one who was flattered, admired, and courted by the very people whose vices and follies she was about to reprove; and these, too, persons whom she was in the daily habit of meeting, and whose attentions were supposed to confer great distinction. Nor let it be forgotten that this publication was not the product of a censorious temper, but of a heart and understanding nobly engaged in the cause of God, and of the soul. She could not be ignorant that this step might probably exclude her from those circles in which she had hitherto been so conspicuous and so caressed; but the happiness of her friends was dearer to her than

their favour. Thus was a new era entered upon in the literary life of our author. She now began to dedicate her powerful talents to the more immediate service of God, and the benefit of his rational creatures, and made her first direct advance in the walk of a Christian moralist,—that walk in which she afterwards proceeded, with “her mind stayed upon Him” who “holdeth up the goings of his people in the way of his commandments.”

From Miss H. More to her Sister.

London, 1788.

For this last week I have been writing all day, and half the night, either in prose or in verse. My book is now before the public, with its sounding title, ‘Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society.’ I really was fearful lest many of those with whom I live a good deal might think that my own views and their’s were too much alike. Occasions, indeed, continually occur in which I speak honestly and pointedly; but all one can do in a promiscuous society is not so much to start religious topics, as to extract from common subjects some useful and awful truth, and to counteract the mischief of a popular sentiment by one drawn from religion; and if I do any little good, it is in this way; and this they will in a degree endure. Fine people are ready enough to join you in reprobating vice; for they are not *all* vicious; but their standard of right is low; it is not the standard of the gospel. In this little book I have not gone deep; it is but a superficial view of the subject; it is confined to prevailing practical evils. Should this succeed, I hope, by the blessing of God, another time to attack more strongly the *principle*. I have not owned myself the author; not so much because of that fear of man which “worketh a snare,” as because, if anonymous,

it may be ascribed to some better person : and because I fear I do not live as I write. I hope it may be useful to myself, at least, as I give a sort of public pledge of my principles, to which I pray I may be enabled to act up.

I am now busily engaged on a poem, to be called 'Slavery.' I grieve I did not set about it sooner ; as it must now be done in such a hurry as no poem should ever be written in, to be properly correct ; but good or bad, if it does not come out at the particular moment when the discussion comes on in parliament, it will not be worth a straw. This I shall bring out in an open honourable manner, with my name staring in the front ; but the other is to be a clandestine birth ; so be sure not a word on the subject. The Bishop of London carried me to make several visits the other morning ; among others, to Mrs. Delaney, who seemed quite rejoiced to see me. She is as lively and as agreeable as ever, and her extreme sensibility puts me in mind of a remark Mr. Burke once made to me, 'that she was almost the only person he ever saw, who at eighty-eight blushed like a girl.'

London, 1788.

When I got rid of all my printing cares and incumbrances, I went to Hampton again for a few days, which quite carried off my cold. The *secret* book seems to make its way very much in the great world ; but the demon of suspicion is awakened, I am afraid, not to be lulled to sleep ; however, we own nothing. At first, it was currently said to be Mr. Wilberforce's : Lord Elgin came to the Bishop of London's, and assured them of this as a certain fact ; but, unfortunately, going from the Bishop to call on Mr. W. he found him reading it, and extolling it, which put an end to *that* conjecture. Then it was as confidently reported to be the Bishop himself, till some-

body recollected that the author had said he was not a clergyman. I received an anonymous epigram the other day, but I think I know the hand. Here it is—

‘Of sense and religion in this little book
All agree there’s a wonderful store ;
But while round the world for an *author* they look,
I only am wishing for *More*.’

I am a little frightened, but nobody has betrayed me ; it is only by the internal evidence that it is guessed at. When the author is discovered, I shall expect to find almost every door shut against me :—*mais n’importe*, I shall only be sent to my darling retirement. I spent Saturday evening at Lady Amherst’s ; the *book* lay on the table—several of the company took it up, talked it over, and Mr. Pepys looked me through : so that I never had such difficulty to keep my countenance. A day or two before, I dined at the Bishop of Salisbury’s ; I was obliged to sit to hear him, Mrs. Montagu, and the Bishop of Lincoln talk it over with the greatest warmth ; all commended it, though some of the company thought it rather too strict, but the bishops justified it.

As to ‘*Slavery*,’ I know not what degree of success it has in the world at large ; among the critics it is in pretty good odour ; my two favourite bishops commend it, and I have had very polite and flattering letters from the Bishops of Llandaff, Peterborough, &c. ; and very pleasant ones from the Dean of Canterbury and Dean Tucker, some of which I inclose.

London, 1788.

I was invited to Fulham to hear the Bishop preach for the first time in his own chapel on Sunday, and afterwards to spend the day with him. I went with the Middletons ; they have a charming place quite complete already ; fine grounds, and every thing about them this world can give, while I trust they

are preparing themselves and others for a better. I was quite delighted to see them in a situation which will enlarge his influence and usefulness; we went to chapel twice. I am astonished at the unexpected and undeserved popularity of 'The Manners,' it is in the houses of all the great. Did I tell you that some time ago Mr. Smelt walked up to me and said, without any preface, 'Well, the ladies will give up everything but the Sunday hair-dresser.' You may be sure I looked very wise.

The fifth edition of 'Manners of the Great' has been in the press above a week. I have only read the preface and one chapter of the three new volumes of Gibbon's book. The same gorgeous diction, the same sneers at Christianity, and the same affectation of the French manner, which tainted the first volumes! yet it very fully supplies a vast chasm of information, and must always be considered as an important work. It has much merit, more mischief. I have just received a card of invitation from a Countess, to a concert next SUNDAY, with a conditional postscript, 'if I ever do such a thing on a Sunday;' and I have sent for answer, that *I never do such a thing*. After such a public testimony as I have given, one would have thought I should have escaped such an invitation. I was at a large dinner yesterday at Mrs. Montagu's, who sent many compliments to you all. The only person who was new to me was Mr. Potter, the learned and elegant translator of *Æschylus*. He is a very amiable and modest man. He showed me a letter from the Chancellor, appointing him unasked to a desirable piece of preferment. He never saw him, but thought his literary merit entitled him to be taken notice of. Poor man, he is all gratitude, for he has had many troubles. Were you not pleased to see that Mr. Pitt has kept his promise to his friend Wilberforce, and introduced the slave business?

From Miss H. More to the Rev. John Newton.

Cowslip Green, July 23, 1778.

MY DEAR SIR,

I rejoice that you and Mrs. Newton are in possession of the pure delight of retirement, rural scenery, health, and friendly society, the best natural blessings of human life. ‘God made the country, and man made the town,’ says the delightfully enthusiastic bard you are so near,—a sentence to which my heart always makes an involuntary warm response. I have been now some weeks in the quiet enjoyment of my beloved solitude, and the world is wiped out of my memory, as with the sponge of oblivion. But as I have observed to you before, so much do my gardening cares and pleasures occupy me, that the world is not half so formidable a rival to heaven in my heart, as my garden.

I trifle away more time than I ought, under pretence, (for I must have a creditable motive to impose even upon myself,) that it is good for my health; but in reality, because it promises a sort of indolent pleasure, and keeps me from thinking and finding out what is amiss in myself. The world, though I live in the gay part of it, I do not actually much love; yet friendship and kindness have contributed to fix me there, and I dearly love many individuals in it. When I am in the great world, I consider myself as in an enemy’s country, and as beset with snares, and this puts me upon my guard. I know that many people whom I hear say a thousand brilliant and agreeable things, disbelieve, or, at least, disregard those truths on which I found my everlasting hopes. This sets me upon a more diligent inquiry into those truths; and “upon the arch of Christianity, the more I press, the stronger I find it.” Fears and snares seem necessary to excite my

circumspection; for it is certain that my mind has more langour, and my faith less energy here, where I have no temptations from without, and where I live in the full enjoyment and constant perusal of the most beautiful objects of inanimate nature,—the lovely wonders of the munificence and bounty of God. Yet, in the midst of his blessings I should be still more tempted to forget him, were it not for the frequent nervous headaches and low fevers, which I find to be wonderfully wholesome for my moral health. I feel grateful, dear Sir, for your kind anxiety for my best interests. My situation is, as you rightly apprehend, full of danger; yet less from the pleasures than from the deceitful favour and the insinuating applause of the world. The goodness of God will, I humbly trust, preserve me from taking up with so poor a portion: nay, I hope that what he has given me, is to shew that all is nothing, short of himself; yet there are times when I am apt to think it a great deal, and to forget him who has promised to be my portion for ever.

I am delighted, as you rightly conjectured, with the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I forget my dislike to allegory, while I read the spiritual vagaries of his fruitful imagination,

Yours, dear Sir,

most faithfully,

H. MORE.

At the beginning of the year 1789, we meet with the following letters from Miss More to her sister:

Hampton, Jan. 6, 1789.

We came to Hampton on Friday. It was so dismally cold, I should not have been sorry to have stayed in town, if I could have remained peaceably at home. We went on new year’s day to dinner at Mrs. Montagu’s, where we were twelve, all men

except myself and Mrs. Boscawen. The next day, to my great satisfaction, we came to our solitude. The first amusing business that Cadell put into my hands, was to correct the seventh edition of '*Manners.*' Instead of being thankful as I ought, I was rather provoked at such a disagreeable job. All the private accounts of the king are still better than the public ones. They say he talks to Willis of his complaint, and of the best method of treating it. He spoke with great calmness and soundness of mind of the King of Spain's death, and said, 'I cannot be such an hypocrite as to pretend to be sorry, for he never was a friend to me or to this country.'

As to Pitt, if I were a Pagan, I would raise altars and temples to him, but I rejoice with trembling: he has reached the summit of human glory, and is not that summit a very slippery point? The death of the Speaker is an awful event at such a moment. Both parties were equally accusing him of designing to hurt their cause by a feigned illness. It reminds one of Burke's remark on the candidate who died during the Bristol election. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'

Hampton, Jan. 1789.

We have passed the whole time since my last in complete solitude, except that Mrs. Kennicott spent a few days with us. Poor Dr. Adams! how short the time since I was at Pembroke College with him and Mrs. Adams, Dr. Xenophon Edwards, Johnson, and Henderson, not one of whom are now alive. *I* have been spared; *they* have been taken; let me adore the long-suffering of God, who has given me so long a space for repentance.

Poor Mrs. Handcock, Mrs. Vesey's dear friend and companion, is dead. It is melancholy to look at that house, where I have seen so many ingenious people, and heard so much pleasant conversation,

and made so many friendships, and to think that of its two mistresses, whose faces were never turned towards me but with kindness, who never received me without affection, or parted from me without regret,—one is a corpse, and the other bereft of her faculties; what a call for serious reflection! I want to find my heart more affected with feeling for the sorrows of others, and with gratitude for my own mercies! I am just summoned down to the Montagus, who have called to welcome our arrival. Mrs. Garrick is gone to-night to a private subscription concert, known by the name of the Ladies' concert; a very sober amusement, and the only one at which my Lords the Bishops appear. Having spent last evening with Sir Lucas Pepys, who was just come from Kew, I have the great satisfaction of confirming all the good intelligence you receive from the papers. I had also the same fresh from Sir George Baker; and even Dr. Warren confesses that his royal patient is recovering. I believe he is the first person whose character was ever raised by the loss of his reason; but almost everything that escapes him, has either good nature, or humanity, or piety in it. The following specimen has good sense too. Walking in the garden, (which he does to the extent of seven or eight miles a day) with Dr. Willis, the latter descried two or three of the workmen, and ordered them to withdraw; Willis, (said the king,) you do not know your own business, let the men come back again; you ought to accustom me to see people by degrees, that I may be prepared for seeing them more at large.' Mrs. Boscawen's house joins Kew Gardens; seeing the workmen had made a fire to burn rubbish, he said, 'Pray put out that fire directly, don't you see it smokes Mrs. Boscawen's house.'

In the midst of all these cares and distractions, a friend of mine called on Pitt the other night. He found him alone, gay and cheerful, his mind totally

disengaged from the scenes in which he had passed the day. He was reading Milton aloud with great emphasis, and he said his mind was so totally engaged in paradise, that he had forgotten there were any people in the world but Adam and Eve. This seems a trifle, but it is an indication of a great mind, so entirely to discharge itself of such a load of care, and to find pleasure in so innocent and sublime an amusement.

And so the geraniums are gone. Mrs. Barrington, to whom I communicated this calamity, and who is a deep botanist, says, she much questions if they are actually dead; to be sure it is a grievous loss. A few days since we had a most magnificent dinner at my Lord Amherst's; I love him, because of his faithful attachment to the king. The Bishop of London has sent me his pamphlet on the '*Transfiguration*;' it is very ingenious.

London, Feb. 25, 1789.

I should certainly have written you a line on that blessed Thursday, when the chancellor made the memorable communication of the king's being convalescent, but the post was gone. I was out at dinner, and we were talking on what would probably be the event of things, when lo! a violent rap at the door, and Lord Mount Edgecombe was announced. He came in almost breathless, directly from the House of Lords, and told us that the king was recovered. We were quite transported, and Mrs. Garrick fairly got up and kissed him before the company. Soon afterwards arrived the Duke of Beaufort, confirming the news.

Yesterday I was at dinner at the Bishop of Salisbury's, who had been at Kew in the morning, and found all prosperous. Hear a diverting instance of the prejudice of party. Mr. Erskine gravely affirmed the other day, that Pitt was no orator; that his

genius wanted that particular faculty which constitutes eloquence. The Bishop of London defended Mr. Pitt most ably, and forced the other to make such concessions, that we thought a great orator might be well made up out of what even *he* allowed him to possess. Erskine was very entertaining, and not quite so overbearing as he sometimes is. I have been to pay the wedding compliments to Lord and Lady Bathurst, as Lord Apsley was married the day before yesterday, to a niece of the Duke of Richmond's, very pretty, very accomplished, and very amiable. Mrs. Garrick sends her love.

London, March 9, 1789.

A day or two ago, I had a note from the Bishop of London, saying, I must dine at his house on that day, for he has engaged a gentleman to meet me. I was much puzzled who it could be, and who should appear but Dr. Willis; the good-natured bishop kindly foreseeing it would be delightful to me. He is the very image of simplicity; quite a good, plain, old-fashioned country parson; he is seventy-three. As we had nobody else at dinner, except the Master of the Rolls, I was indulged in asking the doctor all manner of impertinent questions, which I did to the amount of about nine hundred, and which he was much pleased to answer. He never saw, he said, so much natural sweetness and goodness of mind, united to so much piety, as in the king. During his illness he many times shed tears for Lord North's blindness. The Bishop of London had been to the king that morning: he was in a very devout frame of mind, which his enemies will say is the surest sign he is still deranged. He told the bishop, that 'at the worst, his trust in God had never forsaken him; that *that* confidence alone had been his support.' He added, 'that he wished to return his thanks to Almighty God in the most public manner, and hoped

the Bishop would not refuse him a sermon.' He proposed going to St. Paul's on the occasion. It was a grand idea, and I think it will be one of the most awful scenes since the opening of Solomon's temple; but they dissuade him very much from it: thinking that the concourse and joy of the people would be too much for his feelings. He himself has named one of the Psalms for the thanksgiving day, and the 12th of Isaiah for the lesson.

London, April, 1789.

I did fully intend writing a line on Wednesday, to have told you of the glorious and most promising opening of the great cause of the Abolition in the House of Commons, but I could not find one moment's leisure, we had so much meeting, writing, and congratulation. The Bishop of London fully intended to be the first to apprise me of this most interesting intelligence, and accordingly got up so early as to write me a note at seven in the morning; but Lady Middleton forestalled him by writing on Monday at midnight. Pitt and Fox united can do much; 'the Douglas and the Percy both together, are confident against a world in arms.' The moment I finished my last, Lord Amherst came himself to fetch me to dinner, and there was no such thing as making *gold stick* wait, so I was obliged to break up my little chat with Mr. Raikes rather suddenly, who had called upon me a few minutes before. In the evening Mrs. Bates sung all her finest things most exquisitely. It was a very high treat. The constitutional ball for the king's recovery turned out the best and pleasantest thing of the kind ever known. All was loyalty and joy; and for once magnificence did not murder cheerfulness. Old Willis supped at a little table, with Pitt and two or three others: and was almost worshipped. Tomorrow we go out of town for a week, to live among

the lilacs. How shall I enjoy both the lilacs and the leisure !

London, 1789.

I do not send you an account of the procession to St. Paul's, as you have seen it in the papers. The poor soldiers were on guard from three in the morning. I would willingly relinquish all the sights I may see this twelvemonth, to have known they had each some cold meat and a pot of porter. I was troubled too about the six thousand charity children, but the bishop assures me they had each of them a roll and two apples. I was very much affected at the sight of the king. The mob was very joyful, but rather too temperate in their acclamations, which is said to have proceeded from a fear of overpowering the king's feelings. It was singular enough that the king should issue a proclamation, commanding every body to go to church, and then exhibit a procession to put it absolutely out of every one's power. I believe I could have got to the planet Jupiter as easily as to a church.

The king of France has written so very kindly to the king on his recovery, and behaved so handsomely, that the queen and princesses are to be at the French ambassador's gala ; an honour never before paid to anybody. I now begin to think there has been quite enough of singing, and dancing, and illuminating, and eating, and drinking, on this joyful occasion, and cannot help thinking, with the lady in Comus, that we 'praise God amiss.' I begin to want to see this very important blessing recorded by some public act of pious munificence and charity.

It is sometimes diverting, though sad, to see how party triumphs over probity. I was on Saturday at a very great dinner at Lord Somers's, and could find out the party principles of each one of the company, only by their saying how the king looked, and what

degree of attention he gave to the service. I went to a private concert at Lord Exeter's; Mrs. Bates sung; I was much pleased. I must not forget to say that the most caressed person at this assembly was Dr. Willis, whose rosy face looked so happy! Mr. Wilberforce and the whole junto of Abolitionists are still locked up at Teston; they are up *slaving* till two o'clock every morning, and I think Mrs. Bouverie told me they had walked out but once in the three weeks they had been there. While I was at Sir C. Middleton's the other night, in came a copy of the Evidence before the Privy Council, just printed; it was the thickest folio I ever saw! Well might the Commons desire a week's suspension of the business to read it! I have invited myself to Mrs. Montagu's May-day saturnalia,¹ next year, unless I should be engaged by that time to dine with a party of free *negroes*. I have a little book sent me from Paris, a very eloquent and ingenious éloge on Rousseau, by Mr. Necker's daughter, Madame de Stael. I was much acquainted with the Neckers when they were in England, but their daughter was not then *come out*.

London, March 17, 1789.

The Queen and Princesses came to see the illumination, and did not get back to Kew till after one o'clock. When the coach stopped, the Queen took notice of a fine gentleman who came to the coach-door without a hat. This was the King, who came to hand her out. She scolded him for being up, and out so late; but he gallantly replied, 'he could not possibly go to bed and sleep till he knew she was safe.' There never was so joyous, so innocent, and orderly a mob. I was very sorry I could not go, as I was

¹ Mrs. Montagu always gave an annual dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding to the chimney-sweepers on May-day, in the court before her house, Portman-square.

invited, to Lady Cremorne's, to see *her* way of celebrating the festivity. She had two hundred Sunday school children, thirty-six of whom she clothed for the occasion; they walked in procession to the church; after service they walked back to her house, where, after singing a psalm of praise, and 'God save the King,' they had a fine dinner of roast-beef and plumb-pudding. Then the whole two hundred marched off with baskets under their arms, full of good things for their parents. I spent an evening lately with this charming lady.

Fulham, June 4, 1789.

On Sunday, we breakfasted at half-past seven, and went to London to hear the Bishop at St. Paul's, where he preached and administered the sacrament. In that great space, his clear voice sounded as loud and distinct as in his own pretty little chapel, where he again performed the service in the afternoon; so you see he does not think his dignity gives him a privilege to be idle. I left the sweet and amiable society at the palace with regret. The Bishop desired a great many compliments to you, and is determined to come to Cowslip Green. The Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Barrington were with us a little, and I had hard work to fight off their kind invitation to Mongewell; the present plan is for me to stay here till Tuesday.

Wednesday evening.—I close this letter from Mrs. Boscawen's, at Rosedale, sitting in the very seat where Thompson wrote the Seasons.

In the month of June, Hannah More was again settled for some time at Cowslip Green.

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHEDDAR SCHOOLS—THE
CHEAP REPOSITORY TRACTS—THE BLAGDON CON-
TROVERSY.

AT the close of the year 1789, to which our narrative has now brought us, an interesting event occurred, which prepared the way for Hannah More to execute the intention she had long formed, of gradually withdrawing herself from general society, and indulging in a closer intimacy with those whose religious sentiments were congenial with her own. Her four sisters had enabled themselves, by their prudence and assiduity, to retire from their task of education with great credit, and in affluent circumstances.

Previously to their taking this step, the eldest Miss More and her three sisters had built for themselves a house in Great Pulteney Street, Bath, and between this residence of their own, and the retreat at Cowslip Green, they were in future to divide their time. For some years Hannah More had been cherishing the hope of devoting herself, in her little retirement, to meditative and literary leisure, and to planting and improving the scene around her; but there was no rest for her but in the consciousness of being useful. She carried into all places and scenes a mind teeming with a tender concern for human happiness, which would not allow her to look upon

life and its great and lasting interests, without earnest wishes to be used as an instrument in the work of grace upon the soul, and the extension of the Saviour's kingdom. Having seen much of time mis-spent, and opportunities abused, among the gay and the great, she had taken up her parable, and proclaimed the truth, through good and evil report, in high places, where the tempter trusted to have reckoned her among his votaries; and finding in rural life and the peasant's cottage the same crimes, in other forms, disfiguring the moral scene, and intercepting the prosperity of the rising generation, she could not, though feeble in frame, withhold herself from taking an active part in the instruction of the poor population around her; and in every good work she undertook to promote, her talents and zeal soon made her the leader and directress. During the summer of this year, she passed with her sister Martha more time than was usual with her at Cowslip Green, whence they had made occasional excursions to the villages for some miles round, particularly to Cheddar, a distance of ten miles, so famous for its romantic scenery. In the course of these little rambles, finding the poor in their neighbourhood immersed in deplorable ignorance and depravity, they resolved to supply their spiritual wants. For this purpose they set about establishing without delay a school for the instruction of the poor of Cheddar, which in a short time included nearly three hundred children; and it soon appeared that, from the prejudice against educating the poor, which at that time prevailed in many quarters, the neighbourhood in which this vigorous aggression upon ignorance and barbarity was begun was by no means exempt. Many of the opulent farmers patriotically opposed the innovation; one of them observing, that the country into which the ladies were introducing this disturbance had never prospered since religion

had been brought into it by the monks of Glastonbury. To find proper masters and mistresses for their purpose, appeared to be their greatest difficulty: but by their patient and unwearied exertions in qualifying persons for the office, they at length surmounted this and every other impediment.

Some of the letters of Miss H. More at this period, which are very interesting, and present a pleasing picture of her incipient plans for instructing the children of the poor, are here offered to the reader.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

George Hotel, Cheddar, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

Though this is but a *romantic place*, as my friend Matthew well observed, yet you would laugh to see the bustle I am in. I was told we should meet with great opposition if I did not try to propitiate the chief despot of the village, who is very rich and very brutal; so I ventured into the den of this monster, in a country as savage as himself, near Bridgewater. He begged I would not think of bringing any religion into the country; it was the worst thing in the world for the poor, for it made them lazy and useless. In vain did I represent to him that they would be more industrious as they were better principled; and that, for my own part, I had no selfish views in what I was doing. He gave me to understand that he knew the world too well to believe either the one or the other. Somewhat dismayed to find that my success bore no proportion to my submissions, I was almost discouraged from more visits; but I found that friends must be secured at all events, for if these rich savages set their faces against us, and influence the poor people, it was clear that nothing but hostilities would ensue; so I made eleven more of these agreeable visits; and as I improved in the art of canvassing, had better

success. Miss Wilberforce would have been shocked, had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I fondled, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cyder I commended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend to me a house; and said that I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their poultry from being stolen, and which might lower the poor-rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then mine was a good speech, for I gained at length the hearty concurrence of the whole people, and their promise to discourage or favour the poor in proportion as they were attentive or negligent in sending their children. Patty, who is with me, says she has good hope that the hearts of some of these rich poor wretches may be touched; they are at present as ignorant as the beasts that perish, intoxicated every day before dinner, and plunged in such vices as make me begin to think London a virtuous place. By their assistance, I procured immediately a good house, which, when a partition is taken down, and a window added, will receive a great number of children. The house, and an excellent garden of almost an acre of ground, I have taken at once for six guineas and a half per year. I have ventured to take it for *seven years*,—there's courage for you! It is to be put in order *immediately*; “for the night cometh:” and it is a comfort to think, that though I may be dust and ashes in a few weeks, yet by that time this business will be in actual motion. I have written to different manufacturing towns for a mistress, but can get nothing hitherto. As to the mistress for the *Sunday* school, and the religious part, I have employed Mrs. Easterbrook, of whose judgment I have a good opinion. I hope Miss W. will not be frightened, but I am afraid she must be called a Methodist.

I asked the farmers if they had no resident curate; they told me they had a right to insist on one; which right, they confessed, they had never ventured to exercise, for fear *their tithes should be raised!* I blushed for my species. The Glebe House is good for my purpose. The Vicarage of Cheddar is in the gift of the Dean of Wells; the value nearly fifty pounds per annum. The incumbent is a Mr. R——, who has something to do, but I cannot here find out what, in the University of Oxford, where he resides. The curate lives at Wells, twelve miles distant. They have only service once a week, and there is scarcely an instance of a poor person being visited, or prayed with. The living of Axbridge belongs to the Prebendary of Wiveliscombe, in the Cathedral of Wells. The annual value is about fifty pounds. The incumbent, about sixty years of age. The Prebend to which this rectory belongs is in the gift of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Mr. G. is intoxicated about six times a week, and very frequently is prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly earned by fighting. Mr. —— is a middle-aged man: of his character they know nothing. The curate, a sober young man.

Your much obliged,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Cowslip Green, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It happens very unluckily, that *both* of us should so partake of the nature of ghosts, that *neither* of us care to speak till we are spoken to; and that though we are of a sex famous for loving to have the *last* word, it should be so difficult to make us pronounce the *first*.

I *have* read Paley's new book, and think the Evi-

dence he adduces so strong, that it would carry him through a court of judicature. It is very pleasant to see the truth of Christianity receive an accession of strength from such collateral circumstances. You talk as if I lived in the world, and knew what passed in it. You should have told me what it was about. I did not know Mr. Burgess had published a sermon; but I will inquire for it, for he is one of the young clergy of whom I think particularly well. Some of his compositions are at present my chief study; not, however, those which procure admiration, or gain fame; for the Salisbury Spelling Book, and the Parochial Exercises, are those which at present attract my attention. I have been ferreting about these two months, among the neglected villages of this hardly Christian country, to find out those places which are particularly destitute of religious advantages; and have fixed on the central parish of six large ones, which have not so much as a resident *curate*, for the principal scene of my operations. I have hired an old vicarage-house, which has had no inhabitant these hundred years, and in this I propose to place some pious and knowing people to instruct the poor, who are more vicious and ignorant than I could have conceived possible in a country which calls itself Christian. The vicar, who lives a long way off, is repairing the house for me; and as he is but ninety-four years old, he insists on my taking a lease, and is as rigorous about the rent as if I were taking it for an assembly-room. It will take some time to put this in order; but next Sunday we are to open a smaller school, a sort of detachment from these headquarters; and as all these villages are from six to ten miles distance from me, you will believe I am not a little engaged. I am not apt to be very sanguine in my expectations; but I comfort myself by remembering, that we have nothing to do with *events*: and, indeed, the uncommon prosperity we have at

Cheddar ought to encourage us. We have a great number there who could only tell their letters when we began, and can already read the Testament, and not only say the Catechism, but give pertinent answers to any questions which involve the first principles of Christianity ; but then the ability and piety of the teachers we have there surpass what we can expect to find again. I should not enlarge on these little circumstances so much to any body else ; but I know you like these Goody-two-shoe details ; besides, if there were any merit (I hate the Popish word) in these little schemes, it is not mine ; for I have little money, and if I had much, I should, too probably, spend it as those who have a great deal commonly do. I know myself too well to blame others much.

Poor Patty has had a wretched summer—in almost constant pain ; she desires to be kindly remembered to you, as do the whole sisterhood : they are all in the little thatched cottage, and we cultivate roses and cabbages *con spirito*. The Bath house is promised to be ready by Michaelmas : you are absolved from secrecy on that head. But whenever I leave my hermitage, it will be with regret. I am made for this quiet dull life, and have almost lost all taste for any other. * * * * *

We have often agreed that

‘To mend the world’s a vast design.’

and I am now convinced of the truth of this, by the difficulties attending the half dozen parishes we have undertaken. It is grievous to reflect, that while we are sending missionaries to our distant colonies, our own villages are perishing for lack of instruction. We have in this neighbourhood thirteen adjoining parishes, without so much as even a resident curate. I am deeply convinced how very poor and inadequate any miserable attempts of mine can be, to rectify so wide-spread an evil ; yet I could not be comfortable

till something was attempted. We have therefore established schools and various little institutions, over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, and have near five hundred children in training. As the land is almost pagan, we bring down persons of great reputation for piety from other places, and the improvements are great for the time. But how we shall be able to keep up these things amidst so much opposition, vice, poverty, and ignorance, as we have to deal with, I cannot guess. I should not enter into these details, but I know you expect an account of what I have been doing.

I think Dr. Blair's third volume a very poor thing, much inferior to the others in point of composition; and so far are they from evangelical, that I think some of the sermons even go on a false principle: but do not betray me, for I know his popularity, and one must have lived very little indeed in the world, not to know the cause of it too. But when one grows pert, it is time to conclude. Patty sends her love.

Yours affectionately,

H. MORE.

We next find her on her usual visit to Mrs. Garrick, in the year 1790. She writes to her sister as follows:—

Hampton, 1790.

Mr. Walpole has given me two guineas for our poor man who was cut down after he had nearly hanged himself. I have written to Mr. Hare to continue his allowance, and still to endeavour to impress his mind with a sense of religion, and repentance for his crime. I have got an extract of Mr. Fraser's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons—*le voici*. "I was on shore with my linguist for the benefit of my health. He conducted me to a spot where some of the countrymen were

met to put a sucking child to death. I asked them why they murdered it? They answered, because it was of no value. I told them, that in that case, I hoped they would make me a present of it; they answered, that if I had any use for the child, then it *was* worth money. I first offered them some knives, but that would not do; they however sold the child to me for a mug of brandy. It proved to be the child of a woman whom the captain of our ship had purchased that very morning. We carried it on board, and judge of the mother's joy when she saw her own child put on board the same ship; *her child*, whom she concluded was murdered. She fell on her knees and kissed my feet." In what light does this anecdote place this detestable trade!

I think very often with concern of poor Yearsley's situation. I could get a famous medicine, which has done wonders, if you can contrive to find out if she would take it; but I suppose the poor creature would be afraid to take anything of my recommending. Perhaps Mr. B—— could contrive to inquire without naming me. I should be happy to relieve her, and no time should be lost. I am much concerned for the loss of good Bishop Halifax, who has left a wife and seven or eight children. This is the second Bishop of St. Asaph, *both* my friends, who have died within the year.

London, March 4, 1790.

We came to town on Thursday night. I kept close on Friday, to try to qualify myself for a town life. On Saturday I dined at Mrs. Montagu's, with fourteen people; and went in the evening to meet Lord and Lady Dartmouth: perhaps you may think this was enough for one day, but I was obliged after this to call in at London House, where I found many of my good friends, who received me with great kindness, which, had I been rich, or great, or wise,

or witty, might have been feigned, but being neither, I hoped might be sincere.

As to improving upon the Cheddar scheme, I have thought it over soberly and coolly. Surely no harm can arise from giving leave to such parents as desire to hear their children instructed, to come in the evening, and be instructed themselves. We will at first limit the number; as to the time, an hour will be quite sufficient; more would break in upon the children's time, and take parents too long from their own families. They are so ignorant that they need to be taught the very elements of Christianity. Speak to Mr. Foster the clergyman on the subject; he is disposed to be obliging and kind: he must see that it will enable them to understand his sermons better at church, and will bring more people there. On Monday Mrs. Boscawen fetched me to dine with her, and was so kind as to put off going to a concert where she was engaged, that I might sit the evening with her, which I did in my bonnet, snug. Lady Mount Edgecombe made me a long call, and detailed all the particulars of the royal visit.

London, April 25, 1790.

You will see, by the inclosed notes, that the Red Cross Knight (a name Mrs. Montagu gives to Mr. Wilberforce, after Spencer's Knight of Holiness) and I have spent a comfortable day together at the Middletons'. Yesterday I dined with the Montagus, and passed the evening in Portman Square. She has fitted up her great room in a superb style, with pillars of verde antique, &c. and has added an acre to what was before a very large town garden. Still the same inexhaustible spirits—the same taste for business and magnificence; three or four great dinners in a week, with Luxembourgs, Montmorencies, and Czartoriskis. I had rather for my own part live in our cottage at Cheddar. She is made for the great

world, and is an ornament to it; it is an element she was born to breathe in. We have spent our Easter at Hampton in delightful quiet, suited to the solemn season. Breathing a pure air for a few days has somewhat set me up. Though I think my last winter has not been so bad on the whole as the two preceding ones; yet I have had such a succession of coughs that I yielded to the importunity of Mrs. Boscawen, and sent for Dr. Pitcairn. I told him I did not send for him to cure a cold, but to have a conversation with him about my general health; that he must *do as they do in France*; that is, discard palliatives, and give me a new constitution.

This year Hannah More published a volume entitled, *An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*. It was bought up and read with the same avidity as its predecessor, the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great.' In this essay she animadverted in a bolder strain on the same prevailing corruptions, and more in detail;—on the decay of domestic piety, and especially on the absence of religion from the education of the higher classes.

Tracing the want of moral restraint to its true source—the prevailing indifference to vital religion, she brought her charges so home to the experience and conviction of her readers, so as to make many a Felix tremble, and to touch the consciences of many who were sitting at their ease in self-righteous complacency. The Spectator had the address beyond all the works that went before it, to gain an audience for religion in the societies of the vain, the unthinking, and the unstable; but then it was religion in a compromising form, modified at least, if not unchristianized, to please the trifling and conciliate the unhumbled; but the challenges of Hannah More penetrated the proudest and gayest resorts, and surprised and shamed the votaries of fashion in their

full career, without giving to truth either dress or disguise to conceal its awful realities. Her's was the solitary case in the whole history of man and his anomalies, in which severe and sober truth was enabled to make its way through all the obstacles of habit, interest, and prejudice, without art, or stragem, or machinery. She went forth with her sling, and her pebbles from the pure brook, and fought and triumphed. Her clear understanding had no other ally than the sanctity of her cause; and by her honest and vigorous efforts, the whole reading world, and a large part of the idle world, were constrained to listen and confess, while she told them in fearless language, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The manner in which one half of the Sunday was spent, even by many who made a conscience of going to church on the other, was an evil which she saw increasing, and which, from the example of the great, had more and more infected the lower orders.

As a proof of this deterioration, she often mention what she had heard from some of her older friends, that when Bussy, the French minister at our court, was ordered to leave London instantly, he was forced to delay his departure, because no waggon would stir on a Sunday. In this little work she insisted more strongly on scriptural motives, as the only foundation of a Christian life. She had often mourned over that spirit of worldliness, which some of her amiable and benevolent associates did not perceive to be incompatible with real religion. She saw, and loved much that was good in them; yet perceiving the tone of their piety to be lamentably low, her conscience would not allow her to rest, till she had so far overcome the natural gentleness of her temper, and her unwillingness to give pain, as thus to bear her public testimony to the claims of Christian consistency. Not that she appears to have been san-

guine in her hopes, but she acquitted herself of what appeared to her to be a duty, and left the event to God. We find that within two years from its publication, the 'Estimate' had reached a fifth edition.

The reader will find, interspersed among the following letters, many interesting and lively remarks, on this publication principally, and on other subjects.

From the Bishop of London to Miss H. More.

St. James's Square, 1790.

Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus, was, you know, the laconic and expressive speech of Sir Thomas More, to a certain stranger who had astonished him with a torrent of wit, eloquence, and learning. *Aut Moros aut Angelus*, exclaimed the Bishop of London, before he had read six pages of a certain delicate *little book* that was sent to him a few days ago. Such precisely was the note I was sitting down to write to you, at the very moment I received your full and true confession of that mortal sin, of presuming once more to disturb the sweet repose and tranquillity of the fashionable world.

Indeed, my dear friend, (if you will allow me to call you so,) it is in vain to think of concealing yourself. Your style and manner are so marked, and so confessedly superior to those of any other moral writer of the present age, that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition, or any skill in discriminating the characteristic excellences of one author from another. You have certainly taken that wise bird the ostrich for your model on this occasion, who, in order to conceal himself from his pursuers, runs his head into the sands, and though his whole body stands out behind him, is perfectly convinced that nobody can see him. There are but few persons, I will venture to say, in Great Britain, that could

write such a book ;—that could convey so much sound, evangelical morality, and so much genuine Christianity, in such neat and elegant language. It will, if I mistake not, soon find its way into every fine lady's library, and if it does not find its way into her heart, the fault will be her own.

Mrs. Porteus desires to be very affectionately and gratefully remembered to you,—gratefully for the pleasure she received from the '*Estimate*;' for I read it to her last night, and we thought the evening as well and as pleasantly spent as if we had been at the Pantheon!

I am, dear Madam,

Your very sincere and obliged,

B. LONDON.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Coleman Street Buildings, Feb. 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Many good things I do receive in the course of a week. The last week brought me, amongst other good things, '*An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*,' with the words '*from the author*,' on the blank page. Somebody deserves my thanks for the pleasure the perusal gave me, and I conceive that nobody has a better title to them than yourself. I venture to take it for granted. I had rather be chargeable with a mistake, than suspected of ingratitude ; but I think I am not mistaken, and therefore I thank you for it again and again.

The fashionable world, by their *numbers*, form a phalanx not easily impressible ; and their *habits* of life are as armour of proof, which renders them not easily vulnerable. Neither the rude club of a boisterous reformer, nor the pointed delicate weapons of the author or authoress before me, can probably overthrow and rout them. But I do hope that an indi-

vidual here and there may be wounded, and made to wince, and apply for healing to the leaves of the tree of life. A few instances, yea, a single instance of this kind, would be honestly worth the writing of one book or the printing of a thousand; for to save one soul from death, is an event of greater real importance, than to save a whole kingdom from *temporal* ruin. Besides, in such an age as this, it is an honour and privilege to be able and willing to bear a testimony against evil, and in favour of the truth, though it should go no further. We are not answerable for the success, but we are bound to the attempt, according to the talents and opportunities afforded. I trust the unknown, though not unguessed at, writer of 'the Estimate,' will hear in that day, "Forasmuch as it was in thine heart, thou didst well that it was in thine heart." They who dare to confess the Lord, and to appear openly on his side, in the midst of this sinful and perverse generation, shall find, to their comfort, that he will confess them, and appear on their behalf, before the holy angels and the assembled world. It will be seen *there*, who acted the wisest part *here*.

I once received a fairy present '*from the author,*' on the '*Manners of the Great,*' which likewise cost me nearly a minute's brown study to determine who sent it. I hit the right nail on the head at that time, and I am but a poor critic if they did not both come from the same hand; for while the similarity seems strongly marked, there is that difference which might be expected from the difference of time; the former was like the morning spread upon the mountains, which I accepted as the harbinger of advancing day. *Meliora latent.* I shall now long to see a third publication. In short, madam, if among the present members of the fashionable world, any can be found unprejudiced, and free from deep prepossessions, or so far as they are so, I expect and hope that 'the

Estimate,' if it comes in their way, will prove to them, "as a light shining in a dark place," for which they will have reason to praise God, and to thank the writer. My prayers will be for a blessing on it, and that in your endeavours to water others, you may be abundantly watered, comforted, and enriched yourself.

With my respects and best wishes to your sisters, if you are with them, and Miss Catlett's to yourself,

I remain, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

During the summer of the year 1791, the sisters resided all together at Cowslip Green, and recognizing the hand of the Almighty in the success of their undertaking at Cheddar, they resolved upon attempting an extension of their benevolent efforts, by setting forward other schools in the neighbourhood. The difficulties they had to surmount, appear in a regular and simple journal kept at that time. Two mining villages at the top of Mendip particularly attracted their attention. These were ignorant and depraved even beyond those of Cheddar,—so ignorant as to apprehend a design to make money by carrying off their children for slaves. The place was considered as so ferocious that no constable would venture there to execute his office; and these bold instructresses were warned by their friends that they were bringing their own lives into danger. They were not, however, to be deterred by any consideration of personal hazard; and beginning to perceive who was helping them, by the solid improvement which was spreading around them, and particularly by an increasing attendance at church, they did not rest till they had procured the same benefits for no less than ten parishes in a neighbourhood where there were no resident clergymen. Their first step upon

entering each parish was to obtain from the incumbent of the living, his acquiescence in their interference, which was generally granted with alacrity; and in a short time the number of children under their instruction exceeded twelve hundred.

The distance to many of the schools was great; one of them was fifteen miles from their residence, so that they were obliged to sleep in the neighbourhood during the period of their visitation. It cannot be supposed that their own funds were adequate to such very enlarged undertakings; and it is due to their friends to observe, that they obtained a ready assistance from such of them as were in circumstances to afford it. Their evening readings, which consisted of a printed prayer, a plain sermon (read always by one of the sisters when her health permitted,) and a psalm, were found to be productive of effects the most strikingly beneficial. It seems that an adversary had endeavoured to give to the worthy rector of one of the most populous of these villages, an unfavourable impression of this part of their plan: but this gentleman, at his annual visit to the parish, having visited the school, talked with the mistress, and examined the children, found reason to commend and applaud the manner in which these readings were conducted, and to approve the books selected for the purpose.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

Perhaps it is the best answer to your question, to describe the origin and progress of one of our schools as detached from the rest. And I select Cheddar, which you were the immediate cause of our taking up. After the discoveries made of the deplorable state of that place, my sister and I went and took a

lodging at a little public-house there, to see what we could do, for we were utterly at a loss how to begin. We found more than two thousand people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry, a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We visited them all, picking up at one house, (like fortune-tellers) the name and character of the next. We told them we intended to set up a school for their poor. They did not like it. We assured them we did not desire a shilling from them, but wished for their concurrence, as we knew they could influence their workmen. One of the farmers seemed pleased and civil; he was rich, but covetous, a hard drinker, and his wife a woman of loose morals, but good natural sense; she became our friend, sooner than some of the decent and the formal, and let us a house, the only one in the parish that was vacant, at £7. per annum, with a good garden. Adjoining was a large ox-house; this we roofed and floored; and by putting in a couple of windows, it made a good school-room. While this was doing, we went to every house in the place, and found each a scene of the greatest ignorance and vice. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot! No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over from Wells, three miles, to preach once on a Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited: and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was thought a good congregation. We spent our whole time in getting at the characters of all the people, the employment, number, and wages of every family; and this we have done in our other nine parishes. On a fixed day, of which we gave notice in the church, all the women, with all their children above six years old, met us. We took an exact list from their account, and engaged one hundred and

twenty to attend on the following Sunday. A great many refused to send their children, unless we would pay them for it! and not a few refused, because they were not sure of my intentions, being apprehensive that at the end of seven years, if they attended so long, I should acquire a power over them, and send them beyond sea. I must have heard this myself, in order to have believed that so much ignorance existed out of Africa. While this was going on, we had set every engine to work to find proper teachers. On this every thing depended. I had the happiness to find a woman of excellent natural sense, great knowledge of the human heart, activity, zeal, and uncommon piety. She had had a good fortune for one in middling life, but a wicked son had much reduced it. She had, however, still an estate of £40 a-year, or very nearly. She brought with her a daughter, twenty-five years old, quite equal to herself in all other points; in capacity superior.

It was winter, and we all met at the school on Sunday morning at nine o'clock, having invited many parents to be present at the opening. We had drawn up some rules, which were read; then some suitable portions of scripture; part of the 34th Psalm; then a hymn sung; and then a prayer read, composed for the occasion.

For the first year, these excellent women had to struggle with every kind of opposition, so that they were frequently tempted to give up their laborious employ. They well entitled themselves to £30. per annum salary, and some little presents. We established a weekly school of thirty girls, to learn reading, sewing, knitting, and spinning. The latter, though I tried three sorts, and went myself to almost every clothing-town in the county, did not answer,—partly from the exactions of the manufacturer, and partly from its not suiting the genius of the place. They preferred knitting after the school-hours on

week-days. The mother or daughter visited the sick, chiefly with a view to their spiritual concerns; but we concealed the true motive at first; and in order to procure them access to the houses and hearts of the people, they were furnished not only with medicine, but with a little money, which they administered with great prudence. They soon gained their confidence, read and prayed with them, and in all respects did just what a good clergyman does in other parishes.

At the end of a year we perceived that much ground had been gained among the poor; but the success was attended with no small persecution from the rich, though some of them grew more favourable. I now ventured to have a sermon read after school, on a Sunday evening, inviting a few of the parents, and keeping the grown-up children; the sermons were of the most awakening sort, and soon produced a sensible effect. It was at first thought a very methodistical measure, and we got a few broken windows; but quiet perseverance, and the great prudence with which the zeal of our good mistresses was regulated, carried us through. Many reprobates were, by the blessing of God, awakened, and many swearers and sabbath-breakers reclaimed. The numbers both of young and old scholars increased, and the daily life and conversation of many seemed to keep pace with their religious profession.

We now began to distribute Bibles, Prayer Books, and other good books, but never at random, and only to those who had given some evidence of their loving and deserving them. They are always made the reward of superior learning, or some other merit, as we can have no other proof that they will be read. Those who manifest the greatest diligence, get the books of most importance. During my absence in the winter, a great many will learn twenty or thirty chapters, psalms, and hymns. At the end of three

years, during the winter, the more serious of the parents began to attend on a Wednesday night; and on Tuesday nights, twenty or thirty young people of superior piety met at the school to read the scriptures and hear them explained.

Finding the wants and distresses of these poor people uncommonly great, (for their wages are but 1s. per day,) and fearing to abuse the bounty of my friends, by a too indiscriminate liberality, it occurred to me that I could make what I had to bestow go much further by instituting clubs, or societies for the women, as is done for men in other places. It was no small trouble to accomplish this; for though the subscription was only three half-pence a-week, it was more than they could always raise; yet the object appeared so important, that I found it would be good economy privately to give widows and other very poor women money to pay their club. After combating many prejudices, we carried this point, which we took care to involve in the general system, by making it subservient to the schools; the rules of the club restraining the women to such and such points of conduct respecting the schools. In some parishes we have one hundred and fifty poor women thus associated: you may guess who are the patronesses.

We have an anniversary feast of tea, and I get some of the clergy, and a few of the better sort of people to come to it. We wait on the women, who sit and enjoy their dignity. The journal and state of affairs is read after church; and we collect all the facts we can, as to the conduct of the villagers; whether the church has been more attended, fewer or more frauds, less or more swearing, scolding, or sabbath-breaking. All this is produced, for or against them, in battle array, in a little sort of sermon made up of praise censure and exhortation, as they may be found to have merited.

One rule is, that any girl bred in the school, who continues, when grown up, to attend its instructions, and has married in the past year with a fair character, is presented on this day with five shillings, a pair of white stockings, and a new Bible; and several very good girls have received this public testimony to their virtuous conduct. Out of this club, (to which we find it cheaper to contribute a few guineas than to give at random,) a sick woman receives 3s. a-week, 7s. 6d. for a lying-in, &c. &c.

We are now in our sixth year at Cheddar, and two hundred children and above two hundred old people constantly attend. God has blessed the work beyond all my hopes. The farmer's wife (our landlady), is become one of the most eminent Christians I know; and though we had last year the great misfortune to lose our elder mistress, her truly Christian death was made the means of confirming many in piety; and the daughter proceeds in the work with great ability. She has many teachers under her, who are paid 1s. a Sunday. Once a-year each young person receives some article of dress; but having so many other schools to run away with our money, we cannot do quite so much for any as I could wish. I should add, that we have about twenty young men, apprentices, servants, &c. who attend the whole Sunday with the humility of little children; and these, as they try hard to get a few clothes, we think it right to help with a small present. Amongst the collateral advantages resulting from the clubs, one is that the women, who used to plead that they could not go to church, because they had no clothes, now come. The necessity of going to church in procession with us on the anniversary, raises an honest ambition to get something decent to wear, and the churches on Sunday are now filled with very clean-looking women. Perhaps a sketch of our expenses may not be amiss; it is not quite accurate; I have no papers here.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
House rent	7	0	0
Repairs, whitewashing, benches, &c....	2	0	0
Salary, head mistress	30	0	0
Under teachers	10	0	0
Bibles, prayers, and other books.....	10	0	0
Caps and Tippetts, for one hundred girls, &c.	8	0	0
Shoes and stockings for eighty girls, &c..	15	0	0
Shirts, twenty young men.....	5	0	0
Club subscriptions and expenses.....	6	0	0
Incidental charities	6	0	0
	99	0	0

Cowslip Green, 1792.

Our village of Shipham has suffered dreadfully from a raging fever—we lost seven in two days, several of them our poor children. Figure to yourself such a visitation in a place where a single cup of broth cannot be obtained; for there is none to give, if it would save a life. I am ashamed of *my* comforts when I think of *their* wants; one widow, to whom we allow a little pension, burnt her only table for firing: another, one of her three chairs. I had the comfort, however, of knowing that poor Jones distributed what we sent most conscientiously, and ran the risk of walking into the pits with which the place abounds, and which were so covered by snow that he was near being lost. ‘No words,’ he wrote me, ‘could describe the sensations of this poor village at seeing a waggon-load of coal we sent, enter the place!’ I feel indignant to think that so small a sum can create such feelings, when one knows what sums one has wasted. Most providentially we had a most respectable mistress at the school, who entered so tenderly into their wants, that they would send to fetch her at midnight, and she supplied all the sick with broth, medicine, &c.

Cowslip Green, 1792.

Patty has been very poorly indeed, but the weather for the last ten days has enabled us to prosecute our

labours with more ease. I ought thankfully to acknowledge that, on the whole, our work is going on prosperously. Who does not clearly see that the work is entirely God's own doing, when he is pleased to do it by such poor instruments? It seems a paradox, to say that we have more difficulty and anxiety now in this advanced stage of our progress, than we had six or seven years ago; and that we have most to do now in those parishes, where, by the blessing of God, we have seen the greatest improvement. But so it is. There is a great delicacy required in the management of our young converts. Some of them are very sincere, devout, and holy in their lives, but now and then fall into a zeal so fiery, that it wants cooling; and then they relapse into dejection and sadness, on finding that earth is not heaven; and that they must submit to carry about with them human infirmity, and be still struggling against sin and temptation, as long as they live in this world. I have, however, the comfort to say, that hardly any of them have fallen back into sinful courses, and many, I trust, very many, are striving after excellence. It is curious to see the ignorant and undisciplined mind falling into the same errors, and deviating into the same eccentricities, with philosophers and divines. Some of our poor youths, who did not know their letters when we took them in hand, have fallen into some of the peculiarities of William Law, without ever having heard that there was such a man in the world; and I fear they judge unfavourably of my zeal, because I have refused to publish a severe edict against the sin of *wearing flowers*; which would be ridiculous enough in me who so passionately love them. I find it necessary, in some instances, to encourage cheerfulness, as certain austerities are insisted on by some of them, which are rather of a serious nature.

The excellent young collier who was so cruelly maimed by the pit falling in upon him, I have been

sadly puzzled what to do with. He has too good talents to be sent back to the pit, the damps of which also threatened him with insanity; so I have sent him to a good school, to add writing and arithmetic to his religious knowledge, and I hope to be able to set him up as a schoolmaster, for the sons of farmers and tradesmen on week-days, and for the poor people on Sundays; but he will be a good while upon hand, though he now walks twelve miles on Saturday nights, to assist at one of our schools.

One great object in our establishment of the poor women's clubs, has been to back with penal statutes, the religious instruction of the schools. This summer I have had the satisfaction of seeing the first dawn of hope on a subject of great difficulty and delicacy. My young women who were candidates for the bridal presents which I bestow on the virtuous, gravely refused to associate with one who had been guilty of immoral conduct; whereas it formerly used to afford matter for horrid laughter and disgusting levity. It was a very trying matter to me, for I thought it my duty at one of our late anniversaries, in presence of three hundred people, and half a dozen of the clergy, to deliver a solemn remonstrance on this very subject.

I did not think myself at liberty to be excused, for it was a matter paramount to all misplaced delicacy, and I had the pleasure of witnessing the most becoming gravity and exact decorum in that part of my audience which I most feared, when I excluded from the pale of our establishment a female offender. It was a comfort that she had not been one of our disciples. No small difficulty then remained, to prevent the others from being vain of their virtue, and to convince them that though *she* had been singularly bad, there was nothing very meritorious in their goodness.

The worst of our business is, that having so many

places, and all at a good distance from each other, to look after,—when all goes smoothly on in one place, something breaks out in another, and hinders the instruction of the children and parents. The teaching of the teachers is not the least part of the work ; add to this, that having about thirty masters and mistresses, with under-teachers, one has continually to bear with the faults, the ignorance, the prejudices, humours, misfortunes, and *debts* of all those poor well-meaning people. I hope however that it teaches one forbearance, and it serves to put me in mind how much God has to bear with from me. I now and then comfort Patty in our journeys home at night, by saying that if we do these people no good, I hope we do some little good to ourselves.

I should not send such petty details to any one else, but as you are engaged in the same warfare and will, I trust, be doing good, long after I am forgotten, I thought you might pick up some encouragement, from knowing the difficulties which have been encountered by those who have trodden the same path before you.

I had a kind message for you from Lady —— lately, hoping she shall see you and Mr. —— late in the autumn ; but you will hear from her first. I have had several letters from her, but have never sent her a single line ; quite brutal this, for she has claims on my kindness, because she is not happy otherwise. I desire to have little to do with the great. I have devoted the remnant of my life to the poor, and those that have no helper ; and if I can do them little good, I can at least sympathize with them, and I know it is some comfort for a forlorn creature to be able to say, ‘ There is somebody that cares for me.’ That simple idea of being *cared for*, has always appeared to me a very cheering one. Besides this, the affection they have for me is a strong engine with which to lift them to the love of higher things : and though I be-

lieve others work successfully by terror, yet kindness is the instrument with which God has enabled me to work. Alas ! I might do more and better : pray for me that I may.

Your's very affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Bath, 1792.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hope your mind is somewhat prepared for the sad news I have to impart to you. But your heart is so schooled and broken in to losses and afflictions, that I believe it is always in some degree of preparedness to receive them. You will too naturally conclude that this is a prelude to the closing scene of our beloved friend the Bishop of Norwich. He was so much better four or five days ago, as to be in the pump-room without his servant, and I was expecting every day that they would send for me to sit an evening with him, he being always out in a morning. But having neglected to send to inquire rather longer than usual, Patty called yesterday, and found him actually dying. He had just received the sacrament with his family, with extraordinary devotion ; every word he uttered, every text he repeated, consisted of praise and the most devout thankfulness. He took leave of all separately, exhorted and blessed them. Patty begged to have a last look at him, which, as his eyes were shut, she could do without disturbing him. She did not see the ladies, but had the comfort to hear that Mrs. Horne was extremely resigned and composed. This morning, at eight, she called again, and found that all was most happily over. She only saw his man, who told her that about two, I think, he calmly pronounced the words, ‘ Blessed Jesus ! ’

stretched himself out, and expired with the utmost tranquillity. She saw him again; which I intend to do, as a lesson of deep instruction. A more delightful or edifying death-bed cannot well be imagined. I wished to have been of some use to poor Mrs. Horne; but as the chaplain, Mrs. Selby, and her daughters, are all with her, I imagine she wants no assistance; only the maid Betty said she thought her mistress would be glad if I would write to Mrs. Kennicott. This I should naturally have done.

We *ought* to rejoice that he is released from a painful and burdensome body; and surely we *do* rejoice that his death was so consistent with his life, and that he honoured his Christian profession with his dying breath.

How wise and how witty, how pleasant and how good he was, we shall often remember. I, and indeed all of us, have been, for near three weeks, closely engaged in another triumphant death-bed scene, for such it *must* prove. You heard me speak, I think, of two young ladies of uncommon parts and piety, cousins to Mrs. Wilberforce, settled at Bath, quite alone in a lodging, of course wanting friendship and attention. One of these has been dying for these eighteen days past, to all appearance: but in a manner more truly heroic and pious than any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. She talks of her departure constantly and with pleasure; and though, when in health, she was remarkably diffident and timid, she now exhorts, awakens, and instructs all who come near her; and tells them what a wretched state she should now be in, had she not a better righteousness than her own to trust to. I go to her in a chair every day, for I have never yet been free enough from a cough to walk out. It is a profitable attendance. Two such dying beds, so near each other, are not easy to be found.

The Bishop, I learn, is to be deposited at Eltham:

the family, I suppose, will remove directly. You will doubtless hear from themselves.

Adieu. God bless you! May you and I be prepared!

Yours affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to a Friend.

1792.

I cannot forbear remarking to you and Mrs. —, what has lately so forcibly struck myself, I mean the transforming power of the Christian religion. It seems literally to have new-made the very tempers and constitutions of those who have lately fallen under my particular attention. Mrs. —, the most dejected, humble, I had almost said helpless woman I ever knew, animated with this divine principle, seemed another creature; was active, cheerful, useful, as long as her husband needed her services. Though the tenderest of wives, she revealed to him his danger, and supported him in his religious preparations, with a fortitude quite foreign to her natural character. She read for hours on his coffin, and made me read the burial service to her.

Miss H—, shy, reserved, cold, and so hesitating in her natural manner, that few ever discovered, what a great intimacy enabled me to discover, a most accomplished mind, hid behind a thick veil of humility—acquired in the near views of death and eternity, a sort of righteous courage, an animated manner, and a ready eloquence, which were all used as means for awakening and striking others. This extraordinary change was manifested in various ways, during the eighteen days in which she was given over, but shone out with complete lustre the last night of her life.

It may be more profitable to consider the behaviour

exhibited in her last hours, as the structure of her mind particularly exempted her from the charge of enthusiasm. There was little ardour in her temper; her affections were rather languid; and there was not an atom of fever in her complaint; so that her head was never more clear, nor her judgment more sound. When I expressed my concern that her sufferings were prolonged, she said she saw clearly the wisdom of that dispensation; for that if she had been taken away in the beginning of her illness, she should have wanted much of that purification she now felt, and of those clear and strong views which now supported her. She once observed, that it was a strange situation to be an inhabitant of no world; for that she had done with this, and was not yet permitted to enter upon a better. In the night on which she died, she called us all about her, and with an energy and spirit quite unlike herself, she cried out with an animated tone—‘Be witnesses, all of you, that I bear my dying testimony to my Christian profession. I am divinely supported, and have almost a foretaste of heaven: Oh! this is not pain but pleasure?’ After this, she sunk into so profound a calm, that we thought her insensible. We were mistaken, however for she had still speech enough to finish every favourite text I began: and, to shew how clear her intellects still were, when I misquoted, she set me right, though with a voice now scarcely intelligible. To perfect *her* faith, and to exercise *ours*, it pleased her heavenly Father to try her after this with one hour of suffering, as exquisite as ever human nature sustained; and I hope I shall never forget that when, in order to save myself the pang of seeing her unutterable agonies, I wrapped my face in the curtain, I heard her broken inarticulate voice repeatedly crying, “Let patience have its perfect work—Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him—Thy will be done.” This, with a fervent ejaculation to be kept from

temptation, and the powers of darkness, she repeated till her strength failed. Her prayer was heard; and her last hour was so peaceful, that we knew not when she sunk to her everlasting rest.

Two little things are worth recording, merely to shew how consistent she was: for I am anxious to rescue such a death-bed from the imputation of enthusiastic fervours. She desired, if the physicians thought it might be useful for any future sufferer, that she might be opened; which was accordingly done. The other instance was, that early in the night, when I saw the pangs of death approaching, I had prevailed on her afflicted sister M—— to quit a scene she was so little able to bear. H—— begged to see her, and said she should like M—— to see her die. I represented to her how unfit her shattered nerves were to go through it; and that if she should fall into fits, what should I do with both? She was convinced in a moment, begged she might not come, and only desired I would explain to the woman that her sister was doing her duty by staying away; that she did it because it was right, and not because she liked it. I ought not to omit remarking, that the power of true Christianity has been no less conspicuous in Miss M——, whose humble submission to the divine will is the more valuable in one of her extreme susceptibility, and strong feelings: and that the parting is almost like that of soul and body; for Miss H—— was the mouth, and tongue, and organs, of which she was the informing spirit.

Extract from another letter on the same subject.

H—— has been dying since last night. I have held her clammy hand, and watched her still changing countenance all night. She is, at this time, speechless; so to get over a few heavy moments, I will try to write to you. Perhaps I may not send it.

As soon as the terrifying symptoms came on, I gave poor M—— her opiate, and put her to bed: thank God she is pretty quiet. The silence about me is solemn, but not terrible. I feel rather elevated that, while every one of my friends is, I hope, asleep in peace, I am ministering to these two sisters, going backwards and forwards from the dying to the mourning chamber. Instead of fearing that this last scene should be too affecting, I am only dreading (such is the levity of my nature) that it will depart from my memory before it has done its errand on my heart. Till the last hour I have been whispering into her dying ear all the promises I can recollect. She is pleased at it—takes every sentence out of my mouth, and finishes it with her inarticulate voice.

Four o'clock.—She has just had a moment of satisfaction more than human. Her pallid face was irradiated, and with a broken voice she declared she was almost in heaven. She blessed me rather with the compassionate energy of an angel, than with the weakness of an expiring creature, and said some things from which your letter just before received seemed to allow me to take comfort. I then asked her if she had a blessing to send to Mr. —— and yourself; with the utmost fervour she prayed for you both, and then for —— too.

Five o'clock.—We have had a terrible hour. The mortal pangs are dreadful; my heart dies within me: I fear I cannot stand it: happily her poor sister does not hear. Groans of agony beyond what my fears ever painted: and I have seen many dying beds. I go into the next room to spare myself a moment, and write to quiet myself. In the extremity of anguish she cries, “Thy will be done!”

Six o'clock.—She is alive, but the bitterness of death is past. All is peace; and my terrors have subsided, so far as to enable me to keep my post. I dreaded being driven to a cowardly desertion. One

is puzzled why such a conflict of body and spirit was necessary for her, but I can only repeat her own words, “Thy will be done!” If she departs peacefully, I shall have cause enough for thankfulness.

Seven o'clock.—She is departed peacefully; not a sigh.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have brought home with me the broken-hearted sister of Miss Bird, whose eyes I have just closed, and who completed her pious course at six-and-twenty. Within a few hours, and not a hundred yards distant, died my much-honoured friend, Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, whose end was peace. His mind being a good deal hurt by his disorder, (water on the chest,) he rambled much at intervals; but the instant any religious exercise was proposed, he was perfectly sound, composed, and happy; his very rambling showed the habit of his mind; it was all praise and devotion. Mr. Hume perhaps would have excepted against his last words, which were, ‘Blessed Jesus!’ he then sunk to rest, without a sigh. His pious and afflicted widow removed to our house, while the last sad ceremonies were performing, and stayed some days shut up in an apartment, where she scarcely saw anybody but me, our other mourner being in another apartment.

As I contemplated the dead body of my beloved bishop, which I did several times, I could not help reflecting, to what a mind it had belonged! so wise and so witty, so pleasant and so pious. I am thankful to Providence for giving me the opportunity of being in the smallest degree instrumental to the comfort of these sufferers; I am not afraid that these scenes will affect me too much; my fear is, that the

impression may escape before it has wrought its full benefit upon my soul. I know your goodness for me, my dear madam, will make you glad to hear I was not the worse for these little exertions. Let me recommend to you a very little book, written by Mr. Cecil, called 'A Visit to the House of Mourning,' as a very proper little tract to keep by one, to give away to friends under affliction. I have often been in want of such a thing, when asked to recommend something; and find this more suitable and less exceptionable than most others that have fallen in my way; the style, too, being rather elegant, will recommend the matter.

I did not visit Madame de Sillery, alias Genlis. I was ill the whole time she was at Bath; and to say truth, the edge of my inclination towards her is much taken off. I have the same admiration of her talents, but very little veneration for her person: *et l'un ne va pas loin sans l'autre.*

I have often cast a thought, but I begin now to cast an eye, towards my many pleasant and kind friends assembled together in London. I look forward to the pleasure of appearing among you in a week or two. May I then find you, my dear madam, enjoying health, and peace, and comfort in all your dear and multiplied connexions. I congratulated you in heart and mind, though not with pen and ink, on the birth of a little Plantagenet. Adieu, my dear madam, ever affectionately,

Your's,

H. M.

Hannah More's visits to London were now more contracted, as her time became more engrossed in the interesting occupations in which we have lately seen her engaged; and in addition to this busy train of constant employment in promoting the improvement of the younger part of society, she was called upon to make an extraordinary exertion to rescue

an unfortunate young heiress who had been trepanned away from school at the age of fourteen. She was led, from circumstances, to take a deep interest in this tragic event, and in her efforts to discover the unhappy victim, she was often engaged in harassing and terrifying situations, (sometimes going about to search houses with armed Bow-street officers,) to the great injury of her health and spirits. All efforts, however, proved fruitless, the poor girl having been betrayed into a marriage, and carried to the continent. Miss M. had considered this object of so much importance, as to sacrifice to it her time, her health, and the comforts of society, while there was any remaining hope of success. The following letter gives an interesting account of this transaction.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

London, April 23, 1792.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Could you form the faintest idea of the life I have led, the scenes I have been engaged in, and the company I have kept since I came to town, you would cease to wonder at my unnatural silence. The day after I came, my sister, overcome with hurry and anxiety, fell alarmingly ill, in a miserable lodging, taken only for the day, to be near Bow-street. I had not only to sit up with, and nurse her, but the whole weight of this unhappy business fell on me, as an assistant to poor Miss M. My time has been literally past with thief-takers, officers of justice, and such pretty kind of people. I have made no visits, but snatched a hasty dinner in Cavendish-square, or at London House, in my dishabille, and away again, and this only two days ago; so long had I been in town without seeing those dear friends. Others I have not seen. I will give you a little sketch of the manner of life I have been engaged in. When we

had information brought us of any house where our unhappy child and her atrocious companion were supposed to be, Miss M—— and I were obliged to go under pretence of wanting lodgings. One lawyer went with us into the house to look at the rooms, another stood at the door: a hackney-coach full of Sir Sampson Wright's men at a little distance: to these we were directed to make signals in case we had discovered the object of our pursuit; our share in the business being to identify the dear little girl; the lawyers with all their professional non-chalance coolly directing us to betray no emotion, nor to discover ourselves, in case we found them. You know, I believe, my silly terror of fire-arms—it is inexpressible. What therefore made these visits so particularly distressing to me, was the assurance that P—— never sat without a pistol on the table, which he seized at every noise. Every morning presents some fresh pursuit, and every day closes in disappointment. You may believe that nothing would justify these exertions on our part, but the deepest persuasion of the sweet child's innocence. It was the most timid, gentle, pious little thing! How far the endearments and flattery of a wretch who they say is specious, may have corrupted her in five weeks, I tremble to think; but though I shall mourn, I shall not repent. Diligent pursuit is now making after them in France. I cannot drop this subject without naming the noble exertions of my friend, Mr. H. T——, whose zeal and piety has made him take it up as the cause of justice. His labours and influence have done more than all the lawyers: he got the king's proclamation, did everything with the secretary of state, and gave up every moment of his time which was not engaged in the other great cause, the abolition. Alas! we have lost that cause for the present.

I have hardly had an hour with Mrs. Garrick, but hope I shall soon. Tell Mr. Bryant he may venture

to buy the Estimate. The truth is, though I am sorry to have it found out, I have never denied it when fairly asked. To affect secrecy about a thing that is known is absurd. I have never had time to see Cadell, nor do I know anything about it. I hardly dare talk of engagements to Mrs. G. yet, as she has heard nothing of me; but I did hint to Mrs. Porteus, that I hoped to go to Fulham the last week in May. I mention this to you in a general way. I shall be sorry to have it later. The Mongewell friends too are very pressing for us. I know not what to say. I lead such a life of uncertainty, I fear to promise myself anything.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours very affectionately,

H. MORE.

Fulham Palace, 1792.

I suppose before this you are all settled down in the vale of cowslips. Our parties here have been almost every day spoiled by the business of both houses, which commonly takes off the flower of our company. This mischievous decision of trying evidence for the abolition below stairs, is very troublesome and perplexing to both friends and foes. There is no chance, or even possibility, of getting through it this year. The Bishop of Lincoln and Mrs. Pretyma spent a little time with us, and were very agreeable. A certain great lord (Thurlow) has made it such a point to oppose Pitt in everything, and obstruct all his plans, that the minister was obliged to tell the king he could not stay in unless the other went out. The king was wise enough to know which to prefer. We abolitionists have an additional reason for rejoicing, as an enemy is abstracted from the cabinet, who will now only give his single vote like any other hard-hearted lord.

In the course of this year, 1792, affairs began to wear a very gloomy and threatening aspect in this country. French revolutionary principles seemed to be spreading wide their mischievous influence. Indefatigable pains were taken, not only to agitate and mislead, but to corrupt and poison the minds of the populace, by every artifice that malice could suggest; and such had been the success of these efforts, and of the inflammatory publications by which they were carried on, that the perverted feelings and imaginations of men appeared to be propelling them fast into the same abyss into which the French had already fallen. At this crisis of consternation, letters poured in upon Hannah More by every post, from persons of eminence, earnestly calling upon her to produce some little popular tract, which might serve as a counteraction to those pernicious writings. The sound part of the community cast their eyes upon her as one who had shown an intimate knowledge of human nature, and had studied it successfully in all its varieties, from the highest to the lowest classes, and the clear and lively style of whose writings had been found to be generally attractive. She declined the undertaking, being persuaded that no efforts of hers would avail to stem so mighty a torrent.

Still, however, after having publicly refused it, she felt it her duty to try her powers in secret, and, in a few hours composed the dialogue of '*Village Politics, by Will Chip.*' But distrusting her ability to produce anything efficacious on such a subject, she clandestinely sent it, by a friend, to Mr. Rivington; employing him instead of her regular publisher, Mr. Cadell, to avoid suspicion. She waited not long for the event, for, in three or four days, every post brought her from London a present of this admirable little tract, with urgent entreaties that she would

use every possible means of disseminating it, as the strongest antidote that could be administered to the prevailing poison. It flew, with a rapidity which may appear incredible to those whose memories do not reach back to that period, into every part of the kingdom. Many thousands were sent by government to Scotland and Ireland. Numerous patriotic persons printed large editions of it at their own expense ; and in London only, many hundred thousands were soon circulated.

Internal evidence betrayed the secret ; and when the truth came out, innumerable were the thanks and congratulations, which bore cordial testimony to the merit of a performance, by which the tact and intelligence of a single female had ‘wielded at will the fierce democratic of England,’ and stemmed the tide of misguided opinion. Many persons of the soundest judgment went so far as to affirm that it had essentially contributed, under Providence, to prevent a revolution ; so true was the touch and so masterly the delineation, which brought out in all its relief and prominence, the ludicrous and monstrous cheat, whereby appetite, selfishness, and animal force, were attempted to be imposed upon us, under the form of liberty, equality, and imprescriptible right.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1793.

Health and every blessing which the new year can bring to my most dear and honoured friend, the cidevant Lady of Rosedale, but now, I trust, of warm and cheerful Audley-street.

As soon as I came to Bath, our dear Bishop of London came to me with a dismal countenance, and told me that I should repent it on my death-bed, if I, who knew so much of the habits and sentiments of the lower order of people, did not write some little

thing tending to open their eyes under their present wild impressions of liberty and equality. It must be something level to their apprehensions, or it would be of no use. In an evil hour, against my will and my judgment, on one sick day, I scribbled a little pamphlet, called *Village Politics, by Will Chip*; and the very next morning after I had first conceived the idea, I sent it off to Rivington, changing my bookseller, in order the more surely to escape detection. It is as vulgar as heart can wish; but it is only designed for the most vulgar class of readers. I heartily hope I shall not be discovered; as it is a sort of writing repugnant to my nature; though indeed it is rather a question of *peace* than of *politics*. I did not send one to you, my dear madam, nor to any friend, as that generally furnishes a clue to a discovery, which it was my object to avoid. Rivington sends me word that they 'go off very greatly, and that the purchasers are people of rank.' The very day the bishop came to me, Mrs. Montagu sent me a strong request on the same subject. Having relieved my conscience by owning my malefactions to you, my dear madam, I proceed to tell you that I know no more good of the author than of the book.

It is impossible to divert one's thoughts, one's talk, or one's pen long together from the horrors that have taken possession of every creature that has an atom of head or heart left. Yet I am afraid that even the bloody catastrophe of this deplorable tragedy has not filled up the measure of French iniquity. If ever one of their sixty-six monarchs deserved the appellation of *most Christian king*, surely it was the innocent Louis. When I used to weep for his calamities, little did I think I should ever have been benefitted by his piety; or instructed and edified by his conduct and his compositions.

It is only in the *testament* of this murdered king, and in the *charge* you had the goodness to send me

of the amiable Bishop of Leon, that my understanding and my principles have been refreshed with a little *ci-devant* Christianity and good sense. I had the pleasure of *bestowing* pleasure, by making that charge *faire le tour de ce quartier*, which is a good deal inhabited by considerable Roman Catholics, Howards, &c. They met every day at mass, as soon as it was light, and hung their chapels with black.

My franking friends are so good as to send me down loads of papers, pamphlets, &c., as they come out: but I confess I have not had *nerves* enough to trust my eyes with the inspection of that horrible guillotine. I can *generalize* misery with as much comfort as another; but there is something in detail and actual representation which I cannot stand. But of all the things I have seen, none appear more seasonable, or seem likely to do more good, than Bishop Watson's sermon, and especially his appendix, which he had the goodness to send me. The *date* of the sermon, before the question was agitated, adds to its value, and both coming from such a known assertor of liberty must open many eyes.

I enclose you a hasty sketch, excited by indignation on first reading Dupont's speech, some weeks since, which was sent me by the Bishop of London. It struck me that such poison should not be doled out to the English without some corrective. These dreadful subjects so run away with one, that I have neither room nor time to say more than that I hope you have quite lost that bad cold, and that those you most care about are well. Alas! must we go to war?

H. M.

Her pen, which had been so eminently successful in the service of her country, was not long suffered to lie idle, but was, after a very short interval, again employed in the cause of religion and humanity.

About this time appeared the famous atheistical

speech of Dupont to the National Convention. Blasphemous as was this production, it did not want admirers in this country, and its ominous reception here was the motive which engaged her active pen in a vigorous endeavour to repel the mischief. She was the more strongly stimulated to execute this design, by her wish to contribute towards the relief of the French emigrant clergy (for whose sufferings she felt the deepest commiseration) a larger supply than her slender purse could afford. She made her present work, therefore, conducive to a double purpose, by dedicating the whole of its profits, amounting to about £240. to the fund raised for their relief. The thanks of the committee for the management of this fund were transmitted to Mrs. H. More by their chairman, in a very handsome manner.

Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I think you would have had a melancholy pleasure, had you passed yesterday with us ; it was spent entirely in the new parish ; the youngest child having (as is just) the largest share of the mother's care and pains. What gave a solemnity to our day, was, that several of the wretched parents of our poor disciples are in the county prison, and were to be tried for their lives the next day ; so we were not obliged to invent subjects to touch our audience. It was upon a woman's being condemned to be hanged that we took up this parish this time twelvemonth.

Many of the young people are, I trust, already under very serious impressions. We have the school open every evening to persons of different descriptions, and, what I think would please you, several young day-labourers, when they come home late at night from harvest, so tired that they can hardly

stand, will not go to rest their weary limbs, till they have been up to school for a chapter and a prayer.

One evening in the week some better sort of people—farmers, attend. Among a little society of these we hope there are about twenty, including their wives, who begin earnestly to inquire, “What they must do to be saved?”

The weather sadly impedes our operations, which are mostly at a distance from home, so that I seldom escape a good wetting. I could not get on without my zealous colleague. When my heart faints and fails, I am afraid I take more refuge in the shortness of life, (which I labour to keep before my eyes) than in the prospect to which you so encouragingly direct my thoughts, and which cheered me a little.

* * * * *

I am too much affected, my dear Sir, with your very kind attention to my spiritual wants, to be quite silent. I can truly give you the only thanks you will think worth having, namely, that I believe and hope I shall be the better for it. You have hit on the disease, and I am persuaded have pointed out the only remedy. I know, too, that your authority will give weight to your suggestions, as my mind is, from its make, peculiarly liable to be acted upon by the hints and counsels of an able and discerning friend—more than from books—more than from meditation.

I thank God I feel somewhat less of this distress, but I fear it is because my animal spirits are rather less depressed, and not because my heart is more right. I trust my faith is sound, but it is not lively: I have not a full and vigorous confidence in those promises, which I, however, fully believe; and I am sure there must be something amiss in my heart, which I do not know of, (though I know so much of its defects,) because I have little sensible joy, I do not, I think, *at all* lean on my own wretched performances; yet I have a coldness in doing, and a

servile anxiety in omitting them. I have a stronger sense of sin, than of pardon and acceptance: though I have the firmest belief of both on the gospel terms: but it is not an operative principle. Of my own sinful estate I do not lose sight, but God's mercy in Christ Jesus, though my acknowledged trust, I am obliged to *seek* for,—it does not, like the other, readily *present* itself; it is not an *ever-ready active* principle—but here I suspect my natural temper comes in; doubt and fear being my governing principles in common life. My very desire after that perfection, for which I trust I am labouring, proceeds too much from impatience and self-love. My right actions have but poor motives. I want the satisfactions of a perfect state, before I have got rid of the corruptions of a depraved nature.

I had set my heart on seeing Mrs. Clarke, and am sadly disappointed. Pray for me, dear Sir, that I may begin to set my heart on that one thing which will never disappoint.

I am truly your ever obliged,

H. MORE.

We find only one letter written by Miss Hannah More to her family, during a short absence in the year 1794, the greater part of that year having been dedicated to her schools, and other schemes of benevolence.

From H. More to her Sister.

London, 1794.

Last Saturday I dined with Mrs. Montagu. It was almost two years since I had found myself in such *grand monde*, so I told them if I should be caught doing any thing vulgar, they must give me a jog. We were fourteen at dinner, and many more were added afterwards, most of them my old and intimate

friends who seemed to receive me with great kindness. I told them to make much of me, for their opportunities of seeing such a rarity would be few. Mrs. Montague is well, bright, and in full song, and had spread far and wide the fame of Cowslip Green, and the day she passed there. In the midst of all the splendour of lights, and grandeur, and luxury, word was brought in of the death of poor Lady E—. It was a tremendous warning; she was an amiable generous, and charitable woman, but was immersed in luxury and splendour.

I went to Mrs. Boscawen, with whom I shall make a point to pass all the time I can spare. We have had many hours of quiet discussion. She is better, but is, I fear, breaking up.

Tell Mr. R— I have just heard a good story of his French favourites. A poor woman had planted some lucerne in her field, which it seems was not the grass quite native to the spot. She was guillotined, and no one could assign a reason for it, *que parce qu'elle avoit dénaturé la terre*.

Remember me kindly to Lady Haddington. I am truly grieved at your account of her.

H. M.

The reader must have observed the rapid and unequivocal advancement of religious determination manifesting itself in the correspondence and communications of this humble scholar of the gospel about this period of her life; and will, if he feel an inspired relish for these disclosures of the work of the Spirit, be sensibly touched by the perusal of a portion of her journal, wherein the thoughts which have relation principally to the transactions of the year 1794 were laid up in their silent custody for her future help and direction. What has seemed to belong to the more private recesses of the bosom, with which no stranger should be allowed to inter-

meddle, I have thought it my duty reverently to suppress ; but enough may be laid before the public to give to the portrait of her mind its full expression and character.

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1794.—Heard of the death of Mr. Gibbon the historian, the calumniator of the despised Nazarene, the derider of Christianity. Awful dispensation! He, too, was my acquaintance. Lord, I bless thee, considering how much infidel acquaintance I have had, that my soul never came into their secret! How many souls have his writings polluted! Lord, preserve others from their contagion!

Sunday, Feb. 9.—This has been a hurrying week to me, in trying to raise money for the militia shoes; so much writing and talking, that there has been little leisure for reading—little disposition for communion with God. When shall I gain more self-possession? when shall I be able to do business with the world, without catching the spirit of the world? Another friend dead, Richard Burke! witty, eloquent, but how vain those talents without the one thing needful! I thank God that he has shewn me the vanity of genius, and given me a comparative deadness to reputation. Lord! do thou increase it, till I become quite mortified to the world. A fresh subject for praise this night—my dear friend Wilberforce carried one clause of the Slave Bill. Lord! hasten the time when true liberty, light and knowledge shall be diffused over the whole earth.

March 12.—Dined with friends at Mrs. ——. What doest thou here, Elijah? Felt too much pleased at the pleasure expressed by so many accomplished friends on seeing me again. Keep me from contagion!

Sunday, 23.—Had a comfortable religious day. I see the need of doing the duty of every day in its day; by not noting down the texts, I have forgotten them. When I look back on the past week, I see

cause for mourning over my vanity and folly. Escaped from hurry, vexation, gaiety, and temptation, to peace, leisure, and retirement. Where I had planned much progress to my own mind,—I find a languor, a drowsiness, and deadness,—sloth and self-love getting strong dominion, and much time wasted which I had devoted to improvement. Let these continual discoveries make me humble. All has been peace and quiet without, and that has induced carelessness within—the calm of prosperity is not good for the soul.

Sunday, April 20.—Passed this week in hurry—neither read nor prayed with fervour.

Sunday, May 4.—Heard Mr. Cecil, on “the good shepherd, who layeth down his life for the sheep;” Oh! blessed Shepherd! receive me, thy erring and straying sheep, into thy fold!

May 6.—Came to Fulham to my dear Bishop—much kindness—literary and elegant society; but the habits of polished life, even of virtuous and pious people, are too relaxing. Much serious reading, but not a serious spirit; good health, with increased relaxation of mind; thus are the blessings of God turned against himself.

Sunday, July 13.—Went to Shipham and Cheddar—very full schools at each: had much comfort in the improvement, of most, and the growing piety of many. We were both enabled to speak and instruct with spirit, and seemed to make an impression. Read a sermon to the aged. Came home very late and much tired, but I hope full of gratitude.

July 15.—Prayed with some comfort; but my mind was too much in other concerns. Have much business on my hands at this time; and though it is all of a charitable and religious nature, (for I humbly design never to have any other,) yet still the details of it draw away my soul and thoughts from God. When shall I be purified?

Wednesday, July 23.—Gave our annual feast on Mendip to our poor children, near one thousand. Conjured by the Bishop to answer Paine's atheistical book, with a solemnity which made me grieve to refuse. Lord! do thou send abler defenders of thy holy cause! Heard of the death of Mr. W——, an awful death! Profane, worldly, unawakened, in the extremest old age!

Sunday, August 10.—Talked earnestly to sweet Mrs. F——; gave her Witherspoon. Have read and conversed for many days with her and lady W——. Lord! enable me with equal prudence and zeal to labour to impress thy great doctrines on her heart, and at the same time let me in all humility copy her resignation. Heard of the death of young Burke. Lord! bless this heavy loss to his broken-hearted father. Oh! do thou now show him the vanity of ambition, and the worthliness of the noblest talents, except as they are used to promote thy glory. Lord Chancellor Bathurst is gone, one of my oldest, kindest friends: I had very many obligations to him. How warnings multiply! this week I have not made the most of my time; vain thoughts and old besetting sins begin to resume their power. Lord! enable me to pray more, to struggle more, to live in closer communion with thee. Went to Sandford, Banwell school, and Church Shipham school. Patty read Walker on "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." A large and attentive audience. She laboured diligently; expounded scripture at four schools. She greatly eclipses me. Lord! be thou her exceeding great reward. Another month has now ended; before it closed, I heard of the death of ten old friends; *all* taken—I left—will nothing quicken my diligence?

September. — Confined this week with four days head-ache: an unprofitable time—thoughts wandering—little communion with God. I see by every

fresh trial that the time of sickness is seldom the season for religious improvement. This great work should be done in health, or it will seldom be well done! Oh! for better preparation for sickness and death.

Sunday, September 14.—Cheddar—a very blessed day; between three and four hundred young and old; many seriously impressed. This has revived my hopes, that God will enable us to carry on this very extensive work, notwithstanding the heavy loss of our dear school-mistress. May we be deeply humbled under a sense of our own unworthiness for this work! May thy glory, and the good of souls, be our only end—we are nothing, have nothing, and of ourselves can do nothing.

Sunday, September 21.—Staid at home on account of the weather. Read and prayed with some degree of comfort, which was invaded by the reflection that we might have been doing good at the schools. For some days have found more comfort in prayer, more warmth in spirit; but still lamentably defective—above all in *family prayer*. What is read by others makes little impression on me—not so in extemporary prayer. Yet I have a fear that it is novelty, or curiosity, that catches me. Lord, let my heart, and not my ear be seized upon!

Sunday, September 28.—Nailsea church and Yatton,—had a painful, trying day. Much enmity against religious schemes; opposition, labour, and bodily fatigue! Yet what is this to what the Apostles and their blessed Master endured? Lord, strengthen my faith, enable me to have patience with these ignorant opposers of thy law. Encouraged by seeing many of our young men seriously affected; unwilling on that account to throw up this one school, which I think we should have done, had our motives been merely human.

When will my heart be a fit tabernacle for the

Spirit of purity? Have lately had much communion with God in the night. I grow, I hope, more disposed to convert silence and solitude into seasons of prayer. I think also I fear death less. I am much tried by the temper of others. Lord, subdue my *own* evil tempers. Let me constantly think of him, "who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself."

Sunday, October 19.—Being hindered by heavy rains from visiting our schools, I resolve by thy grace to devote myself this day, O Lord! in an especial manner to thy service. I have seldom a Sabbath to spend on myself. Let me not trifle away this precious opportunity, but pass it in extraordinary prayer, reading and meditation. Enable me to make conversation one of my pious exercises.

I desire to remember with particular gratitude in my devotions, that on this day five years, my colleague and myself set up our first religious institution at Cheddar. Bless the Lord! O my soul, for the seed which was that day sown! Do thou daily turn more hearts from darkness to light, and preserve them from falling back again. O Lord! I desire to bless thy holy name for so many means of doing good, and that when I visit the poor, I am enabled to mitigate some of their miseries. I bless thee, that thou hast called me to this employment, which, in addition to many other advantages, contributes to keep my heart tender.

Sunday, November 9.—I have lately been negligent in self-examination. I resolve by thy grace to be more diligent. My faithful colleague has gone to our schools. I wish to acknowledge her superiority to myself in many principal parts of our joint concern, particularly in familiarizing scripture to untutored minds.

Sunday Nov. 16.—A fatiguing day—visited five schools; many difficulties surrounded me; Lord! increase our faith; let the discoveries of faith be

more clear, the desires of faith more strong, the dependencies of faith more firm and fixed, the dedications of faith more ardent and resolute, and the delights of faith more elevating and durable.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—Detained at home by a severe cough and head-ache. Grieved to find that when I have this last complaint to a great degree, I have seldom any strong religious feelings. I would have hoped it is because its acuteness almost destroys the power of thinking, did I not feel, to my great sorrow, that my mind rambles through a thousand vain, trifling, and worldly thoughts, even sometimes in extremity of pain; but seldom sticks close to God and holy things. It seems a just punishment for my sinfulness, in having suffered my thoughts to roam too much in easier and happier hours, that I am deprived of the consolations of pious reflections in those moments of keen suffering, when nothing else can support the soul under the pains of the body. Lord, enable me to keep closer to thee at other times, and then I humbly trust thou wilt not desert me at these trying times. Enable me to fix my thoughts more intensely, more frequently, on death and dying scenes.

Dec. 15.—Went to Bath. I have now entered a new scene of life. O Lord! fit me for the duties and keep me from all the temptations of it. I thank thee that the vain and unprofitable company with which this place abounds, is a burden to me. Give me a holy discretion on the one hand, and zeal not to be drawn off from better practices on the other. As my conversation will be less useful, let me be careful that my thoughts are more holy, and that I look more after the state of my heart. Give me a submissive spirit to bear all the wounding words I may be obliged to hear against religion. And do thou remove those prejudices which obstruct the growth of some of my friends in divine things.

The institution of Sunday Schools, which originated with the benovolent Mr. Raikes, had enabled multitudes of the lower classes to read; and no one more rejoiced at this improvement of their condition, nor, to the extent of her power, more laboriously contributed to it than Mrs. H. More. But she began to fear that, without some extraordinary efforts, their very advantages might become a source of much evil. The multiplication of mischievous tracts, which were dispersed with incredible industry, called aloud for some permanent antidote. To teach the poor to read, she now saw, was putting a dangerous engine into their hands, unless safe and salutary reading was also provided. The friends of insurrection, infidelity and vice, carried their exertions so far as to load asses with their pernicious pamphlets, and to get them dropped, not only in cottages, and in highways, but into mines and coal-pits.

The success of 'Village Politics' encouraged her to venture on a more extensive undertaking. This was to produce regularly every month, three tracts, consisting of stories, ballads, and Sunday readings, written in a lively and popular manner. By these means she hoped to circulate religious knowledge as well as innocent entertainment, and to counteract the poison which was continually flowing through the channels of corruption.

When she considered the multitudes whose sole reading was limited to those vicious performances; and that the temptation was obtruded upon them in the streets, or invitingly hung out upon the walls, or from the windows, she thought the evil was so diffused as to justify her in employing such remedial methods as were likely to become effectual by their simplicity and brevity, and their accommodation to vulgar minds.

As the school of Paine had been labouring to undermine, not only religious establishments, but

good government, by the alluring vehicles of novels, stories, and songs, she thought it right to encounter them with their own weapons; and, having observed that to bring dignities into contempt, and to render the clerical character odious, was a favourite object with the enemy, her aim was to oppose it in the way that seemed most likely to defeat the mischief. She therefore scarcely ever produced a tract in which it was not a part of her plan to introduce an exemplary parish priest.

As she proposed to undersell the trash, she meant to oppose, she found that the expense would prevent the possibility of her carrying on the scheme without a subscription, and she no sooner published proposals of her plan, than it was warmly taken up by the wisest and best characters in the country.

The success surpassed her most sanguine expectations. Two millions of these publications were sold in the first year—a circumstance perhaps new in the annals of printing. The exertion it required to organize the plan,—to produce, or to procure from others (for two or three friends and one of her sisters occasionally assisted her) three tracts every month for three years,—and to keep up a correspondence with the various committees formed in almost every part of the kingdom, materially undermined her health; nor was this the only sacrifice she made to her country and to humanity; she devoted to these labours that time which she might have employed in writings that would have greatly increased her yearly income—an increase which her large disbursements for her schools must have rendered expedient. Perceiving that her tracts had not only made their way into kitchens and nurseries, but even into drawing-rooms, she at length judged it expedient to have them handsomely printed in three volumes.

The following letters were addressed to her sister

about this period ; they all bear date, '*London, 1795.*'

I forgot to tell you one thing which diverted me vastly. When the proposals for the tracts was shewn to the Duke of —, he said that though he admired the scheme exceedingly, and had a high respect for me, he should not subscribe, because he took it for granted, knowing the character of the lady, that all the doctrines would be on one side. I desired my friend to tell his grace that they certainly would ! I wonder if I shall ever have time again to sit down and write a quiet orderly letter:—I have always so many things to say, and never any time to say them. The Repository Tracts engage my whole thoughts. I have written a new ballad, called the '*Newcastle Collier,*' with which the Bishop of Durham is much pleased. Newcastle is in his diocese, and he hopes to spread the plan much there. We had Lord and Lady Harcourt, and a number of such-like fine people to-day at dinner.

My compliments to the poor emigrant priests who are so much with you : do not tell them that the French nobles and bishops now in this country are mentioned with dislike by some of our high people. My constant answer is, '*You should have found out their vices before they wanted a dinner ; they had no sins when they were able to give you magnificent fêtes in their own country. Our bounties are not meant to reward their virtues, but to supply their necessities.*' I went to London House yesterday, and found the Bishop with his table full of our penny literature.

Mr. Mason has sent me half a dozen ballads for the Repository. I was obliged to reject three, because they had too much of politics, and another because there was too much of love. But two, one

of which was called the 'Ploughboy's Dream,' will do very well. I know not what so great a man will say at having any of his offerings rejected. The Bishop has written him word that I am very nice, and hard to please, so that he must not wonder if I do not take every thing *even* of *his*. Two highly respectable Committees are formed, one in the city and the other in Westminster, members of parliament, &c., for the regular circulation of our Repository Tracts. The Bishop of Dromore has been with me, to put me on a good plan about hawkers. The Bishop of London received the enclosed note to-day from the Archbishop of Canterbury; it would make Sally, who has such a veneration for dignitaries and cathedrals, smile to see how much the heads of the church condescend to deal in our small wares.

I found two very agreeable presents last night waiting my arrival. The works of Soame Jenyns, from the editor, my good friend Mr. Cole; and Mr. Bryant's new work, magnificently bound in morocco—a present from the learned and pious author, with a letter friendly and flattering to the last degree. I observe every year an increase of piety in this good man. Tell Patty I have a present, too, for her memorandum book, a piece of laurel gathered at Virgil's tomb, thirty years ago.

I have been writing a ballad for the 'Cheap Repository,' called 'Turn the Carpet.' The object of it is to vindicate the justice of God in the apparently unequal distribution of good in this world, by pointing to another. I shewed it to the Bishop, who laughing said,—'Here you have Bishop Butler's Analogy, all for a halfpenny.' I have been so ill, that my friends have sent Dr. Warren to me. He is a most agreeable as well as able man; pays me every attention, but will never take a fee. This is uniformly the case, whatever physician I consult,

and I have consulted all that are eminent. I have surely reason to speak highly of the liberality of the profession.

I paid my visit to Gloucester House yesterday. Lady Waldegrave presented me to the Duchess. We had two hours of solid, rational, religious conversation. It would be too little to say, that the Duchess's behaviour is gracious in the extreme. She behaved to me with the affectionate familiarity of an equal; and though I took the opportunity of saying stronger things of a religious kind than perhaps she had ever heard, she bore it better than any great person I ever conversed with, and seemed not offended at the strictness of the gospel. I was resolved to preserve the simplicity of my own character, and conversed with the greatest ease. It was Thursday, the great court day on the royal marriage. The Duchess presented me to Princess Sophia, and Prince William.

The manners of these two young personages were very agreeable. They found many kind things to say to me, and conversed with the greatest sweetness and familiarity. I strongly recommended Mr. Gisborne's book. The Duchess quoted the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' two or three times, and told me of a little adventure she had had. She desired Lady Mary Mordaunt (one of her ladies of the bed-chamber) to stop an orange-woman, and ask her if she ever sold ballads? 'No! indeed,' said the woman, 'I don't do any thing so mean, I don't even sell *apples*?' This diverted them, as they did not know there were so many ranks and gradations in life. With some difficulty, however, they prevailed on her to condescend to sell some of our little books, and in a few hours she came back, shewing them two shillings she had cleared by her new trade.

Lord Orford rallied me yesterday, for what he

called the ill-natured strickness of my tracts ; and talked foolishly enough of the cruelty of making the poor spend so much time in reading books, and depriving them of their pleasure on Sundays. In return, I recommended him and the ladies present to read 'Law's Serious Call.' I told them it was a book that their favourite, Mr. Gibbon, had highly praised ; and, moreover, that Law had been Gibbon's tutor early in life. Both are true, but was there ever such a contrast between preceptor and pupil ? They have, however, promised to read it ; and I know they will be less afraid of Gibbon's recommendation than of mine.

Poor Lord Orford has been very seriously ill, and is far from recovered. I was told that, as he lay on his bed, he cried out, 'I wish I had not scolded poor Hannah More, for being so religious ! I hope she forgives me.' So I sent him word that I forgave him, and would pray for him.

My kind friend, Mrs. Garrick, is very angry that I so much curtail my visits to her, but I feel that I have no right to steal time from occupations by which I hope I may be made an instrument of some little usefulness.

Coulthurst tells me it was a famous speech that Mr. Wilberforce made at York about the sedition bills, which has established his own popularity, and the cause of government in that county. Mrs. Kenicott is here, and Mr. Jacob Bryant is expected. We dined yesterday at Chelsea, at Lord Cremore's. To-day we visit Mr. Ormerod, at his new residence at Kensington.

Since writing the above, Lady Euston has been here to spend the morning. She tells me that her lord and Pitt were returned yesterday for Cambridge. I suppose Sally is quite wild at the budget. Such national wealth ! Such a minister ! £600,000 in the

treasury ; and then he thanks *Divine Providence*, too, for the flourishing state of the nation ; I hope this view of the nation's dependence will open more and more upon him.

No one can duly appreciate the worth and agreeableness of the delightful owners of this house, who have not, like me, had the privilege of being an inmate for some weeks every year. Mrs. Porteus always puts me in mind of an expression of Sir Philip Sydney ; her whole demeanour and conduct is the 'measure of propriety.' I never knew a woman more discreet and judicious, or who more properly selected topics for conversation. As to the Bishop, his life is a tissue of good actions. His industry is incredible ; he still rises at five, and the end of one useful employment is only the beginning of another. His mind is always alive when any project of public good or private benevolence is on foot. His sweetness of temper, his playful wit, his innocent cheerfulness, embellish and delight our little society. My visits here are rendered perfectly agreeable, now that I am so little in town, by their kindness in inviting my particular friends to meet me here.

Lord Orford has presented me with Bishop Wilson's edition of the Bible, in three volumes quarto, superbly bound in morocco, (oh ! that he would himself study this blessed book), to which in a most flattering inscription he attributes my having done far more good than is true. Alas ! when I receive these undue compliments, I am ready to answer, with my old friend Johnson—'Sir, I am a miserable sinner !'

A little previous to this time, Hannah More received from her sister Martha, who was vigorously engaged in the instruction and superintendence of their schools, an account of the funeral of one of the

school-mistresses whom they had for some years employed. It affords at once such a proof of providential direction in the choice of the teachers they engaged, and of the respect which sincere piety and useful talents may procure to those who are in very humble life, that I think its intrinsic worth will justify its insertion. It deserves a place, too, as a specimen of the fervent spirit and simple piety of the warm-hearted writer; a woman whose frame was the weak and languid vehicle of a strong and noble mind, directing its affections first to her God and Saviour, and then expanding them over the whole human race in labours of love.

From Martha to Hannah More.

August 18, 1795.

I took my letter yesterday to finish it at Cheddar; but, alas! hurry, grief, and agitation, render it almost impossible for me to write a word; however, I will endeavour to convey to you, that we have just deposited the remains of our excellent Mrs. Baber, to mingle with her kindred dust. Who else has ever been so attended, so followed to the grave! Of the hundreds who were assembled, all had some token of mourning in their dress. All the black gowns in the village were exhibited, and those who had none, had, *some* broad, *some* little bits of narrow black ribbon, such as their few spare pence could provide. The house, the garden, and place before the door was full. But how shall I describe it—not one single voice nor step was heard—their very silence was dreadful. It was not the least affecting part to see their poor little ragged pocket-handkerchiefs, not half sufficient to dry their tears;—some had none, and those tears that did not fall to the ground, they wiped off with some part of their dress. When the procession moved off, Mr. Boak, who was so good as to

come to the very house, preceded the corpse, with his hatband and gown on, which, as being unusual, added somewhat to the scene;—then the *body*;—then her sister and myself as chief mourners; a presumptuous title amidst such a weeping multitude; then the gentry, two and two;—next her children, near two hundred; then all the parish in the same order; and though the stones were rugged, you did not hear one single footstep.

When we came to the outer gate of the churchyard, where all the people used to wait to pay their duty to her by bows and courtesies, we were obliged to halt, for Mr. Boak to go in and get his surplice on, to receive the corpse with the usual texts. This was almost too much for every creature, and Mr. Boak's voice was nearly lost; when he came to 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' he could scarcely *utter* it; but to *feel* it, was a better thing. On our entrance into the church, the little remaining sight we had left discovered to us that it was almost full. How we were to be disposed of, I could not tell. I took my old seat with the children, and close by her place. Mr. Boak gave us a discourse of thirty-five minutes *entirely* upon the subject. His text was from St. John, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." He said he chose it, because it was the last she had made use of to him, (I was sitting on her bed at the same time); he added, she looked round her, and observed it was comfortable to have kind friends, but much better to have God with one.' His sermon was affecting and bold: as a proof of the latter, though Mr. — the vicar was there, and he himself was curate, he said with an emphasis in his voice, and a firmness in his look, 'This eminent Christian first taught *salvation* in Cheddar.' He spoke of Betsey in high terms, besought all to look to her, and very sweetly put up a prayer, that a double portion of the mother's spirit might descend upon the

daughter. He was very tender in his address to the children, exceedingly solemn in that to the young men and women, and concluded with a fervent and suitable prayer.

When we drew near to the grave, and the last solemn rite was performed, and “ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” was pronounced, every body threw in their nosegays. I was almost choked. When Robert Reeves, John Marshall, and the six favourites let down the coffin, they stood over it in an attitude never to be described, and exhibited a grief never to be forgotten. They feared at one time Mr. Gilling must have been taken out of the church. If you could for a moment doubt my account, I would add, that the undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed, that, without emolument, it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight. I forgot to mention, the children sobbed a suitable hymn over the grave. There was no boisterous hysterical grief, for the departed had taught them how to select suitable texts for such occasions, and when to apply the promises of scripture, but I think almost tears enough were shed to lay the dust. We returned as we went, save that we had left this “mother in Israel” behind. When we got the children into the great room, and missed her lively sprightly figure and movements, every heart sunk.

I said a great deal to them all, as well as I could, and wrung their little hearts; for I knew but too well, that the world and young blood would make an excellent sponge to wipe out, full soon, the awful lessons of that day. My rough nature generally directs me rather to *probe* than *heal* a wound: the natural man loves to patch, but the new piece will tear the old garment. Mr. Boak was very kind, and assisted me a good deal in talking to them; and said all now hung upon their own good conduct, whether the school should be continued or not, but he hoped

we should try it at least a twelvemonth. Excellent laborious Betsy has hitherto all her life been an indefatigable slave. She will now suddenly be called into great power, and Satan, I presume, will be more active about her than ever ; therefore the truest tenderness will be, to keep a tight rein over her ourselves, and let her out gradually ; as we have not that exalted opinion of the dignity of human nature which some gentlemen and ladies have. I have promised to go next Sunday to open the school, and talk to the people, if I am able. I think I shall go on horseback. Mrs. Baber seemed for the last six months to have been particularly preparing for death. She had been very bilious, and slept but little. Betsy would speak, and inquire how she did ? her answer was, I lie awake, and in pain, but eternity is revealed to me in a manner I cannot, dare not tell ! She had ceased speaking to the people after the sermon for some time, and made Betsy do all the *important* parts of the business ; the *laborious* part she always did.

I should have thought it no crime to have given a considerable sum to have had you, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Thorton present. Perhaps such a sight has seldom been exhibited. Oh, that the rich and great would so live as to be so mourned ! So passeth this world away, and so we go on sinning, and take no warning. Never, never, had I such a difficulty to restrain my tongue, as at the moment the last office was performed : the people ! the children ! the solemnity of the whole ! the spirit within seemed struggling to speak ; and I was in a sort of agony, but I recollected that I had heard somewhere a woman must not speak in the church. Oh ! had she been interred in the church-yard, a messenger from Mr. Pitt should not have restrained me, for I seemed to have received a message from a higher Master within ; and I have long been convinced that Satan is as often dressed in

the garb of prudence as in any other, and as often succeeds in it. How many pious people prayed for her; Mr. Serle too! yet all did not prevail. She seemed indeed to have done her work. I am sure Mr. Newton especially will lament her, because he had seen her so often. How this Cheddar work will now go on, no human being can tell; but of this we are certain, it is in the same *hands* now that it was before.

MARTHA MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, Oct. 14, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should not trouble you so soon with a line in answer to yours, if it were not to save you more trouble. I take very kindly your friendly sympathy and attention, in proposing to look out for an assistant to us in our operations; but I write on purpose to beg you not to think of it. An ordinary person would be of no use; one of a superior cast, who might be able to enter into our views and further them, would occasion an expense equal to the support of one or two or more schools. At present we rub on pretty well. It will be time enough to think of your scheme when I am quite laid by. This hot weather makes me suffer terribly, yet I have now and then a good day, and on Sunday was enabled to open the school. It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes: three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged;—many thieves, all ignorant, profane, and vicious beyond belief! Of this banditti we have enlisted one hundred and seventy; and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also a magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling round us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish

in some way, he burst into tears. I can do them little good, I fear; but the grace of God can do all. Your friend, Henry Thornton, thought we ought to try.

I have just had a letter from the Bishop of London, expressing the most gloomy apprehensions as to our public prospects. Captain Bedford writes me that there is scarcely an officer in the fleet who does not reprobate the Quiberon attempt, and all subsequent attempts on the coast.

Yours, dear Sir, most sincerely,

HANNAH MORE.

P. S. Have you never found your mind, when it has been weak, now and then touched and raised by some very trifling circumstance? So I felt on Sunday. The principal people from many parishes came to the opening of this scheme for the instruction of this place, which is considered a sort of Botany Bay. Some musical gentlemen, drawn from a distance by curiosity (just as I was coming out of church with my ragged regiment, much depressed to think how little good I could do them) quite unexpectedly struck up that beautiful and animating anthem, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, you have done it unto me." It was well performed, and had a striking effect.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 15, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

If I had followed the impulse of my feelings, I should have sent you, by return of post, my warmest thanks for your kind, most undeservedly kind letter. If you had treated me as I deserve, you would never have written to me again; but I am much gratified whenever I find any one to whom I am truly at-

tached, understanding me well enough not to make the punctuality of my correspondence a test of the sincerity of my frindship.

You cannot imagine, my dear Sir, how much comfort I derive from being assured that I and mine are frequently remembered by you at the throne of grace. I cannot express to you how much I stand in need of every support. Weak health, weak spirits, and weak faith, sometimes seem to concur in saying, 'You take too much upon you; and yet I seem to be carried through difficulties that appear insuperable, in a way that often fills me with wonder and gratitude. God is sometimes pleased to work by the most unpromising and unworthy instruments; I suppose to take away every shadow of doubt that it is his own doing. It always gives me the idea (if not too low and familiar) of a great author writing with a very bad pen. You will be glad to hear that our work rather increases. I think our various schools and societies consist of about sixteen or seventeen hundred. This would be comparatively little fatigue, if they lay near together; but our ten parishes lie at considerable distances, so that poor Patty and I have a diameter of above twenty miles to travel, in order to get at them. In some of these parishes we dare not do all we wish, by reason of the worldly clergymen; who are now quiet and civil, but who would become hostile if we attempted in *their* parishes what we do in some others. In some of the most profligate places, we have had the most success; and where we chiefly fail, it is with your *pretty good kind of people*, who do not see how they can be better. I think it has pleased God to give us the most rapid progress in the parish we last took up, not above a year ago. This place has helped to people the county gaol and Botany Bay beyond any I know of. They seemed to have reached a sort of crisis of iniquity. Of nearly two hundred children, many of

them grown up, hardly any had ever seen the inside of a church since they were christened. I cannot tell you the avidity with which the scriptures were received by numbers of these poor creatures. Finding the heads of the parish, (farmers) quite as ignorant as their labourers, we devised a method, at the outset, of saving their pride, by setting apart one evening in the week on purpose for their instruction. Above twenty of them, including their wives, attend, and many seem to be brought under serious impressions.

One great benefit which I have found to result from our project is, the removal of that great gulph which has divided the rich and poor in these country parishes, by making them meet together; whereas, before, they hardly thought they were children of one common father. Oh! how glad should I be to get you to preach to a little colony of colliers we have raised up. We have placed at the head of it a young collier of uncommon gifts, and, as I am willing to hope, of uncommon graces also; but as we have been sometimes disappointed after very promising beginnings, I have learned to rejoice with trembling. Unfortunately the road to this place is so extremely bad, that a carriage cannot get to it, so that we are not able to go half as often as we could wish, and ought; and when we do, it is through more fatigue than we can well bear, though Patty is far more heroic than I am.

I wish you could recommend us any fresh sermons, calculated for our sort of audience; they should be very awakening as to the matter, but simple and perspicuous as to the expression. Most, even of the spirited and striking ones I meet with, have still this fault,—they pre-suppose too much knowledge and education in the readers or hearers; now we want some which teach and refer to first principles, and which suppose the audience to know nothing. The books, I think,

to which we return the oftenest, are those of Rowland, Alleine, and Walker of Truro; but even of these we are obliged to lower the style as we read, and substitute familiar words for hard ones. I do not flatter myself that we do much good; but the folly, the prejudice, the ignorance, the opposition, and the various disappointments we sometimes meet with, serve at least to teach one a spirit of forbearance; and when we are coming home very tired at night, I often tell Patty that we ought to take comfort in thinking, that if we have done the people no good, we have got some good ourselves by such wholesome exercises of our patience and toleration. I sometimes tremble to think, that while busy in looking after the vineyards of others, "mine own vineyard have I not kept." Pray for me, my dear Sir, that I may have a more lively faith, a deeper humility, a spirit of more complete self-renunciation; that I may be more dead to the world, and more alive unto God.

I rejoice in the good and agreeable accounts you give of yourself, and hope your valuable health and life will be spared many years, and that your useful services in the church may be prolonged and extended. Pray remember me to Miss Catlett. I sympathise with you in the loss of your dear assistant. All this family join in affectionate remembrance to you, with, dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged friend,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1797.

If I *do* write, quoth I to myself, in the humour I am in, I shall convince my most honoured friend that I have no wit; and if I *do not* write I shall prove to a demonstration that I have no gratitude. Thus the matter stood for a long time in exact equi-

poise ; but at last recollecting that wit was only a *talent*, and gratitude a *virtue*, I was resolved to secure to myself the reputation and comfort of the one, though at the risk, nay the certainty, of forfeiting all pretensions to the other. Now, Madam, I appeal to your discernment, if I have not made the better choice ? Of attaining to the one I despair ; it is a rare but dangerous present—but come, gratitude ! thou peaceful, amiable virtue, and confess (though thou art less addicted to confession than to feeling) if I did not cherish thee in my heart, this morning, when I received so delightful a letter from Audley Street. Nothing could have diminished the entire pleasure that letter gave me, but the unpleasant intelligence of the indisposition of the writer.

I did not get hither to my winter quarters till Christmas. I was so earnestly pressed to halt at Stoke, with the Duchess, in my way, that I complied for three or four days. Very strong indeed were the intreaties of my noble hostess that I should remain during the visit of the whole house of Mannors, but I was constrained to be equally firm in my refusal.

Since I have been here I have so entirely lost my cough as to be able to drink the waters, which do me much good. Now, my dear Madam, if you do not think here is already a sufficient quantity of egotism, I will go on to tell you, that though I go to the pump I do not make any visits, not having set my foot to the ground these two months. I shall, however, make an exception in favour of your neighbours, Lord and Lady Kenyon, who have done me the honour to desire to be acquainted with me. I am much pleased with the plain unadorned integrity, the simplicity of manners, the respect for piety, of this great Lord Chief Justice : I think he discovers more reverence for virtue and religion in his decisions than any law leader I remember.

My friends are extremely kind, so that I have full

as much company as my heart can wish. Lady Herries is here, with the full use of her limbs, which I am glad of; though, if they had been my limbs, I question if I should have thought the use of them worth purchasing at the expense of living abroad:—better be dying in England, than well anywhere else, is my maxim.

Grave as the times are, Bath never was so gay; princes and kings that will be, and princes and kings that have been, pop upon you at every corner; the Stadtholder and Prince of Wales only on a flying visit; but their Highnesses of York are become almost inhabitants, and very sober and proper their behaviour is. The Duchess contributes, by her residence in it, to make our street alive. I had the honour of spending a morning with her Royal Highness. Her conversation was judicious and lively: the waters have been of service to her; she has had the goodness to present me with a beautiful little box, with her hair set round with pearls on the lid.

Lady Waldegrave writes me but a sad account of poor Lord Orford. Of Mrs. Carter's recovery, though slow, I hear better accounts. I say nothing of war, because I am weary of the word, nor of peace, because I lose all hope of it. I am thankful, however, that the fault does not rest with us; one can bear the affliction far better, when one has not to bear the guilt also.

Alas! my dear Madam, your letter has just arrived which announces the affecting tidings of Lord Orford's death,—affecting in no small degree: though I have been in daily expectation of such an event taking place, my feelings are quite overcome when I call to remembrance that kindness which knew no interruption during twenty years.

I am, dear Madam,

Affectionately yours,

H. MORE.

Mrs. H. More to her sister.

London, 1797.

Poor Lord Orford ! I could not help mourning for him as if I had not expected it. But twenty years' unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry now that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting I made him promise to buy 'Law's Serious Call.' His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manners, alas ! what avail they now ! The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh that he had known and believed the things that belonged to his peace ! My heart is much oppressed with the reflection.

The most rational and religious evening, by far, that I have passed in town, was at Gloucester House, where I have been twice. It would make some folks smile to know that we read the epistle to the Ephesians, and commented as we went along. Mr. Wilberforce's chapter on 'Human corruption,' led to a long discussion on that doctrine, and other grand points. I told the Duchess of Gloucester that Mr. Wilberforce was to send her his book : she was quite charmed, and said she would sit up all night rather than not be qualified to talk about it with me when she sees me again. I am curious to hear what people say of this book. All agree that it is well written ; that it is a very able book ; even some worldly people admire it highly. Of course those who thought Gisborne strict, will think Wilberforce ten times more so.

Palace, Fulham, May 7, 1798.

I had a very quiet, pleasant visit at Mitcham, contrasting well with the scene I had quitted in town. Mr. Cecil was faithful as usual to his annual assigna-

tion. I did not enjoy much of poor Mr. Hoare's company; so occupied was he in arming and exercising. He rises at half-past four, at Mitcham, trots off to town to be ready to meet at six the Fleet-street corps, performing this evolutions in the area of Bridewell, the only place where they can find sufficient space; then comes back to a late dinner, and as soon as it is over, goes to his committees, after which he has a serjeant to drill himself and his three sons on the lawn till it is dark.

Upon my arrival here, I found quite a conclave of bishops, Durham, London, Lincoln, with their ladies. The bishop of Lincoln gave me the enclosed. It was the result of the Lambeth meeting, and I am glad it has a little checked the military ardour of the clergy; their number being only one, or at most two in a parish, would have been too inconsiderable to have been of any great use; and it would have unhinged them from that more important station in which they may be incalculably more useful. While I think of it, desire Hazard to give you a parcel of the papers containing the texts which the Moravians give their people, inculcating duty to kings, and enclose me as many as a cover directed to the bishop will hold. The people are all in raptures at the arrival of that romantic hero Sir Sidney Smith; the bells rung as he passed through this place; I am glad when they can be pleased without mischief. The bishop of Lincoln staid with us till Tuesday; only he stole off now and then to his old pupil, Mr. Pitt, and went down to Holmwood with him on Saturday and Sunday, where the bishop says he is as eager about planting, and putting in *this* tree, and pulling up *that* hedge, and erecting *the other* seat, as if he had not a whole nation on his back. What is surprising, with his load of business, is, that he has contrived already to get through the three quartos of Sir Robert Walpole which he greatly likes: he says it is ill-written, but

very interesting, and sets Sir Robert's character very high. The bishop of London went yesterday to dine at Lambeth, and we ladies went to dine with Lady Cremore, who gave me some religious generals for your collection. She came down stairs on Sunday at eight in the morning, and found Admiral C——, another admiral, and a general, with their bibles, each separately in different parts of the room, and so at times all the day; it put me in mind of Sir Richard Hill. In the morning we had a visit from the Duchess of Gloucester, whom I had the honour of introducing at Fulham; the Bishop and Mrs. Porteus were much pleased with her sweetness and good humour.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

August 15, 1798.

I have been wishing to write to you, to thank you for sending the Dykes, whom we much liked. He preached at Cheddar, and dropped a word after P——'s sermon at night. I have many things to say, partly in answer to your kind and very encouraging letter, which served to strengthen my faith, and cheer my spirits—partly to tell you of our goings on, and chiefly to enquire after your wife and son; but I must defer all I have to tell you till I am better able to say it, and confine myself to say a word on the great mercies of God to myself. I went last week to Wedmore, the new place, and believe I spent too much time in a damp half-finished house, which we are about taking for a school, giving directions to have it finished to our purpose.

I was attacked with one of my violent spasms in my head on the Saturday night, so that I could not go with the Dykes the Sunday round, but Patty did. This pain continued almost intolerable during two days and two nights, and left my nerves in a high state of irritation. On Monday, being alone, I fell

down from the place where I was sitting, in a fainting fit. I dashed my face against the corner of a stone wall, and lay a very long time without giving any signs of life. My sisters found me in a posture which must soon have suffocated me,—with my face frightfully disfigured, and the floor sprinkled with blood. There was a strong contest between life and death, but it pleased my merciful God to raise me up. I was a good while before I had any clear ideas, but felt a sort of stupid serenity; no emotion, but a general feeling that I had not done enough for God; and what would poor Patty do by herself? I am so disfigured, you would scarcely know me; but I am full of gratitude; for though my eyes make me look a perfect Mrs. Mendoza, yet the sight is safe, and had not my face received the bruises, my skull must have been fractured. You will be glad to hear that my mind has been very calm, and that I felt that this visitation was in mercy. I write this, two or three lines at a time, and cannot see to read it: but the bruises, though very bad, are nothing; they will in time disappear; I must try to get my nerves in a better way. I have a dull pain in my head which is very unpleasant. I must just tell you that we have kept possession of the pulpit at Wedmore ever since, and sent one of our own clergy every Sunday, to keep up the attention to our plan. Last Sunday, Drewitt preached an hour; after he had finished, the clerk got up and said, ‘The parish are desired to meet next Friday, to consult on the best means of opposing the ladies who are coming to set up a school.’

Bold Drewitt, nothing dismayed, stood up instantly in the pulpit, and said, ‘And on Sunday next, the parish are desired to meet the ladies, who intend opening the school at nine o’clock;’ but I now doubt if I shall be able: it will be a hard contest; and whether John Barrow or Hannah More will be the successful candidate, I have not the least idea.

My love to Mrs. W. and Mrs. K. I have the comfort of being sure of your prayers.

God bless you,

H. MORE.

Mrs. Hannah More had by this time entirely withdrawn herself from her multifarious intercourse with her friends in London, and contented herself with residing two months in each year in its neighbourhood; dividing her time between her friends Mrs. Garrick, Bishop Porteus, Lord Teignmouth, Mr. H. Thornton, Mr. Hoare, and some few others. She likewise made an annual visit to Lord Barham, for one month, during many years; and was frequently at the house of the Bishop of Durham, at Mongewell.

This year, 1798, was solemnized to her soul by much spiritual communion, and much self-examination, which issued in a series of pious meditations, holy resolutions, earnest supplications for inward strength, and self-abasing avowals of conscious weakness. The christian reader will, doubtless, properly appreciate the few following specimens.

Jan. 1, 1798.—Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. Lord, I am spared, while others are cut off. Let me now dedicate myself to thee with a more entire surrender than I have ever yet made.

First. I resolve by the grace of God to be more watchful over my temper. 2ndly. Not to speak rashly or harshly. 3dly. To watch over my thoughts: not to indulge in vain, idle, resentful, impatient, worldly imaginations. 4thly. To strive after closer communion with God. 5thly. To let no hour pass without lifting up my heart to Him through Christ. 6thly. Not to let a day pass without some thought of death. 7thly. To ask myself every night when I lie down, am I fit to die? 8thly. to labour to do and

to suffer the whole will of God. 9thly. To cure my over-anxiety, by casting myself on God in Christ.

Sunday, January 7.—I will *confess* my sins.—*Repent* of them.—Plead the atonement.—Resolve to love God and Christ.—Implore the aid of the Spirit for light, strength, and direction.—Examine if these things are done.—Be humbled for my failures.—Watch and pray.

Through death the Christian's soul goes to—1st, Perfect purity. 2ndly, Fulness of joy. 3dly, Everlasting freedom. 4thly, Perfect rest. 5thly, Health and fruition. 6thly, Complete security. 7thly, Substantial and eternal good.

Sunday, January 21.—Up late last night—much harassed all the week by worldly company. My temper hurt—heart secularized. I had looked forward to a peaceful Sunday—instead of this, an acute head-ache. Spent the day in bed—little devotion—no spirituality. Could not even *think* at all. Had an hour's talk with Mr. Wilberforce—had reason to bless God, that in my present difficulties, this wise Christian friend was at hand to counsel and comfort me. Lord, grant that my many religious advantages may never appear against me. Many temptations this week to vanity. My picture asked for two publications. Dedications—flattery without end. God be praised, I *was not* flattered, but vexed—twenty-four hours' head-ache makes one see the vanity of all this! Am I tempted to vanity? Let me call to mind what shining friends I have lost this year—each eminent in his different way, yet he that is least in the kingdom of grace is greater than they.

I resolved at the beginning of the year, to pray at least twice a week, separately for the country, in this time of danger, independently of the petitions offered up in my other prayers.

Sunday, January 28.—I indulge too much in the thought how much better I might be, had I fewer

interruptions, more opportunity of vital preachers, more pious friends, less worldly company. There is great self-deceit in all this. Am I praying against these disadvantages? Do I make the most of the rest of my time? Lord, assist me to do so, and to bear patiently what I dislike. This week I have watched my words more, but not sufficiently my thoughts. * * * * *

Heard of John Wilkes's death—awful event! talents how abused! Lord, who hath made *me* to differ; but for thy grace, I might have blasphemed thee like him. In early youth I read Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. I am a monument of mercy, not to have made shipwreck of my faith.

February 2.—My birth-day. Lord, grant I may never have cause to say, "it were good for me had I never been born." Lord, forgive the sins of my youth—they have pressed on me this day. Blot them from thy book, and give me grace to subdue my remaining corruptions. O how strong!

* * * * * Preparing for London. Oh! that I were as anxious to forget nothing relating to the next world, as I am to omit nothing I shall want in this journey.

Heard — preach—elegant language,—earnest and bold, but nothing to the heart; no food for perishing sinners. Lord, send more labourers into thy vineyard! Increase the number of those who preach Christ Jesus, and salvation through him only.

Sunday, February 25.—Came last night to Fulham Palace. Lord, while I admire these Christian friends, let me not over-rate any child of man. Christ is *all*. Oh for a fuller persuasion of this!

Teston, March 1.—Arrived here on Monday—seriously ill all the way. How many suffer painful journies, who find no rest for the sole of the foot at night—but I rest with kind Christian friends, and find every comfort and alleviation. Several bad

nights—violent cough—not comforted by religious, but tormented by worldly thoughts. Oh, for a sanctified suffering! Merciful Father, withdraw not thy heavy hand, until thy work of sanctification is done in my soul.

* * While attending on the dying-bed of Mrs.— I did not feel my heart properly affected. Oh, that I may lay to heart this lesson of mortality! Lord, prepare me for this state of pain, weakness, imbecility; if it be thy will I should pass through it. She is dead. I too must die. Oh! that I could learn to die daily; and then I should look without fear to the dark valley which lies before me.

March 25.—Tempted to be warm in politics. Under the mask of religion, I fear I indulge my own humours and resentments. I would learn of Him who was meek and lowly. I cannot fix my thoughts intently on death, according to my resolution. Death advances, but I do not advance in my preparation for it.

Monday, April 2.—My attention has not wandered so much as usual, but my heart has not been deeply touched. I am about to leave this place. Lord, forgive what I have neglected to do, and what I have done, and if any little good has been done by me, be pleased graciously to accept it, and forgive its imperfections. Mrs. B—— gave me largely for the poor. Lord, bless her, and make all her bed in her sickness! Strengthen her faith. Remove the prejudices that impede her comforts. Support her through life. Be her support in death, and if we never meet again here, grant that we may meet in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

London, Sunday, April 15.—I have been a week here—hurried—worldly—with little serious reading—less serious thoughts, except when I lie awake in the night; this is often a comfortable time with me—the world shut out—my conscience more tender—my memory more quick in bringing my sins before

me. My temper is sore tried. Yesterday I was tempted to anger—to-day I bore the provocation. Teach me to subdue all anger, Lord, and not to think I am helping thy cause when I am angry. Oh, that I could learn of him who was meek and lowly! Had a little serious talk with the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Amherst, and the Duchess of Beaufort. Lord, let me be no mean respecter of persons, but make me valiant for thy truth.

Sunday, 29.—Had a bad head-ache all day—nothing done for God—in pain my religion vacillates; I trust I am tolerably patient and resigned, yet not as becomes a disciple of the suffering Jesus. This week has been nearly passed in visiting—little reading or seriousness—a few occasions, indeed, were snatched to talk seriously to young Christians, and I bore my testimony pretty strongly in company with some learned sceptics. At another time too much carried away with the pleasure of talking on mere subjects of taste—have taken too much pains to shine, and felt too much pleasure to hear my taste commended on the subject of French literature. Spent three days at Mitcham—felt the joy of pious society. I fear I do not profit enough when I get with pious people—it evaporates in self-satisfied feelings, and serious talk, without reaching the heart.

I feel full of schemes of charity—of doing good—of promoting God's glory—of writing for usefulness, not fame: yet I can take little comfort in these evidences, because I do not feel the love of Christ constraining me.

Sunday, May 20.—My journal stopped a fortnight:—busy in getting forward my 'Strictures on Education.' This week has been too much spent in receiving visits from the great. Lord, preserve me from these temptations to vanity. Oh! let me feel more and more that I am a miserable sinner.

May 21.—A present of Lord Orford's work—my

picture in the book—I laboured to hinder it. Lord, keep me from self-sufficiency, and humble me under a deep sense of the emptiness of earthly honours. He had all *this* world could give—great, witty, brilliant—of how little importance are these things now! “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Grant me this purity, and an utter indifference to fame, and deadness to the world.

June 4.—Much painful feeling at Pitt’s duel. Lord, show these *wise* men the gospel, that in thy light they may see light, for without that the wisest sit in darkness.

Sunday, June 10.—Went to Nailsea,—Lord, fill my heart with gratitude for the blessings of this day. Found all flourishing. One hundred and forty children—taught the scriptures to three poor young colliers.

Many strangers came to see me this week. I bless God this raised in me no vanity; nor did a flattering history of me in a public print: I desire “*that* honour which cometh from God only.”

Sunday, August 26.—By the mercy of God I am permitted to write once more. Lord, grant that my life, thus graciously spared, may be spent more vigorously to thy glory. On the 13th. after two days severe head-ache, fell down in a violent fit—dashed my face against the wall, and lay long seemingly dead—much bruised and disfigured; have lain by above a fortnight almost useless; violent pains in my head, loss of sleep. Grant, Lord, that as my outward man decays, I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind. I have lost all this time from my book, and have redeemed too little of it by serious thought. Oh! for that happy state, where is neither sorrow nor crying.

A fresh proof of human depravity, has I hope, brought me nearer to God. I have been driven nearer to him, and have had more comfort in prayer;

but still I am not enough renewed in the spirit of my mind. Lord, perfect what is lacking in my faith and love, and let me “possess my soul in patience.” Refine my zeal, purify my motives, lead me to act with a holy simplicity, leaving the event to thee who doest all things well. Oh for purer, holier converse; more disentanglement from the world! more heavenly meditations.

Saturday, September 22.—Head seldom free from pain. Suffering does not yet purify my heart, though my gracious Father purposes it for that end. Lord, sanctify pain to me; make me as willing to *suffer* thy will as to *do* it—company *every* day, *all* day; chiefly good people, but so much company unspiritualizes my mind, and swallows up time—book goes on slowly—Cheap Repository is closed. “Bless the Lord, O my soul!” that I have been spared to accomplish that work! Do thou, O Lord, bless and prosper it to the good of many, and if it do good, may I give to thee the glory, and take to myself the shame of its defects. I have devoted three years to this work. Two millions of these tracts disposed of during the first year!—God works by weak instruments, to show that the glory is all his own.

Sunday, September 30.—Have had more communion with God lately, especially in the night-watches.—Thoughts more called off from worldly things, and less vexed by disappointments; still I find it hard to fix my mind on God and eternity by day; I had rather *work* for God than *meditate* on him; yet divine communion is the work of heaven, and how shall I be prepared but by this?

Sunday, November 18.—Returned from Bath in an improved state of health, as I thought; but health being doubtless not good for me, had a return of my head-ache. I might turn the time lost from more active duties, to good account, by secret communion with my God and Saviour, but, alas! this is too little

the case—partly, indeed, that the intense pain in my head deprives me of the free exercise of thought, and gives an involuntary gloom and depression to my spirits, but more, I fear, from a habit of not sufficiently watching over my thoughts at other times. It is a grievous truth that I am in general least religious when I am sick. Lord, do thou give me grace to improve these seasons !

December 2.—Vain thoughts discompose my own mind, and evil tempers shew me the emptiness of that flattery with which I am at times overwhelmed. Lord, I hope I can say that I derive little pleasure from such praises, while my heart tells me how little I deserve them. I compare myself with the purity of thy law, and then I see my own sinfulness too plainly to be pleased by flattering words. Heard of a silly and humiliating history of myself just published, and can truly say it gave me little or no mortification ; nor did I feel any desire to contradict it.

Sunday, December 23.—Ill above a week with violent cough—blistered, &c. By the grace of God I am resigned to pain, but my thoughts, which ought at such times to be devoted to heavenly things, are not always in my own power—they wander amidst the vanities and cares of earth, instead of being directed straight forward to the goal to which I am tending. Lord, raise my grovelling affections to thyself—disperse these earthly vapours which obscure my faith—increase my desires after that world where sin and sorrow will be done away !

An awful dispensation ! the curate of — visited with sudden blindness for three days—it seems to have been a supernatural awakening. Lord, do thou perfect this work ; do thou call this man out of darkness to thy marvellous light, for his own sake, and the sake of those many souls over whom he is set !

Heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Cecil. Lord, I bless thee that thou hast enabled this faithful ser-

vant to bear his agonies as a Christian, and that his sufferings have not slackened his faith. Raise him up, if it be thy will, for farther usefulness ; but if not, sustain him in his last conflict, and enable him to bear his dying testimony to thy faithfulness and truth ; and do thou supply his place so that his people shall not miss his services.

December 31.—I am now, by the great mercy of God, brought to the end of another year. Lord, enable me to consider this mercy as I ought to do, and do thou strengthen my memory to recollect the numberless favours I have received at thy hands during the course of it. Enable me to call to mind my trials, and to lament my sins of the past year. Lord, forgive whatever fresh guilt I have contracted. O wash me clean in the blood of the everlasting covenant ; forgive whatever I have done amiss, whatever I have neglected to do. Supply all my wants out of thine abundant mercies. Strengthen my weakness, subdue my pride, heal my self-love, root out my evil tempers, deliver me from open anger, secret resentments and discontents ; deliver me from myself, from the corruptions of my own evil heart, from the suggestions of unbelief ; and do thou sanctify to me the mercies and deliverances of the past year. Thou hast preserved my colleague and myself from many dangers. Thou hast preserved our going out and our coming in at unseasonable hours. Thou hast carried us through much labour of body, and much anxiety of mind. Thou hast blest in no common degree, our unworthy labours in thy cause ; thou hast in some degree owned our endeavours.

About this time, 1799, the ‘*Strictures on Female Education*,’ issued from the pen of Hannah More ; her third ethical publication in prose, and one of the most powerful pieces of her artillery, from whose calibre were sent those bolts which shattered the

towers and arsenals of fashionable abuses and follies. It is alluded to in the following letters, written during one of her annual visits to London.

Fulham Palace, 1799.

I have been rather royal lately. On Monday I spent the morning at the Pavillion at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester ; and yesterday passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the most sensible and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens, in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c., to show me ; my visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here.

For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the Princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments ; the first consisted in her repeating the ' Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing ' God save the King,' which was really affecting, (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward, that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman ; wild and natural, but sensible, lively and civil. I am really anxious that you should be using the new chaise, and will immediately take measures for having it conveyed.

Fulham Palace, 1800.

I find that the Chapters in the ' Strictures ' on Human Corruption and Baby Balls, are the two which give most offence. My time is so short (as I did not dare risk staying more than one night in town, finding my head-ache come on) that I had only time to call on the Montagus and a few others.

It gave me great pleasure to hear what my venerable diocesan, the Bishop of Bath and Wells,¹ had been saying of me to Mrs. Boscawen; he expressed great satisfaction at my late legacy from Mrs. Bouverie, and then said, (adverting, I suppose, to some of our enemies in Somersetshire,) 'They come and tell me things sometimes, but I only answer them, 'It is Mrs. More: ' I never make any inquiries; I ask no questions when I know it is Mrs. More: I know she is doing right, and that it is all as it should be.' It shewed great warmth in a man near ninety.

Dear Mrs. Boscawen was looking very poorly: when I was coming away from her the other morning, I said, 'God bless you, my dear Madam,' 'That is very well,' said she, holding me by the hand, and looking most steadfastly in my face, 'but you must do more: you must pray for me; I am going gently off.' In order that the next visit might be consistent with this, we went to Mrs. Carter, and found her at home, at eighty-three, just returned from the *city*. She was quite rejoiced to see us, and was agreeable and interesting.

I forgot to mention that the Bishop of Durham and his lady breakfasted with us at Fulham Palace last Thursday. The Bishop was kind and condescending as usual; he talked over all the Blagdon business: bid us not be afraid: they could not injure our useful schemes. He is steady and warm in his approbation. He fully feels the importance of instructing the poor, as the grand means of saving the nation.

The schools continued to be very full, and very prosperous. It had been the great object of Mrs. H. More and her sister Martha, to lead the children to a spiritual apprehension of Scripture truths, and

¹ Dr. Moss.

the practical application of them to their hearts and their conduct, and they had often witnessed the success of their labours in the production of many pious and moral characters, which grew out of these institutions, from among whom they were able to select persons well qualified for becoming masters and mistresses of their various establishments. Many of the scholars carried the principles they had there imbibed, into their daily practice, and became sober and industrious heads of families. An edifying volume might be composed of anecdotes, displaying the beneficial results of these institutions; but this is not the place for such a record.

Among the expedients for improving the habits and characters of the poor, the institution of female friendly societies had been a great object of Mrs. More's solicitude since the second year of her residence in this neighbourhood. Innumerable were the difficulties they had to contend with in their endeavours to make these ignorant people comprehend the nature and usefulness of such establishments; which were, at that time, as rare as schools for the poor. Many were the meetings, and contests, and reasonings which they were obliged patiently to sustain and encounter, before mistake and prejudice could be softened into acquiescence. By perseverance, however, and every fair sort of persuasion, this object was also obtained, and these societies, wisely framed and regulated, became the source of much contentment, comfort, and improvement to these remote villages; particularly to one which was miserably destitute of any other kind of aid.

After these beneficial plans had been carried on for several years, the curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated, waited on the sisters, to request they would open one of their schools in his parish. This they absolutely declined: declaring that neither their health (which had already

greatly suffered by their exertions) nor their time, nor their finances, would allow them to extend their personal superintendence beyond the range it had already taken. The application was, however, renewed by a deputation from the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, sent by this clergyman, who came with an earnest request that 'they would be pleased to come and do *their* parish a little good.' They acknowledged that it was the great reformation wrought in some neighbouring parishes which 'made them bold to come,' as the notorious profligacy of the place was exceedingly deplored by the better part of the inhabitants.

The sisters at length yielded, and removing thither an approved master from one of their other schools, they soon collected near two hundred children, whom they found deplorable ignorant. Things, however, soon put on a new face, and a rapid improvement rewarded their efforts. The beneficial effects which had resulted from the establishment of Sunday readings in the other villages, induced them to make the experiment in the parish of Blagdon. The poor adults as well as children, resorted to them in crowds, and the minister and his wife generally attended. In the course of two or three years from this auspicious beginning, it appeared, from a letter received by Mrs. More from the wife of the clergyman of Blagdon, that 'the two sessions and the two assizes were past, and a third was approaching, and neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, had any of that parish (once so notorious for crimes and litigations) appeared. Warrants for wood-stealing and other pilferings were becoming quite out of fashion.'

We find the following singular and interesting little incident recorded in the journal of Mrs. Martha. 'On our return to the country, we found Blagdon in a steady uniform course of improvement, in morals

and in religious knowledge. The evening reading was very affecting; the whole people stood up; and with the modesty and simplicity of children, suffered the schoolmaster to state to us the particulars of their behaviour during our absence. It was an extraordinary proceeding, for the parish officers were among their number. It was at the desire also of the justice himself, (the curate of Blagdon, before-mentioned) that we were publicly informed of the very decorous behaviour of the men on the day of their club meeting.'

After the above account the reader will be surprised to learn that it was in this very quarter that a violent persecution arose against Mrs. More, promoted by the curate of the parish; of which, without unravelling too much of the details of this disgusting history, it may suffice to say that the charges brought against her were so preposterous as to conduce only to the defeat and disgrace of the fabricators. Some few features of the case will be developed in the following letter from Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 11.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had intended to delay the history of the Wedmore prosecution, until I saw how it would end; but your kind sympathy in our trials and difficulties leads me to trouble you with it as far as we have gone. Our hostile farmers do not present us under the Conventicle Act, of which probably they know nothing; but on some old, and I believe obsolete statute, which requires every school-master to take out a licence. I dined by invitation with my diocesan, as I passed through Wells in my way home. His reception of me was highly cordial, and even affectionate; but he told me Wedmore was not under his

jurisdiction, being a peculiar under the dean, in whose court we had been presented. Dr. Moss, however, (the Bishop's son,) at my request, had picked up the charges that had been exhibited against us. Among these were, that my schoolmaster had called the bishops, dumb dogs; that he had said all who went to church, and did not come to hear him, would go to hell; and that he distributed books called 'A Guide to Methodism.' Could you believe that such impossible stuff could be seriously carried to a bishop, through the channel of some of his own chapter? One or two of these canons, (poor creatures!) say that I carry everything before me, having *bitten* all the country gentlemen, and secured the ear of the bishop. But the mischief lies deeper. A clergyman in my own neighbourhood where we have a flourishing school, has turned Socinian, and is now enraged at the doctrines *we* teach. He is doing all possible injury to us and our schemes. This cause, too, *has a cause*—and this man's malice is inflamed by the Anti-Jacobin Magazine, which is spreading more mischief over the land than almost any other book, because it is doing it under the mask of loyalty. It is representing all serious men as hostile to government; and our enemies here whisper that we are abetted by you, and such as you, to hurt the establishment. This is only an episode, for I must talk to you more at large, and see if no means can be employed to stop this spreading poison. I hear that the author is——, who having been refused some favour by the Bishop of London, exercises his malignity towards him in common with those whom he calls Methodists.

But to return to Wedmore. There is a new Dean of—— I had no avenue to this man, who, I found, had been greatly prejudiced against us by the following means. He is not rich—has a large family, and when he came down to take possession, passed

his time at the house of his agent, who happened to be the very attorney who was employed to appear against us at the visitation when we were presented. Now this attorney breathes out threatenings and slaughters against my school; he being also the agent of the Wedmore farmers. I conceived the bold measure of telling my story to Mr. Windham, with whom my acquaintance was too slight to justify such a step; and knowing, as I did, that the cause was prejudiced against me in his mind; that is, I knew that every anti-abolitionist in the world was of necessity an enemy to religious instruction at home. His answer, however, was highly obliging; written, as it was, amidst all the bustle of public successes. You will be pleased with Windham's conduct in this business. What effect his mediation will produce, I have yet to learn.

Some farmers, in a parish adjoining, where there is also a school, have been to the fortune-teller, to know if we are Methodists, and if our school is methodistical. The oracle returned an ambiguous answer, and desired to know what reason they had for suspecting it; the farmer's replied, it was because we sung Watts's hymns. The sage returned for answer, this was no proof; had they no better reason? 'Yes,' they answered, 'for if the *hymns* were not methodistical, the *tunes* were.' The Pythian asked why they were so; the reply was, 'because they were not in Farmer Clap's book!' I thought this fact ridiculous enough to amuse you. Yet these people are our judges; and there are not wanting those, who, though better taught, will listen to the representation of such accusers. In the midst of this clamour, poor Patty went down to the place two Sundays ago. The farmers called a vestry, (to which she could not get admittance,) to sign a paper to abolish the school. With great calmness she went on teaching the whole day. At night, about two hundred orderly people

assembled as usual, but just as she was going to begin, two farmers came to the door, very tipsy, loudly vociferating that they would have no such methodistical doings, for that the sermon they had had in the morning was quite enough—their intoxication, however, did not give a very favourable evidence of its good effects. After they had spent their violence, Patty told them it would be a serious thing if they should die that night, after having attempted to disturb a people who were met solely for religious purposes. One of them said. ‘How can you put such melancholy things in one’s head, ma’am,’ and ran out. She quietly went through her business to a most respectful audience, whose solemn attention rewarded her for what she had gone through. On Sunday, we are going, if I am able, again; whether the violence be found to be abated or inflamed, you shall know. I hope it may please God to endue us with a proper temper and quiet perseverance, and that these trials may help to purify our motives. I am better myself, but we have much domestic sickness and sorrow. May all work together for good! God bless you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

H. MORE.

As the imputation of fanaticism was among the means employed at this time to depreciate the character of this estimable lady, and embarrass her efforts in the cause of God and the soul, her general correspondence might be referred to as affording a sufficient defence against a charge so malicious and groundless; but a letter written by her a little while before this aggression was made upon her time, her peace, and her character,—to a young curate recently settled in a parish which was one of the most busy scenes of her benevolence, offers itself as peculiarly suited to our present purpose.

Bath.

DEAR SIR,

I have had the pleasure of receiving both your letters ; the latter by Mr. Downing yesterday. We had a little conversation. He seems to have the good of his parishes at heart, as far as I could judge by that little. I was sorry I could not comply with his wishes of allowing the children of Bleadon to meet ours at the annual festivity. The immense distance indeed would preclude it, independently of other objections.

I think your account of Axbridge schools encouraging on the whole ; but you do not mention their best advantage ; I mean, the instructions they receive from you : this comfortable circumstance alone reconciles me to the *moderate* teachers they have, and will, I doubt not, be of importance to them through their whole lives. Our schoolmistress gives me great pleasure by telling me of the affectionate regard which the serious people of Cheddar have for their minister, and of the good effect your exhortation at Christmas had on many of them. It is pleasant, in a religious point of view, to consider that their value for you seems to have increased in proportion as your preaching has been more strict and evangelical. I believe it will be generally found, with some exceptions, that no men are so loved and respected as strict gospel ministers, whose lives are consistent ; *for consistency is every thing* ; while the worldly clergy lose their great aim, and do not even please worldly people ; so far, I mean, as to be respected and venerated by them : however frequently they may be associated with them in their parties of pleasure or their schemes of dissipation.

I think your definition of faith not an inaccurate one. Your track seems to be right ; you have only to pursue it—to press on ; not to count yourself to

have attained ; to trust in Christ, and to preach him, not as our *redemption* only, for that would be a cheap way of being religious, but as our *sanctification* also. Frequent and fervent prayer for a greater conformity to the will of God, and a nearer likeness to Christ ; a self-denying and a self-renouncing spirit ; as much zeal in holiness and good works as if we had no Saviour to trust to, with as absolute a trust in his merits and sacrifice, as if we did nothing ourselves ; earnest supplications for his grace and for the illumination of his Spirit—these seem to me to be a sort of general outline, in all which, however short we may come, yet by having it in our eye as the great object of pursuit, the thoughts and desires of the heart being bent on the attainment, in spite of all our frequent failings and great deficiencies, we shall I doubt not, find that the light within us will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Some spiritual difficulties and partial blindnesses obstruct, I doubt not, every true believer, on his being first awakened, and greatly retard his progress. All this is necessary to keep us humble and lowly,—that temper of mind which alone can enable us to resemble our gracious Redeemer. An humble self-distrusting soul, which casts all his care upon him, is, I venture to think, far more acceptable to God than many who appear, to human eyes, to be more strong in faith, and more confident in security.

I am so very conscious of numberless defects in my own practice, and of feebleness in my own faith, that I feel deeply how little it becomes to me to be a preacher. Want of time too, I fear, will prevent my answering your question as fully as I could wish, on the subject of ‘saving faith, and the most effectual way of preaching it to others.’ I may, perhaps, resume the subject at some future time : at present, instead of talking of the *thing*, I will only say a word as to its *effects*. It is certainly the only doc-

trine which attracts hearers, or which can possibly convert them,—I will not say, from one system of opinions to another, for I do not call that conversion,—but from sin to holiness, and from the power of Satan to God. If I had not observed that the preachers and hearers of these doctrines were in general more exemplary in their conduct, and less conformed to the world, than what are called *moral people*, I should not anxiously recommend them; for after all, *holiness of life* is the only true evidence of a saving faith, and where that best evidence is wanting, I hold a hollow professor, who raves about faith and salvation by Christ, to be no better than a spiritual cheat, who deceives himself, and labours to deceive others; and such as these have sometimes disgraced serious Christianity: but the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use; the profession may be right, though the professor may be wrong.

I heartily wish your application to the bishop may be successful. Humble as your request is, how can it be refused? But God Almighty, in giving you a moderate mind, has given you a richer gift than a mitre. He has also given you a prudent and sober-minded partner. You will, I trust, help each other on your Christian course. I rejoice that her health is better, and desire to be affectionately remembered to her; as do my sisters.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your sincere friend,

H. MORE.

Disaffection to the church and state was a charge brought against Mrs. More, from which the preceding narrative of the exertions and sacrifices made by her in the service of both, is so complete a vindication as to render a formal defence worse than useless. Through all these attacks, she preserved the dignity of silence; and when advised by Lord Chancellor

Loughborough¹ to prosecute the author of a scandalous pamphlet against her, she declared her resolution never, upon any provocation, to embark either in controversy or litigation—a determination which tended notoriously to increase the effrontry of her assailants.

For three years this persecution was carried on with unabated virulence, and that too at a time when she seemed to be sinking under the pressure of a severe illness,—an ague of seven months. It was not in accordance with her respect for the church and its ministers, or her strict ideas of propriety, to continue her efforts in a parish where duty and consistency placed her in reluctant opposition to the resident minister: her school at Blagdon was, therefore, of necessity, relinquished; notwithstanding the support she received from the Rector, who resided at a distance, and the most respectable part of both clergy and laity, with whom religion was precious, and truth sacred; and who shared with her the honour of being attacked by the same malicious combination. Mrs. More's own admirable letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Beadon, contains a clear exposition of the malignant aim of this conspiracy, to destroy at once the influence and the peace of one whose feeble frame was sinking under her efforts to promote the happiness and improvement of her species. When this and the other letters to which this disgraceful affair gave occasion, shall come under the observation of the reader, he will regard it as an evil out of which good was brought, in the display it produced of Christian kindness, gentle friendship, and virtuous sympathy.

¹ It may be recorded here, that she was induced at different periods of her life, to apply to Lord Chancellor Loughborough, in behalf of two clergymen of great merit, who were unprovided for, and that her request was on each occasion immediately granted. In the latter instance, the presentation was sent directly to herself, that she might have the pleasure of conveying it with her own hands to the friend for whom she had interested herself.

1801.

MY LORD,

It is with deep regret that I find myself compelled to trouble your Lordship with this letter ; though your known liberality gives me more courage in taking a step which I should in any case feel it my duty to take. For, however firm my resolution has been, never to answer any of the calumnies under which I have been so long suffering: yet to your Lordship, as my diocesan, I feel myself accountable for my conduct, attacked as it has been with a wantonness of cruelty which, in civilized places, few persons, especially of my sex, have been called to suffer. To the defenceless state of our sex, and to my declared resolution to return no answers, I attribute in great part this long and unmitigated persecution. I am not going to make your Lordship a party. Nor am I going to clear myself by accusing others. Of my assailants I will speak as little as possible. I wish I could avoid naming them altogether.

It will be out of my power to enter on a full vindication of myself against charges with which I am not fully acquainted. A wish to keep my mind calm, in a dangerous illness of seven months, was a reason with me for reading but very little of what has appeared against me: I can only notice such of the more material charges as have come to my knowledge.

I had so fully persuaded myself, that I had for many years, especially in the late awful crisis, been devoting my time and humble talents to the promotion of loyalty, good morals, and attachment to church and state among the poorer people, that I was not prepared for the shock, when the charge of sedition, disaffection, and a general aim to corrupt the principles of the community, suddenly burst upon me. In vain have I been looking round me for any pretence

on which could be founded such astonishing imputations.

Mr. Bere thought so well of my principles, as to importune me to establish a school in his parish; lamenting its extreme profligacy, and his own inability to do any good to the rising generation. There were witnesses present when he repeatedly made these applications, which I refused, pleading want of health, time and money. I also declared my unwillingness to undertake it, unless it was the wish of the parish. He then sent his church-wardens as a deputation from the parish; and I yielded at last to these repeated entreaties, which I trust will acquit me of the charge of *intrusion*.

As to connection with conventicles of any kind, —I never had any. Had I been irregular, should I not have gone sometimes, during my winter residence at Bath, to Lady Huntingdon's chapel, a place of great occasional resort? Should I never have gone to some of Whitfield's or Whesley's tabernacles in London, where I have spent a long spring for near thirty years successively? Should I not have strayed now and then into some methodist meeting in the country? Yet not one of these things have I ever done. For an answer to the charge of my having ever made any application to get Mr Bere removed from his curacy, I refer your Lordship to Dr. Moss and Dr. Crossman, in case you are not satisfied with the declaration of both in Dr. Crossman's printed letter to Sir A. Elton.

Mr. Bere's letter to me, dated January 4, 1799, complaining of Young's Monday meeting, which I was prevented answering by a long illness, was, in fact, virtually answered immediately, by my sister's writing to Young to put a stop to the irregularities complained of; which was done. A proof that this ground of complaint had ceased to exist when Mr. Bere made his first attack on me in the beginning of

April, 1800, is afforded by a very friendly letter which I have by me, from Mrs. Bere, dated March 8, 1800, only about three weeks before Mr. Bere's open attack, and near a year and a quarter after the complaint had been made and redressed. Mr. Bere's affidavits, taken by himself, in his own cause, which were flatly contradicted by counter evidence, and which having no dates to the facts which they attest, would never have been admitted in a court of justice, have all a retrospective reference to one, two, four, and even six years back. I should add, that having heard that Mr. Bere had thrown out from the pulpit some insinuations against the school, I went to him, and assured him that I was ready to withdraw the school, if it had not his entire approbation. Again he implored me not to deprive his parish of such a benefit!

When Mr. Bere sent me his hostile letter, menacing the schoolmaster, April, 1800, I was in London and being unable at that distance to inquire fairly into the complaint, I wrote twice to Mr. Bere, earnestly requesting him to refer the whole to Sir A. Elton, as a respectable and judicious magistrate in the neighbourhood, and begging they would investigate the business together. This Mr. Bere twice positively refused. I could have no partial motives in the reference: for I knew so little of Sir A. Elton, that he had never been in my house; whereas he had been long known to Mr. Bere, and I could not have suggested a more fair and peaceable mode of setting all to rights.

The ground on which human prudence, especially judging *after* the event, may most reasonably condemn me, is, that I did not instantly dismiss Young the schoolmaster. I grant that it would have saved me infinite distress. But I not only thought myself bound to protect an innocent man, whom I still consider to have been falsely accused; but I was also

convinced that, as the event has proved, the object in view was not merely to ruin *him*, but to strike at the principle of *all* my schools, and to stigmatize them as seminaries of fanaticism, vice, and sedition. I was highly displeased with Young, when I found he had allowed two or three of these silly people to attempt extempore prayer. That vulgar people will be vulgar in their religion, and that illiterate people will talk ignorantly, who will deny? But this had nothing to do with my very large Sunday-school, where I never heard that any impropriety was complained of. No such complaint had ever reached me from any of my other schools. Young profited so well by my reprimand for this injudicious measure, that his conduct was ever after perfectly correct. Nor should I have overlooked this fault, had not his morals and industry been exemplary, and had I ever in the course of ten years found him at all fanatical. Allow me to add that he now gives the highest satisfaction to the opulent and very respectable family of the Latouches, near Dublin, who received him to superintend their large charitable institutions, after having read all the charges against him, and whose attestation to his good conduct, together with that of Lady Harriet Daly, and Baron Daly, I shall trouble your Lordship to peruse. To remove prejudices, however, I had resolved to place him elsewhere, had I continued the Blagdon school, which, together with its master, has been restored (after I had dissolved it), at the earnest request of Dr. Crossman, and with the consent of Dr. Moss. But after Mr. Bere's restoration to the curacy, no intreaties of Dr. Crossman could induce me to continue it. I took a journey to Dr. Crossman's house, in the west, on purpose to assure him that I did not withdraw my school from resentment, but that I was afraid the continuance of it might be considered as an act of opposition to Mr. Bere; whereas by putting an end

to the school, I thought I should disarm him of every plea for further hostility. This sacrifice to peace proved ineffectual. I abolished my school with regret (full and flourishing as it was) for the second time, on a Sunday in September, 1801; and on the Wednesday following, the most hostile of all his pamphlets against me was advertized. May I be permitted to add, that Dr. Maclaine, who spent great part of the two last summers at Blagdon, knew much of the school and its master. Allow me to refer your Lordship to him. In the learned and venerable translator of Mosheim, you will not expect to find an advocate for fanaticism.

It has been repeatedly said, that, being a Calvinist myself, I always employed Calvinistic teachers. I never knowingly employed one. As to Calvinism or Arminianism, I should be very sorry if such terms were known in my schools: it never having been my object to teach dogmas and opinions, but to train up good members of society, and plain practical Christians. I have discharged two teachers for discovering a tendency to enthusiasm, and one for being accused of it, without discovering such tendency. One experiment was made,—for I shall be perfectly ingenuous. An inferior teacher being wanted under an excellent mistress, the clergyman ventured to employ a poor man of the parish, from having observed his constant attendance at church, and his good moral conduct, though he went to the Methodist meeting. He earnestly hoped that from the man's soberness of mind, and regularity at church, he might become entirely detached from the Methodist societies, and be the instrument of detaching others also; but not finding this to be the case, the minister who had engaged him was convinced of the expediency of his removal, and dismissed him with my full concurrence. The methodists are in general hostile to my schools, for attracting, as they say, the

people from them to the church, and I have been assured that some of their preachers have inveighed against me by name in their sermons.

As to myself, I had hoped that the numerous occasions which have occurred in eight printed volumes, of expressing my sentiments, both religious and political, might have precluded the necessity of a formal confession of faith. I refer your lordship to those volumes. The last chapter of Vol. VIII. (p. 272—320.) contains my full and undisguised view of the leading doctrines of Christianity.

Those doctrines I conceive, (for I am but a poor divine,) to be equally embraced by pious Arminians and Calvinists. Lest this should be thought evasive, I have no hesitation in declaring that I do not entertain any tenet *peculiar* to Calvinism. Let me not, however, in stating my own opinions, lose sight of that candour towards good men who think differently in a few points from me, which I have always so sedulously cultivated. I admire many, especially of the old writers, of that class, such as Hooker, Bishops Hall, Hopkins, and many others; but I admire them, not for their Calvinism, but for their devout spirit, their deep views of Christianity, their practical piety, and their holy vigilance. While they inculcate faith as the principle, never do they lose sight of purity of practice as the necessary result.

I had hoped that my zealous attachment to the church must have been inferred from a multitude of incidental passages in my writings, particularly in the sixth volume, — more conclusive perhaps from being incidental and frequent, than a specific and elaborate declaration would have been. For it is not so much from an insulated passage, as from the general tenor and spirit of his writings, that an author's principles may be deduced. Having observed, from the beginning of the French revolution,

the arts used by the jacobinical writers to alienate the people from the church, by undermining their respect for its ministers, I made it a leading principle in the multitude of little tracts which I wrote, purposely to counteract their pestilent pamphlets, to introduce into almost every one of them, an exemplary parish minister. As works of imagination had been employed to induce a contempt for the clerical character, I thought these fictitious characters the most popular vehicles in which to convey an antidote to the reigning disease, and that by assiduously infusing this spirit into the very amusements of the lower classes, I might thus lead them insensibly to the habit of loving and reverencing the clergy.

Nor was I less amazed to find my *political* principles stigmatized by my accusers. Besides their general tendency, some of my tracts go directly to the defence of the constitution. Whether they were of any use in the moment of danger, it becomes not me to say. My enemies being judges, I should hope they were; as I can produce several letters of undeservedly high praise from those who are now loudest in the cry against me.

It has been broadly intimated that I have laboured to spread French principles; and one of my schools is specifically charged with having *prayed for the success of the French*. Am I seriously to defend myself against such charges? I plead guilty to having written an answer to Dupont, the atheistical orator of France, and of having devoted the profits of this slight work, amounting to considerably above £200. to the relief of the French emigrant clergy. To perversions of this sort I am almost daily accustomed.

When I first established my schools, the poor women used to send crying infants of two or three years old, to the great disturbance of the rest, while they kept at home children of a fitter age to learn.

This led us to make it one of the rules, not to receive any under six years old. I told the mothers our's was a school, and not a nursery. On this simple circumstance has been built the astonishing charge, that I did not want to instruct children, but to pervert grown people. There is no end to instances of this sort: but a few may serve as a specimen. Not only are conversations printed which never took place, between me and persons whom I do not know, but about persons whose names I never heard. I am accused of being the abettor, not only of fanaticism and sedition, but of thieving and prostitution. To all these accusations or inuendos I have never answered one word; though some of my best friends advised me to answer them by a prosecution. This I declined, though I confess that the charge of murder could scarcely have shocked me more than that of disaffection or sedition.

Allow me to quote one passage from another letter from Mrs. Bere, which I happen to have by me:—
'The school goes on well. There seems to be a serious spirit working for good among the common people. Mr. Bere desires me to say, and he thinks it is saying a great deal, that two sessions and two assizes are past, and a third of each nearly approaching, and neither as prosecutor nor as prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, has any one of this parish, once so notorious for crimes and litigations, appeared. And warrants for wood-stealing, pilfering, &c. are quite out of fashion.' Your lordship will have the goodness to compare this passage with the antecedent accusations.

I am assured by those who have carefully read the different pamphlets against me, that whilst I am accused in one of seditious practices, I am reviled in another as an enemy to liberty; in one of being disaffected to church and state, in another of being a ministerial hireling and a tool of government.

Nay, the very tracts are specified for which ‘the *venal* hireling’ was paid by the administration (by Mr. Pitt, I think). In one I am charged with praying for the success of the French, in another of fomenting, by my writings, the war with France, and savagely triumphing at every victory over those whom the author calls ‘those friends to the general amelioration of human society.’ I am accused of delighting in a war, ‘which we madly carried on—which began in iniquity, and ended in disgrace.’ In one place, ‘of not believing’ one word of Christianity; in another of idolizing the Athanasian Creed, which ‘complicated piece of metaphysics’ the author declares the church might spare, and which he advises me, when expunged from the Liturgy, ‘to order myself to be wrapped in as a winding-sheet.’

But to return to my schools. When I settled in this country thirteen years ago, I found the poor in many of the villages sunk in a deplorable state of ignorance and vice. There were, I think, no Sunday schools in the whole district, except one in my own parish, which had been established by our respectable rector, and another in the adjoining parish of Churchill. This drew me to the more neglected villages, whose distance made it very laborious. Not one school there did I ever attempt to establish without the hearty concurrence of the clergyman of the parish. My plan of instruction is extremely simple and limited. They learn, on week-days, such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety. I knew no way of teaching morals but by teaching principles: or of inculcating Christian principles without imparting a good knowledge of scripture. I own I have laboured this point diligently. My sisters and I always teach them our-

selves every Sunday, except during our absence in the winter. By being out about thirteen hours, we have generally contrived to visit two schools the same day, and to carry them to their respective churches. When we had more schools, we commonly visited them on a Sunday. The only books we use in teaching are two little tracts, called 'Questions for the Mendip Schools,' (to be had of Hatchard.) 'The Church Catechism,' (these are framed, and half-a-dozen hung up in the room.) The Catechism, broken into short questions, Spelling Books, Psalter, Common Prayer, Testament, Bible. The little ones repeat 'Watts' Hymns.' The collect is learned every Sunday. They generally learn the Sermon on the Mount, with many other chapters and Psalms. Finding that what the children learned at school they commonly lost at home by the profaneness and ignorance of their parents, it occurred to me in some of the larger parishes to invite the latter to come at six on the Sunday evening, for an hour, to the school, together with the elder scholars. A plain printed sermon and a printed prayer is read to them, and a psalm is sung. I am not bribed by my taste—for, unluckily, I do not delight in music,—but observing that singing is a help to devotion in others, I thought it right to allow the practice.

For many years I have given away annually nearly two hundred Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and Testaments. To teach the poor to read, without providing them with *safe* books, has always appeared to me an improper measure, and this consideration induced me to enter upon the laborious undertaking of the Cheap Repository Tracts.

In some parishes where the poor are numerous, such as Cheddar, and the distressed mining villages of Shipham and Rowbarrow, I have instituted, with considerable expence to myself, friendly benefit societies for poor women, which have proved a great

relief to the sick and lying-in, especially in the late seasons of scarcity. We have in one single parish, an accumulation of between two and three hundred pounds (the others in proportion); this I have placed out in the funds. The late lady of the manor of Cheddar, in addition to her kindness to my institutions there, during her life, left at her death, a legacy for the club, and another for the school, as a testimony to her opinion of the utility of both. We have two little annual festivities for the children and poor women of these clubs, which are always attended by a large concourse of gentry and clergy.

At one of these public meetings Mr. Bere declared that since the institution of the schools he could now dine in peace: for that where he used to issue ten warrants, he was not now called on for two.

I shall take the liberty of sending your lordship the rules of my school, which have never been altered, and of referring you to the testimonials (printed in the public papers) of the churchwardens and principal inhabitants of some of those parishes where my conduct has been most attacked, to ascertain whether I had been used to act in concert with the minister, and whether my schools have been of any use in improving morals, or attracting the people to church.

My schools were always honoured with the full sanction of the late Bishop; of which I have even recent testimonials. It does not appear that any one person who has written against them, except Mr. Bere, ever saw them. I am not accustomed to refer to others for my character; I am not accustomed to vindicate it myself; but it is natural to wish that it should not be taken from avowed enemies, or total strangers. My friendships and connections have not been among the suspected part of mankind. My attachment to the established church, is, and has ever been, entire, cordial, inviolable, and, until now, un-

questioned. Its doctrines and discipline I equally approve. I have long had the honour of reckoning many of its most distinguished dignitaries amongst my friends.

I am too deeply sensible of the infirmity and evil of my own mind not to allow readily that much error and imperfection may have been mixed with my attempts to do a little good. But it would be false humility not to say that the whole drift and tendency has been right to the very best of my power. Mine is so far a singular case, that I not only feel myself guiltless of the motives and actions imputed to me, but I am conscious that all my little strength has been employed in the very contrary direction. Your Lordship's enlightened mind will give me credit for studiously abstaining from what would, with ordinary judges, have best served my cause; I mean a resentful retaliation on the conduct and motives of my adversaries.

I would appeal to any candid judge whether, in an undertaking so difficult and extensive, while I was living far from all the schools, five, ten, and even fifteen miles, it would be wonderful if I should have been sometimes (it has not happened often) mistaken in the instruments I have employed; and if the most vigilant prudence could do more than discharge such as were proved to be improper. In a few instances, where none could be found properly qualified on the spot, I have employed strangers; but in general the teachers have been taken from the parish, on the recommendation of the minister, or the principal inhabitants, or both. All the under-teachers at Blagdon were recommended by Mr. Bere. The obnoxious Wedmore schoolmaster had notice to quit as soon after I came from London as the complaint was made and was actually removed as soon as his wife recovered from her lying-in. I thought nothing could be more promising than this man. I found him car-

rying on a little trade in Bristol, after having failed in a greater, and he was an active member of the volunteer corps, and a tax-gatherer of the parish.

I need not inform your lordship why the illiterate, when they become religious, are more liable to enthusiasm than the better informed. They have also a coarse way of expressing their religious sentiments, which often appears to be enthusiasm, when it is only vulgarity or quaintness. But I am persuaded your lordship will allow that this does not furnish a reason why the poor should be left destitute of religious instruction. That the knowledge of the Bible should lay men more open to the delusions of fanaticism on the one hand, or of jacobinism on the other, appears so unlikely, that I should have thought the probability lay all on the other side.

I do not vindicate enthusiasm: I dread it. But can the possibility that a few should become enthusiasts, be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them *all* up to actual vice and barbarism?

In one of the principal pamphlets against me, it is asserted that my writings *ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman*. In most of them it is affirmed, that my principles and actions are corrupt and mischievous in no common degree. If the grosser crimes alleged against me be true, I am not only unfit to be allowed to teach poor children to read, but I am unfit to be tolerated in any class of society. If, on the contrary, the heavier charges should prove not to be true, may it not furnish a presumption that the less are equally unfounded? There is scarcely any motive so pernicious, nor any hypocrisy so deep, to which my plans have not been attributed; yet I have neither improved my interest nor my fortune by them. I am not of a sex to expect preferment, nor of a temper to court favour; nor was I so ignorant of mankind, as to look for praise by a mean so little calculated to obtain it; though,

perhaps, I did not reckon on such a degree of obloquy. If vanity were my motive, it has been properly punished;—if hypocrisy, I am hastening fast to answer for it at a tribunal, compared with which all human opinion weighs very light indeed; in view of which the sacrifice which I have been called to make of health, peace, and reputation shrinks into nothing.

And now, my Lord, I come to what has been the ultimate object of this too tedious letter—a request to know what is your lordship's pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination: and I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority, or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools should be abolished, I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. My deep reverence for the laws and institutions of my country inspires me with a proportionate veneration for all constituted authorities, whether in church or state. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life, (which has been nearly destroyed by these prolonged attacks,) in being, in any small measure and degree, actively useful, I will at least set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom next to Him, I am bound to obey. I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

H. MORE.

The following was the Bishop's reply:—

Stanford Rivers.

DEAR MADAM,

I had yesterday the honour of receiving your letter of the 24th instant, and am very sorry you should have thought it necessary to give yourself the trouble of entering into so long a vindication of your political

and religious principles, against the malicious and groundless attacks which have been lately made upon both. I wanted no declaration or evidence of either your faith or your patriotism, more than what may be derived from your numerous and avowed publications; and I can only say, that if you are not a sincere and zealous friend to the constitutional establishment both in Church and State, you are one of the greatest hypocrites, as well as one of the best writers, in his Majesty's dominions.

With respect to Sunday Schools, established upon the principles, and conducted upon the plan which you describe, I have no hesitation in saying, that I think them admirably calculated to improve the morals of the lower classes of the people, and as such, entitled to the approbation and support of every friend to religion and good order. Do what we can, abuses will make their way into the best institutions, as, notwithstanding all your care and vigilance, you have found, and acknowledge to be the case of your own; but where the abuses are corrected as soon as discovered, they will not lessen the credit of the institutions themselves, in the opinion of any candid or considerate person. So far, therefore, from desiring that your remaining schools should be abolished, I heartily wish them success; and so long as they continue to be under the inspection and guidance of yourself, and the several parochial ministers where they are established, you may assure yourself they will have my protection, and every encouragement I can give them.

Mrs. Beadon desires your acceptance of her best compliments, and I have the honour to be, with great truth and respect, dear Madam,

Your most obedient,

and faithful humble servant,

R. BATH AND WELLS.

About this time she thus writes to one who entered much into her cares and sufferings, in the following terms :

Barley Wood, 1802.

In answer to your kind hint about my coming to town, I ought to tell you that I have long resolved not to come at all. Battared, hacked, scalped, tom-a-hawked as I have been for three years, and continue to be, brought out every month as an object of scorn and abhorrence, I seem to have nothing to do in the world. I have indeed many kind friends who anxiously press my coming, especially at Fulham, but I shall be better at home; for though it has pleased God to give me great resignation to this long-protracted trial, yet it is a still, passive submission, and I want active courage to leave my retirement, and my round of quiet employments. I try to indulge neither resentment nor misanthropy. I pray for my enemies, who are very low and very wretched. I have learnt the true value of human opinion; and I have learnt much of the corruption, not of the world only, but of my own heart. I have gotten stronger faith in the truth of Scripture. I feel a general spirit of submission; and there are *times*, but not often, when I can even *rejoice* that I have been counted worthy to suffer in this cause. From long habit, it will seem odd, after never having once omitted going to London, for thirty years, to discontinue it, but I think I am *right*. I have in that long period been spoiled for ordinary society, but am not so nice as I used to be, and there are always duties enough to do if one will but do them. I have, I fear, been too much inclined to choose the pleasantest. My remaining domestic duties threaten to be of a more trying kind: pray for me, both of you, that my faith fail not.

Yours, my dear friend, very affectionately,

H. MORE.

In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, after alluding to a virulent pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Bere, she thus writes :—

‘I hope I shall bear these deep schemes for the destruction of my usefulness, by this attack on my reputation, with humble patience ; but, alas ! this frail body is neither hero nor Christian. The school, thank God, is going on with hearty concurrence. *I* shall certainly not answer the book, should it accuse me of all the crimes committed since the murder of Abel : but some of my friends may think it their duty, and this may detain me here a little longer than I wish, for I long to get away. I am sadly worried with company ; and I am worried with refusing as well as with seeing them.’

Mrs. More formed a right opinion of her friends, in expecting her justification at their hands. All the good part of society joined in the reprobation of the treatment she had been so long exposed to, and her enemies were signally overthrown and disgraced.

In addition to the testimony which was borne by the clergy of the part of the county which was the principal scene of Mrs. More’s benevolent activity, and to which allusion was made in the letter of the Bishop of Durham, the church-wardens and overseers of the parishes which had experienced the benefit of her zeal and industry, put forth a printed declaration with their signatures, of the decided proofs coming within their own knowledge of the happy results of her charitable labours.

Nor were these honourable endeavours unattended with the success they merited. The convictions of all who were not pre-engaged on one side of this controversy, or prejudiced against the cause of piety, were settled in favour of a person, who, for the promotion of the happiness of others, had sacrificed her own health, gratifications and repose. Towards the

middle of the year 1802, she may be said to have emerged out of the dense and tainted atmosphere in which her health had nearly yielded to its suffocating influence, into a region of quiet, where her honour and integrity found their proper element, and enjoyed their true elevation.

Part of a letter from Mrs. Martha More to her sister during her visit at Fulham Palace, will shew that besides the highest of all supports, Mrs. H. More had the greatest earthly consolation and encouragement under this trial.

Fulham Palace, King's birth-day.

We arrived here Thursday afternoon, and found Mrs. Kennicott, who had just been reading to us a sweet letter from Mrs. Barrington :— she says, ‘ So Hannah More has again been persecuted ; but she will indeed receive our Saviour’s blessing, “ blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake.” ’ The Right Reverends are all expected, and the half-hour bell is just ringing.¹ I met this morning with one who heard Bishop Horsley himself express his surprise at any persons attending to a syllable of B——’s accusations, after seeing that a clergyman and magistrate took affidavits himself in his own cause. Our friends say the business will have a good ending, even in this world. Nothing can exceed, and few things equal the behaviour of the Bishop and Mrs. Porteus. I cannot express to you the very marked attentions which are paid to Hannah from all ranks and descriptions of people : they say such a persecution of such a woman is unexampled. Sunday, as we were sitting at breakfast, an old lady was announced ; many rose to greet her, but she hobbled through them all to Hannah, whom she fervently kissed ; I presently found it was Lady Elgin.

¹ It was the custom of Bishop Porteus to receive at dinner the Archbishops and Bishops, on the King’s birth-day.

From the Bishop of Durham to Mrs. H. More.

Mongewell, June 24, 1802.

I cannot too speedily congratulate you, and your whole family, my dear Madam, on the turn which affairs have taken at Blagdon. Triumph you do not want on any other ground than the vindication of your own conduct, and the innocence of your vilified schoolmaster. You will more easily imagine than I describe, the pleasure which I feel at the relief which your mind experiences, and, as I trust, the consequent improvement of your health on this occasion. Mrs. Barrington charges me with her best wishes, and I am, my dear Madam, with the truest regard and esteem, your faithful servant,

S. DUNELM.

CHAPTER VII.

REMOVAL TO BARLEY WOOD—LONG ILLNESS—"CÆLEBS"—"PRACTICAL PIETY"—"CHRISTIAN MORALS."

A VARIETY of considerations had for some time been preparing the way for Mrs. More's determination to quit her little residence at Cowslip Green, which though very pretty, was in many respects inconvenient. The purchase of a piece of ground was offered her at about a mile distant, in a singularly picturesque and healthy situation, combining every possible advantage for a dwelling. Having selected the most advantageous spot, she built a comfortable mansion upon this ground, which afforded ample scope for the exercise of her taste, and formed around it a delightful territory, planted and disposed with admirable skill and contrivance. The sisters soon became so attached to this place, called Barley Wood, and found it at once so cheerful and salubrious, that they soon afterwards parted with their house at Bath, and made this their constant residence. Here Mrs. H. More hoped to enjoy that retirement and leisure for which she had long sighed; but her talents for society, and the literary and spiritual advantages derivable from her conversation, were too well appreciated to allow her propensity to be gratified. The world broke in upon her from every quarter, and as the greater part of her visitors resorted to her for

improvement and advice, she felt it her duty to be free and accessible towards all who sought her society. The disposition of grounds, the embellishments of rural scenery, and even practical gardening, as far as her fragile frame could permit, were her favourite pursuits—pursuits which were exalted and refined by those high associations by which all that she put her hands to were invariably characterized.

All her doings, little and great, from this epoch of her life, in which her time and her talents were consecrated to the highest service, were stamped with a divine impress that sufficiently denoted to whom they belonged, and to what they were directed.

It is somewhat to be regretted that her celebrity occasioned such an unceasing influx of letters as to require the sacrifice of too large a portion of her time to the necessity, (for her courtesy and kindness made it a necessity,) of answering them. The world wanted her, and the world interrupted her—the world used and abused her—honoured her by its calumnies, and humbled her by its caresses—attempted to spoil, to affright and to allure her equally in vain: its virtues made her weep for its vices, and its efforts to seduce her into conformity with its practices fixed her more firmly on the safe side of that barrier which separates between earthly and heavenly-mindedness, between the children of disobedience and the subjects of grace.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. T——.

Barley Wood, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have lately heard, with much concern, repeated accounts of the poor state of your health. The long continuance of your indisposition makes it become serious—but without falling into the false, flattering way of those who soothe their sick friends by un-

founded hopes of better days—I have really and truly the most sanguine expectation that by the divine blessing, a genial spring will completely restore you; especially as you do not, and I thank God for it, seem to have those obstinate symptoms which will not yield to change of seasons. I should have answered your kind letter sooner, but have been myself confined with a troublesome cold and pain in my throat (a common symptom, it seems). I held up wonderfully while I confined myself to my double hose, and wrapped up in a bale of cloth, defied almost any weather; but by way of experiment I would *walk* to see a neighbour, and after sitting by her large fire in my wrappings, on coming out the cold air struck me. I tell you this for your edification, that you may avoid a like error when you are able to get out. I am much better again.

And now to that which is the immediate object of this letter, and which is the concurrent wish of the whole family, as well as of myself. As I certainly owe the great improvement in my own health, under providence, to my present habitation, though perhaps *partly* to my habits of life, so different to what they have been all preceding winters, it is our earnest wish that as soon as the spring is fairly set in, and your strength a little recovered, you would pack yourself up in your post-chaise, and travel hither by slow journies. If Mr. T——cannot (as I presume is the case) accompany you, you may bring M—— to amuse you, and your maid to take care of you on the road; a fortnight, I dare say, would set you up, and at Easter holidays Mr. T—— might come and fetch you home. It is the driest house in the country. You will have a south room, which even now, in a snowy day, is very warm, and which, I am sorry to say, in summer is intolerably hot. The glare of light, I am studying to abate; but heat and light are no such great calamities in February. You will have a fine

airy hill to walk upon, with many a seat on which to rest, and on which you will twice a day be visited by a fresh sea-breeze. It is but a moderate journey, and it is not cold like your northern pilgrimages. You shall follow your own devices, and do as you please.

I have not given you a very brilliant account of the scenes I wish you to visit. If it pleases God, however, it may be brightened by the arrival of that spring which is to cure you. Our exterior is not much brighter. The fields look as brown as gravel walks, and the evergreens are quite withered by the frost, but to-day we have some rain, and if it continues, we shall soon beautify.

I have fagged hard at good old Bishop Reynolds, a fat folio of near 1200 pages, which I have almost got through. Such solid Christianity! and such deep views of sinful man! And as to tediousness, I rather like it. I never can pick up any sustenance out of your short scanty books. As to new books, I know nothing, for I am not in the way here of borrowing or hiring, and I cannot afford to buy, because I have spent all my money on trees. Of books, however, it may in general be said, that 'the old are better.'

My old friend Lady Aylesbury is gone. Cadell, with whom I set out twenty-eight years ago in literary connexion, is gone! He, very healthy, taken,—I, very sickly, spared! Owen Cambridge, Bennet Langton, all lately dead: besides numbers of less note, but younger and more promising, who have been dropping on the right hand and on the left. Yet, how hard it is to bring the mind seriously, earnestly, and practically, to prepare for one's own call. When disappointments, sufferings, and trials drive one off from one refuge, the vain and deceitful heart snatches at another. There are so many *shades* of worldliness, that it is easy to have renounced the ball, and the play, and ambition, and extravagance,

and dissipation, without having made much, if any real advance towards God ; and it is easy to wish for heaven, and yet very hard to get a heavenly mind.

Mrs. Kennicott is very poorly, she has had so bad a cough as to have consulted Dr. Heberden. She has been at Acton, but I believe is now gone into Oxfordshire.

Your's, very affectionately,
H. MORE.

Mrs. H. More renewed again, during the progress of this year, her secret controversy with her own heart, and her solemn pledges of service in the work of edification and practical piety. Her diary of this year presents to us the mirror of a mind gathering strength daily from its increasing conviction of its natural weakness, and from the succours of grace conceded to prayer and self-abasing confession before the throne of grace.

She commences it in the following terms :—

Jan. 1, 1803—Since I have been in some measure drawn off from the pursuits of the world, and have laboured, though in a most imperfect manner, to assist others in the knowledge of the truth—my life being active and my health bad, I find I have neglected my writing ; but being now, through the will of God, brought to a life of more leisure and retirement, I resolve, through grace, to resume it. And do thou, O Lord, grant that I may be more fixed in my thoughts, more frequent in self-examination, more heedful in the emotions of my own mind, more mindful of death from thus marking the progress to it. O Lord, I resolve to begin this year with a solemn dedication of myself to thee : Thine I am : I am not my own ; I am bought with a price. Let the time past suffice for me to have lived in the world—let me henceforward live to Him who loved me and gave

himself for me. Lord, do thou sanctify to me my long and heavy trials. Let them not be removed till they have answered those ends which they were sent to accomplish.

I have this day had an awful admonition—heard of the death of Mr. Cadell, my bookseller for twenty-eight years ; only a few years older than myself ! born in the same village ! In many respects we were alike prosperous, and went on with great amity in all our literary concerns. He abounded in the wisdom of this world, and his councils to me were profitable. He was a useful man to literature. His friends Gibbon, Hume, Robertson—where are they ?

Jan. 5.—I fear I am become more intent on reading Scripture and cultivating retirement, than willing to bestow time on others. I have hitherto erred on the other side ; the danger now is, lest the slanders I have met with should drive me to too much caution and silence.

Jan. 7.—Various trials, acting on a nervous frame and keenly feeling temper, have disturbed my peace and health, I fear to the discredit of religion. Blessed be God, my mind is not only placable, but is become serene. Instead of being disturbed by every petty event, I now endeavour not to think very much of any thing which is to end when this life ends.

Jan. 8.—Have been frequent in prayer for poor Mr. —, who is supposed to be dying ; Lord, lay not to his charge his offences against me. I forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven.

Sunday, Jan. 9.—Formerly I was glad when they said unto me, “ Let us go up unto the house of our God.” Now I endeavour to submit cheerfully to be detained by sickness from church ; yet it is a great hindrance to spiritual improvement, and I ascribe it partly to this, that I have scarcely ever known any

one person who has lived long abroad, retain much serious piety. Lord, I thank thee that my lot was cast in a land of light and knowledge, where the name of Christ is publicly professed, and Christianity preached in its purity. I bless thee for thy day, thy word, thy Spirit. Lord, grant that my advantages may not one day appear against me; and that while strangers are called from the north and the south, from the east and the west, I, with all my means, may not be shut out of thy kingdom.

January 10.—Heard to-day of fresh persecution, new attacks from the old quarter; after frequent promises of silence. Lord, grant that I may bear this with a holy resignation to thy will. If reputation be the sacrifice thou requirest, thy will be done. I try daily to look less to human applause, and more to thy favour, which is eternal life. Grant that I may not be content with *saying* this; do thou enable me to *do* it.

January 12.—Finished reading ‘Halyburton’s Life. It is so ill written, so full of Scottish idioms and vulgarisms, and so uncouth, that together with the gloomy state of his mind, it was a heavy labour to get through the first half; but the second made rich amends; it exhibits the most consolatory view of a soul which has struggled with and conquered habitual sin; all ending in such a vigorous unshaken faith, and such a triumphant death-bed, as must animate the coldest heart, and leave the most cheering impression of the truth of Christianity. It would be well worth while to abridge, polish, and reprint this ill-written but striking testimony to the truth of religion.

January 13.—I was struck at hearing read one of my own stories, ‘’Tis all for the best!’ meant as an answer to Voltaire’s ridicule of optimism. The story goes strongly to the vindication of every dispensation of Providence, and inculcates unqualified

submission in the warmest terms. I blushed to think that I had not acted up to my own views—"Thou that teachest another, teachest not thou thyself?"

January 19.—A delightful letter from my dear ancient friend, Mrs. Boscawen, at 84;—her praise of me too exalted, but kindly meant to support me under my strange attack; she desires my prayers; how many do this, who little know how much more I need their's, and what a poor, erring, sinful creature I am.

January 20.—I try to bring into practice this remark, If I get repentance by affliction, it is not so much a trouble as an advantageous traffic; it is a voyage which has pain in the way, but treasure in the end. No affliction can hurt him that is penitent and believing; if we escape, it will make us more thankful; if not, it will bring us nearer to God.

January 24.—Seeing that evils which I feared have been graciously withheld, and mercies which I despaired of have been granted, I would learn to trust God more, to commit myself to him, to throw aside all anxiety, and neither to fear remote evils, nor to look for distant good.

January 25.—With sorrow I find, that though it has pleased God by various trials, both in my health and fame, to wean me from what is called the world; and I have, through grace, obtained a considerable deadness to honours, pleasure, and human applause, yet it is easy to detect the same spirit still at work on nearer occasions, and in the daily petty affairs of life. I am discomposed by trifles which I despise and feel inequalities of temper at trifling faults in others; am impatient at their follies, weaknesses, imprudences; forgetting how often I myself offend, not only against them, but against infinite mercy, and inexhaustible patience. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ!

January 27.—I am thankful to say that my thoughts in the night, in which my waking hours are many, are for the most part on serious subjects; but I grieve to find, that though my reins chasten me in the night season, yet when the light of day restores cheerfulness and gaiety, and objects are alive about me, I cannot get back altogether to that spirituality which the night encouraged.

January 28.—I find it hard, nay impossible, to acquit myself during the day, of the promises and resolutions made in the night season; this furnishes fresh, constant reasons for flying “to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness;” it serves to keep the heart humble, by showing its constant need of pardon, mercy, and the pleading of the divine Intercessor.

February 2.—My birth-day! How slender was my prospect this day twelvemonth, that I should live to see it. I would enumerate some of the mercies of the past year: Raised up from a long and dangerous sickness—from a broken state of nerves and spirits, restored to a serene and resigned frame of mind, able to thank God, not only for amended health and spirits, for the many comforts and alleviations of my long and heavy trial, but enabled to thank him for the trial itself: it has shown me more of the world, more of its corruptions, more of my own heart, more of the instability of human opinion; and it has weaned me from many attachments which were too strong to be right. Among other mercies, I have been preserved from injury, when my horse twice fell under me. My schools are not only continued, but God has raised up a powerful protector in the new bishop. He has enabled me to meet, without resentment, those whom I knew to be my enemies. He has given me a new and delightful habitation, and continued to me many friends; “Bless the Lord, O my soul!” May I seriously renew my repentance

for the sins of the past year, and enter upon a new course of holy obedience. I would also reckon it among my mercies, that I have escaped the bustle and worldliness of a Bath winter, and have so much time at my disposal. Oh ! that I could spend it to the glory of the great Giver.

February 6.—In the night I had much comfortable intercourse with my heavenly Father, and felt resigned to his will, whether it decreed that I should pass through honour or dishonour, evil report or good report, life or death ;—but when the business of the day returns, the unsteadiness of my own heart, and the frivolous conversation of others sadly diminish these good impressions. Oh ! for more permanent spirituality of mind !

February 17.—A sleepless night, but I thank God, no great pain. I did not indulge my gloomy thoughts : nor did lamenting recollections obtain power over my mind, but I was enabled to repeat larger passages of scripture, and to pray.

February 18.—Another month has past over my head. I have to be thankful for its mercies. No calamity hath befallen, nor any evil overtaken me, but such as is common, and to be expected in a life frail, uncertain, and suffering. Oh for warmer aspirations after a life that shall have no sorrow and no end !

February 27.—I am grieved to find on this Sunday, that though I have leisure, I have not the right relish for serious objects. I find it impossible, alas ! to confine my thoughts to any devout contemplations for any length of time. “Who shall deliver me from this body of death and sin ?” I thank my God through Jesus Christ, that my mind kept up a sense of devotion for a blessed interval on first awaking this morning.

March 2.—This day finished Paley’s ‘Natural Theology.’ It is a very able work—evinces the

author's acquaintance with anatomy, and almost all science. All these endowments are made subservient to the grand purpose for which the book is written. But the work is still deficient in some essential points.

March 12.—Poor Captain — has been spending some days with us. I think it has pleased God, by the trial of his sickness, to work a material change in his heart. There seems to be in him a growing delight in spiritual things, and a tenderness of conscience. I bless thee, Lord, that that exemplary servant of thine, his serjeant, was one of our first scholars at Cheddar, and that thou hast graciously preserved him in faith and virtue, in a station so full of temptation. With thy grace, a camp may become a sanctuary, and without it the holiest place may be converted into a scene of iniquity.

March 15.—Finished this day, for the second time, Bishop Horne's Paraphrase of the Psalms. A work of great edification, and of a sweet and devout spirit. I do not know any book that has greater unction and saviour of piety. Only one thing surprises me, that this excellent man falls into the common error of mistaking baptism for regeneration. Surely it is confounding the outward and visible sign with the inward and spiritual grace.

March 24.—I feel in finishing my garden that I have too much anxiety to make it beautiful; that it occupies too much of my attention, and tends to give worldly thoughts a predominance in my mind. How imperfection mixes itself with all we do and are!—This innocent relaxation, which Providence seems kindly to have provided for me so seasonably in the time of my distress and depression, is in danger of becoming a snare, by fixing me too much to that world from which I am in other respects trying to free myself. May I ever remember, that whatever keeps the mind from God,—or that stops the heart

short of heavenly things, however harmless in itself, becomes sinful by drawing the time and thoughts and affections from their proper and legitimate objects. I have, perhaps, too strong a passion for scenery and landscape-gardening.

Sunday, March 27.—By the great favour and goodness of God, I have this day been enabled to go to church. Adored be thy holy name, that I am again restored to this privilege. O may it be sanctified to me! May I lift up my heart in gratitude for every spiritual blessing; for Sabbaths, for ordinances, for ministers! May I be less unfruitful under these multiplied advantages! Every opportunity increases my responsibility. Let me always remember that it was to the *professors*, to the *instructed*, to those who because they had the *means*, made sure of salvation, that the Lord said, “Depart from me, I never knew you.” Better to have been a pagan, a blind ignorant idolater, than a disobedient Christian, or an unfruitful believer.

Good Friday.—May the awful transactions of this holy day sink deep into my heart, and may I resolve with more effect than I have hitherto done, to live henceforth to him who died for me. May all my reading and meditation this day respect that great event on which my own salvation, and that of the whole world depends. Lord Jesus, hasten thy great work, and grant that the knowledge of thee may cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Bring in the Gentiles, convert thine ancient people the Jews, and finally accomplish the number of thine elect.

April 13.—A fresh call to repentance and preparation, in the death of one of my oldest friends, Mr. L—. Our acquaintance began when I was eighteen; we were both then devoted to poetry, literature, and intellectual amusement; his was a singular character; about the middle of life he renounced

worldly society and reading, yet persisted in a close application to business. He fell into the habits and opinions of the mystics—was much given up to secret devotion, devout meditation, and a thoughtful intercourse with his Maker. I have no doubt of his sincerity—but he was a character rather to be admired than imitated. He left off at last all public worship. Taking no active part in society, he brought little glory to God, and was less useful to mankind than his talents, his virtues, and his fortune ought to have made him. He was, however, one of the most amiable, gentle, and self-denying of men; and with all his peculiarities, was, I doubt not, a sincere Christian *in his way*. May I be found watching, as I doubt not he was!

April 19.—On Sunday I was enabled to go twice to church, through the goodness of God. Shipham in the morning: the first time of my visiting the schools. I hope I was thankful for being restored to my poor children, and for finding a very full and flourishing school, well informed in the scriptures. We can only put Christianity into their *heads*: do thou, O Father of mercies! put it into their *hearts*, and sanctify our labours.

April 22.—Mr. Whalley passed a day or two with us. I am always edified by his highly devotional spirit. He seems more dead to the world, and to realize the invisible things of eternity more than almost any man I ever knew. We conversed much on serious subjects, and read largely in Bishop Reynolds. I have to lament that the impression of such reading and such conversation is so soon effaced. Last night having lost my feverish symptoms, I was enabled to keep up devout thoughts and prayers during all my waking intervals. Oh! that I could carry them more into the intercourse of the world!

May 4.—Indisposition of body and mind has prevented my writing. Things the most trivial and con-

temptible, occupy, distract, and indispose the soul for its proper work. I fear I have gone back in religion this week. My waking nightly thoughts have been less voluntarily pious. I find with sorrow that I stand in need of continual calls and awakening; for when all goes on peacefully, I easily degenerate into sloth and deadness.

May 5.—One ill consequence I experience from my long trial is, that whereas I used to watch for all occasions for introducing useful subjects, I am now backward to do it, from the idea that all I say may be called enthusiasm. Alas! it is a difficult case;—I know not how to act—Lord! direct me by thy Spirit. The low tone, too, of common conversation is very unfavourable to a spirit of devotion. I seize, however, what time I can to be alone, and that is the time I most truly enjoy. I do not get weary of holy reading; but meditation and prayer too soon fail. Just finished Hayley's life of Cowper. Cowper's letters are interesting, as they present to view the genuine, affectionate, benevolent heart of the incomparable author. I was disappointed to find so few of his religious letters printed. The biographer seems to forget, or not to know, that religion was the grand feature, the turning point in the character of Cowper. It was difficult to write his life truly, and yet tenderly. Hayley has very judiciously sunk some circumstances which might have been misunderstood; and he has treated his insanity with great tenderness. The whole is written in a good temper, and much favour is shown to religious people. As to the composition of the life, by way of preface, it is in a bad taste, florid and incorrect. It is, however, with all its faults, a pleasing work, but might have been made far more useful. The letters wind about the heart, and captivate the affections, by their natural feeling, truth, elegance, and simplicity.

June 18.—A long pause. P. and I have been

absent a month at Cheltenham to drink the waters. However I may be as to bodily improvement, I fear my soul has not prospered in health. With fewer impediments than I have almost ever had; fewer trials; more leisure for reading and meditation, I am not more spiritually-minded. I read with little improvement, I fear, though I read much. O Lord, do thou root the spirit of worldliness out of my heart. It flourishes there, because it finds a congenial soil.

July 20.—I had hung my harp upon the willows, never more to take it down, as I thought: but importunity on the one hand, and supineness on the part of others, have driven me to write a popular song on the dread of invasion. What a state of things must we be in, when the most immediate way of doing good that occurs, is, for *me* to *write* a song! I was driven to make it merrily loyal; had it been serious it would have been scouted.

July 29.—Heard to-day that my enemies had been undermining my character, among those of the highest rank. I am anew accused of disaffection to those whom my humble talents have heartily supported, and whom it is one great business of my life to support. Blessed be God! I heard this with little emotion. O how thankful am I, that I can now hear such charges with patience! May I more and more learn of Him who was meek and lowly; may I with humble reverence, reflect that even that divine and perfect Being was accused of sedition, and of stirring up the people.

September 30.—I find it easier to pray that others may be weaned from the world than to be weaned myself. I have spent nearly all this week in my garden; too much occupied by amusement without doors, and company within. I am now, through the mercy of my God, come to the conclusion of another month. Great have been my mercies—great my undeservings. I would especially be thankful for a

letter from the Rev. —, acknowledging the good done in his parish by my tracts—and to his own soul by one in particular—that on bringing religion into the common business of life. May my heart be filled with gratitude for that goodness which has vouchsafed to work by so worthless an instrument.

Sunday.—We were all at Wrington church, and at sacrament. This last is a blessing I have so rarely enjoyed the last two years, that I cannot be thankful enough for any such opportunity. O Lord, hear and confirm the vows I offered up to thee at thy table; strengthen my faith, animate my hope, influence my charity. I was not well; I hope that may partly account for the coldness of my heart. When shall I be dead unto sin and alive unto God?

Tuesday night, October 9.—At home for reading and prayer; but a cold heart and dead affections. Lord! prepare every heart, and especially my own, to confess with deep contrition and self-aborrence our great and numberless transgressions; and may we say in the view of our great military preparations. “Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and departeth from the living God.”

October 13.—What a miscellaneous world! What different scenes occupy successive days! Yesterday Patty and I dined at Clevedon, to meet the duke of —, though our hearts were fresh bleeding with the recent wound of Drewitt’s death. I thought it right to go, as a desire had been expressed for my acquaintance, which, under any other circumstances than those of my late trials, I should have thought of no importance. But neither the compliments, nor the splendours of the day, could make me forget my dear departed friend. We staid all night.

Friday 14.—My beloved friend, Mr. Wilberforce and his family, came to pass a few days. I bless God that we were permitted to meet once more in this tempestuous world, in tolerable peace and comfort.

I hope to profit by this fresh view of this excellent man's faith and holiness; his superiority to worldly temptation and worldly censure; his patience under provocations, and his lively gratitude for the common mercies of life.

Monday 17.—After breakfast, the Wilberforces departed for Bath, and Patty and I for Cheddar, to pay the last sad duty to Drewitt. When I saw the poor widow, there were no tears, no murmurs, no complaints, it was the most heroic piety and exemplary fortitude. We attended the widow with her three young children, to take her last leave of the body, before it was carried out of the house. She leaned in a praying posture for a long time over the coffin, embracing it—her little ones beside her—but not a groan escaped her, she was solemnly silent, but her heart was praying.

Mr. B—— preached a most interesting funeral sermon to above two thousand weeping auditors, and it fell to his hard lot to read the prayers, and to bury the friend of his heart. After sermon, the widow quietly walked out of her pew, took her babes by the hand, and went to the grave, over which she stood without indulging any emotion during the last sad ceremony. When all was over she walked with her children back to the house, to which the mournful procession all returned. The sight and sorrow of R——, the beloved friend of her husband, at length forced a flood of tears from this heroic mourner. If I am not the better for her example on this occasion, it will be among the number of my sins. Lord, sanctify to us all, and to me in particular, the solemnities of this day; and grant that the sight of youth, genius, and virtue consigned to the grave, may quicken my preparation for it. Such were the last honours paid to an obscure country curate, whose talents and acquirements would have adorned the highest station;

but whose humility and piety eminently fitted him for that which he filled.

October 20.—Yesterday, the 19th, was the public fast. It appears to have been not only decently, but solemnly observed every where. O Lord, accept the prayers which thy sinful, but in many instances, I trust, thy repenting creatures, have offered up at the throne of thy grace: and grant that sorrow for sin may be an abiding principle in the hearts of all those whose lips yesterday confessed it. Accept the prayers which were offered up for our king and country. Avert the stroke which we have most righteously deserved; and grant that, renouncing all dependance on ourselves and on an arm of flesh, we may place it solely on thy tender mercies in Christ Jesus. Unite the hearts of this nation, as the heart of one man, both in their allegiance to the king, and especially to thee the King of kings, and Lord of lords; and grant that whatever may be the event, we may be taught by it a deeper submission to thy will; and if in anger thou hast decreed that national peace should be deferred, as a punishment for our sins, grant that we may individually have peace with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

November 3.—We have had the comfort of two days of the company of our dear friend H. T. His mild, peaceful, subdued, holy, cheerful spirit, does honour to religion. May God spare him to a world not worthy of him. I forgot to record that on nearly the same day with Drewitt, B—— was called away to answer at the bar of God, for a life spent in opposition to the light of knowledge and education. He was one of the worst calumniators of Poor D. Both called into eternity together! O how different the account they had to give of their respective talents.

Some petty vexations from a friend convinced me too sadly how much I am still in the power of trifles. and how little after all, the world is crucified to me,

and I to the world. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!

November 25.—Being able to do little or nothing to serve our country, it occurred to us as a sacrifice it would become us to make, that I should write and offer to give up Barley Wood to the commanding officers at Bristol, to be entirely at their disposal in the event of the French actually landing at Uphill, eight miles distant; or a partial use of our house in the meanwhile;—a kind letter of thanks and friendly refusal for the present, but of acceptance in case of an invasion, has satisfied our minds that we did right in making the offer.

Sunday 27th of November.—Too damp and wet for schools or church. Tried to improve the solitude thus afforded me. Read Baxter's Funeral Sermon, and some of the more serious passages of his life, and found them striking, and in some respects appropriate; but how sadly do I fall short of him, particularly where he speaks of his calumnious assailants. Fifty books were written against *him*; about twenty-three, I think, were written *for* and against *me*; besides three years monthly attack from the Anti-Jacobin; but while Baxter blessed God that none of these things disturbed him, I have to lament that through my want of his faith and piety, they had nearly destroyed my life. In one thing only I had the advantage, I never once *replied* to my calumniators. In this one thing his trial was less than mine—that his calumniators did not hinder him in the service of God, by diminishing his estimation as a writer; whereas I believe that the false witness borne against me, has caused my works to be much less read and more condemned: but God can carry on his own work, though all such poor tools as I were broken.

November 29th.—I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breath, and length, and depth of the radical sin of selfishness, and of the excellence

and necessity of self-denial and public spirit and charity.

30th.—Lord! grant me more patience and watchfulness, and forgive my numberless sins, known and unknown, for the merits, and sacrifice, and intercession of my Saviour Jesus Christ.

I have been much humbled in reading an account of the death of good Mr. K——'s son. What resignation to the divine will, what trust in Christ, what love of God *under* trials, and *for* trials, at the early age of nineteen! At three times that age, how cold, how dead, how slack am I in preparation for that eternity, which is so rapidly advancing.

December.—Letter from Mr. Pearson declining Cheddar. This is a great grief. Lord, let it be a sanctified grief. Teach me a complete acquiescence in thy holy will; the work is in thine hand; to thee I would commit it. Deliver my soul from all sinful anxiety, and let me not be anxious about *thy* work, but my *own*. Oh, for more faith in the promises, more renunciation of my own wisdom, my own will, my own way.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Patty is gone to take leave of Shipham. It grieves me, whose health is better than her's, thus to put the labouring oar on her, but the fear of being laid up for the winter, deters me. I have spent this Sabbath morning in my own room, with much peace of mind: I never do this voluntarily; public worship is God's ordinance, and ought never to be omitted, but on very strong grounds. Without public worship all private religion would soon decay.

December 26.—In the midst of my pain I have secretly been trying to reconcile friends whom trifles had set at variance. Oh, what an imperfect world it is! Good people quarrel for very nothings? For my own part I feel so much sinfulness in my own nature, that it makes me lenient to the faults of

others. I say this now with more truth, from having felt sinful tempers rise in my mind to-day about trifles. Shall I not then forgive my fellow-sinner his hundred pence: I who have a debt of a thousand talents to be forgiven? May we bear one another's burdens; and may I prepare for that period of pain, and weariness, and imbecility, which must be found in that old age which is approaching.

Her diary for 1804, is the last of those interesting impressions of her mind found among her papers, in which her thoughts flow in a consecutive series; and which, while they indicate the progress of her self-searching piety, and its beautiful surrender to divine discipline, exhibits an instructive specimen of the great gain of godliness in the settled serenity and happy confidence in which it lands us at the last.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1804.—I am now, through the great and undeserved mercy of my God, brought to the beginning of another Sunday and another year. “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thy sins and pardoneth all thine iniquities.” O Lord! give me grace on this day solemnly and seriously to repent of the sins of my whole life, and especially of the sins which the past year has added to the sins of my former life. And do thou touch my heart with a deep and lively sense of thy continued, renewed, and increased mercies. Enable me this day to pass over in review these particular mercies; among others, a considerable restoration of my health and spirits; personal and family comforts continued; family misfortunes averted; opportunities of doing some good—our schools continued; kindness of friends; ability to enjoy my sweet place; escape from the turbulent life of Bath; increased opportunities of reading and retirement. I have, too, to be thankful, amidst grievous alarms and dangers, for many public blessings;

for an unusual degree of domestic peace and unanimity; for the cordiality with which all ranks have come forward in defence of the country; that a foreign invasion has been mercifully kept off, and that we have had time for preparation. So blind and ignorant are we, that perhaps even those very winds and tempests which have made us tremble for our safety, have helped to insure it. We know not, as to temporals, what we should ask for; let me therefore implore earthly blessings with entire submission to the divine will; but in praying for spiritual mercies no reserve, no caution, no limitation is necessary. Lord, pour out the grace of thy Holy Spirit on me and mine, without measure; teach us to love *thee* with *all* our hearts, minds, soul, and strength, and to devote the remainder of our lives to thy service, and to the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Jan. 7.—Intense pains in my head and face continue. Lord, give me more patience: “Shall a living man complain?” Oh! how much fewer are my sufferings than my sins; how much less do I suffer for my sins than my Saviour suffered for them!

Jan. 14.—Blessed be God for an interval of ease for two days. I call myself to account for my late deadness, and hardness, and worldliness; disturbed with petty cares, and my heart much alienated from prayer by those very sufferings which ought to have drawn my soul nearer to God. “Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ.” A visit from Mr. A——; he declares that the country is in a complete state of defence and the foe hourly expected. Lord, strengthen our arms and prepare our hearts. Alas! what preparations are the great of my own sex making! Ball, routs, masquerades; such was the preparation Belshazzar made, when Cyrus burst the brazen gates, and Babylon was lost in a night. O Lord, awake this sinful, sleeping land.

Death and eternity ! impress these two awful words on all our hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss H—— came for a week ; thus my solitary hours are abridged ; we read together one or two sermons of Gisborne's every day, and a portion of general history in the evening. May I be rendered useful to these pleasing friends, by being enabled to make such remarks as may lead this young person to read common books with moral and religious advantage.

My greatest loss in giving up the society of my distant friends is that I have fewer to stimulate me to the love of God. Lord ! let this deficiency lead me to look more to the fountain.

Long habits of vexation and disappointment, to which I am now inured, make ordinary trials light to me. Impatience has been one of my besetting evils ; it is still too ready to break out, even on occasions too small to record ; but it is less so than it was.

Some painful occurrences. May we pity the errors, weaknesses, failings, and evil tempers of each other. Teach us, O Lord, to cultivate a spirit of Christian charity, and to bear with each other, especially as the days of age and imbecility advance.

Let me be thankful that I have a comfortable evidence of growth in grace. I have lately heard of new enemies and of the malignity of old ones with composure ; and, I trust, with submission to the divine will. Oh, that I may be entirely delivered from the fear of man, and the desire of human praise ?

I was tempted to a piece of levity, of which I have rarely been guilty ; in writing a loyal paper I had approached too near to a parody on the Church Catechism. I am thankful that I felt my error, and altered the piece, even to its injury, to avoid giving offence to the serious, or any example of lightness to the vain.

My religious reading has been much abridged, but I have in general kept up my hour of reflection at the close of the day; a retirement I much enjoy and labour to secure. If religion has lost ground in my heart lately, a day or two of pain, through grace, may help to restore it. I had this morning in bed more comfortable intercourse with my Maker than of late.

Sunday, 15th.—Ill health detains me from church :—have been awakened to-day to more than usual fervour in prayer, in which I have been lately so dead. God grant there may not be more servile fear than filial love in it. O Lord, I have not loved thee as I ought, and therefore I have not served thee devotedly. I know not how much unbelief may be at the root of all this deadness. The Miss S——'s here for some days—a painful breach healed—no misunderstanding ought to subsist for a day between Christian friends; life is too short, peace too precious—we must “bear one another’s burdens”—Christ bore *all* ours.

Lord; look upon Cheddar—suffer not the work begun there to fail.

Lord, I come to thee persuaded that all thy ways are perfect wisdom, and all thy dispensations perfect goodness.

Sunday, 22nd.—After a week of too much worldliness, my mind has somewhat recovered its tone in devout prayer in the night. I have also to-day prayed with more affection. I have endeavoured to check my own spirit, by placing death before my eyes, and carefully reading Doddridge’s last chapter—the dying scene. When I read, the impression is strong, and my mind serious; but when the book is closed, the heart grows cold, and the world rushes in. Some worldly trials in the week have given me less vexation than usual, but that may be, not be-

cause my resignation is greater, but my animal spirits better.

25th.—I bless God for the holy example my friend N—— is giving of the power of religion—under tedious, painful, and dangerous disease—she is divinely supported—her children and servants are grown serious through her means; divine grace has made her to be willing to die, and resign her numerous children into the hands of her heavenly parent.

Sunday, February 19th.—How uncertain are all sublunary things! Just as the delay of the invasion was lulling the country into a false peace, it has pleased God to afflict us with an awful visitation—the sudden and alarming illness of the king. Into what new calamities may this sad event plunge this unthinking nation! O Lord! in mercy remember us. Avert, if thou seest fit, this heavy stroke. Though we have rebelled against thee, and our national iniquities cry aloud against us, yet do thou spare us, or do thou overrule this event to his everlasting salvation, and for the public good: comfort and bless the royal sufferer, support and strengthen him under every trial, especially under the last great conflict. Sanctify it to his family, and grant that it may bring us all to a more serious temper? to a closer personal apprehension of the vanity of life; and a constant preparation for another world.

28th.—Our Bath house is sold. I am thankful for an event which fixes us to this place for the short remainder of life, without the turmoil, care, and expense of a divided dwelling and bustling town. Lord, grant that this may prove a blessing to us all, and draw us nearer to thee. Make us thankful that our own lot has fallen in so pleasant a place—that we have a goodly heritage; but let us not take up with so poor a portion as this life, or any thing in it.

March 7th.—My diary is here interrupted, and may be so for a long time; the idea has been suggested to

me, to write a pamphlet on the education of the princess. I am unequal to it, yet they tell me it is a duty to attempt it; I feel reluctant, but no irksomeness in the task should prevent me, if I dared hope I could do any good. Lord, if it be fit that I should undertake it, do thou strengthen me for the work: fill me with a holy boldness, with prudence and wisdom; and if I really set about it, let thy blessing, without which all is nothing, attend it. Have been reading the lives of Pascal, Cranmer, Hall. Few things are so profitable or so pleasant, as the lives of eminent and holy men: the last is not impressively written—does not enter into those domestic details so interesting in the lives of good men. Cranmer seems faithfully delineated by Gilpin, and is of all characters the most interesting to me; partly from a corresponding weakness: but a more religious use might have been made of it by Gilpin.

12th.—A visit at last from Mrs. —, ardent, amiable, pious. I am humbled at her assuring me that my writings have been the honoured instruments of bringing her to the knowledge of the truth; for, alas! how little power have they on my own heart and life!

In 1805, she produced her 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess.' It was written at the earnest request of a dignitary of the church. She undertook it with reluctance, as being in her own estimation wholly unequal to the task; and it was only from the consideration that the Princess was at this time solely under the care of ladies, no preceptor having been yet appointed, that she suffered herself to be engaged in this delicate task. When she had nearly finished the work, the appointment of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), to that important office, made her for a time resolve to desist from prosecuting the under-

taking ; as she thought it might be deemed at once intrusive and superfluous to interfere in a vocation which had now been authoritatively confided to a learned and able man. After some scruples, the mildness and urbanity of the bishop's character determined her to proceed in the work. It was to be anonymous, and a profound secrecy was observed respecting it. She conceived the design of meeting objections, by dedicating the book to the Right Reverend Preceptor himself. The work was kindly and politely received by him ; and on her sending his lordship a copy, without any intimation from whence it came, a correspondence was naturally opened between them, in which the bishop addressed her as a gentleman. The internal evidence, however, as usual, soon betrayed the secret, and the discovery gave birth to an acquaintance and intercourse with the bishop of Exeter, which was equally agreeable to both the parties.

In the year 1806, Mrs. H. More was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness, which appeared to have originated in a cold, caught in returning from one of her schools. A pleuretic fever succeeded, of so inveterate a kind, as for many months to resist the strongest remedies. A year had nearly elapsed before her pulse could be materially reduced, or a change effected on which any hope of her restoration to health could be reasonably founded. It was a sad interval of suspense to all who felt her worth, or had lived within the warm influence of her benevolence or friendship. The poor seemed to lose all care for themselves, in their concern for their benefactress ; and the great, and even the gay, joined with the humble and virtuous, in a common partnership of sorrow. No class of society had escaped her searching philanthropy, and all seemed to have an equal interest in the prolongation of her existence. The letters which were received by her sisters, upon this

occasion, amounted to some hundreds. They were destroyed; but had they been preserved, their one subject would have excluded the variety to which letters owe their interest.

It was nearly two years before her recovery was sufficiently established to enable her to turn her thoughts towards any literary objects; but with her returning health, her mind rapidly resumed its energies, and was advancing in its forward march, while her body followed with a languid progress: and her friends were not a little surprised to find her pen, in spite of her infirmity, actively engaged in executing a scheme which had long occupied her mind, of presenting Christian principles and duties in the dress of narrative, in the colours of character, and with the breathing vivacity of dialogue and discussion. But some letters and transactions which belong to this interval must have place, before we say more of this work.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, July 30, 1808.

The sight of your hand-writing, my dear friend, rejoiced me; and I thank God there was nothing in your letter to diminish the pleasure the subscription gave me. A vague rumour had reached us that you were coming to Clifton: to be sure it would have been more profitable to *us*; — I hope Eastbourne may be better for *you*. To Weymouth I owe, under God, a considerable increase of strength, but I could not bring myself to stay more than a fortnight. Though we only went one stage a-day, travelling disagreed with me. I am certainly much stronger, but I suffer great pain, and my nights are restless. I do not sleep even tolerably above once a-week. At the end of nearly two years' confinement, God, in his great mercy, enabled me to go to church, and I

have since been twice to the schools, which are very flourishing. Though we neither of us are very competent, we hold on. In October, we shall keep our twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Cheddar schools. We have very many children of those who were heretofore scholars, and within the last eight or nine years above one hundred are gone out to service (well instructed and promising) from Cheddar only. Do you remember John Hill, our first scholar, whose piety and good manners you used to notice? He afterwards became a teacher, but war tore him from us. Judge of our pleasure to see him at Weymouth, in full regimentals, acting as paymaster and serjeant-major! There was a sort of review. Everybody praised the training of eight hundred men, so well disciplined. The officers said they were fit for any service. One of them said to us, 'All this is owing to the great abilities and industry of Serjeant Hill—he is the greatest master of military tactics we have. At first he was so religious that we thought him a Methodist, but we find him so good a soldier, and so correct in his morals, that we do not trouble ourselves about his religion.' He will probably be adjutant on the first vacancy.

I did feel for you on leaving Broomfield, but still more, I confess, for those you left. Clapham seems coming to nothing. By the way, we never had so good a meeting as this year at Shipham. I did not dare venture. Poor Patty, though ill able, entertained near a hundred gentry at dinner, among whom were about twenty clergy. It was a fatiguing and expensive day, but I trust it has had its uses. Many similar institutions have sprung up in consequence. We had a young Irish nobleman there, who talks of setting up something of the sort. He is lately settled in this neighbourhood, and seems fond of visiting us. He has been spending seven years amidst the seductions of infidelity on the continent, but now seems

remarkably well-disposed. He rides here to breakfast, ten miles, before eight o'clock ; that he may not lose prayers.

A letter this moment from the Ville de Paris. B—— says things now look very promising from the Spaniards—a week ago we were rather desponding.

Pray give my love to Mrs. W, in which my sisters join. Patty desires to be particularly remembered.

Yours, my dear friend,

H. MORE.

Some check was given to the alacrity with which Mrs. H. More was addressing herself to her new literary undertaking, by the death of Bishop Porteus, who finished his course with Christian joy, and with the hope of the faithful, in the year 1809, and in the seventy-eighth of his beneficial life. A few months before his departure, he appears to have paid a visit to Barley Wood, where he passed some days in much languor of body, but with a mind cheerfully expecting the approaching summons. His decay was very gentle and gradual, and he seemed to pass out of existence with the same peace and cheerfulness which had accompanied him through it. It would be difficult, perhaps, to produce another instance of zeal and urbanity, dignity and humility, decision and candour, so exemplified in a single-character. His death was to Mrs. More an irreparable loss. Their minds were much alike. They were both equally unoffending and uncompromising, earnest and moderate, firm and affectionate. Their long friendship was begun in a correspondence of taste and sentiment, and was continued and strengthened by an identity of trust and hope. The interchange of letters between them had little intermission, and amidst all the varied entertainment afforded by her correspondence, we cannot but lament that so little of that which passed between her and this good

bishop should be extant. It is well known that these letters from Mrs. More to her venerable friend, were composed with much care and spirit, sparkling with her brightest thoughts on manners and books, and rich in spiritual comments, and applications of religious truth. The Bishop had declared his positive will, that his executors should destroy his papers, and it is to be feared that the letters of Mrs. More, through inadvertence or a too literal compliance with the general injunction, were made to share a common fate with the Bishop's own documents.

Dr. Porteus bequeathed to Mrs. More a legacy of £100. and she consecrated to his memory in the plantation near her house at Barley Wood, an urn, with an inscription as unpretending as her sorrow was sincere. 'To Beilby Porteus, late Lord Bishop of London, in memory of long and faithful friendship.' The life of the Bishop by Dean Hodgson has recorded his last visit to Carlton House, and the apostolical purpose of that visit; in relation to which it may be added, as an interesting fact, that immediately before the dying prelate sat out on his holy errand, Mrs. More received a note from him, requesting her prayers for the divine blessing on the arduous and delicate task he had thought it his duty to undertake, without further explaining his purpose; and in a few days afterwards she received a second note, with which their earthly communication closed for ever, informing her of the success with which it had been attended.

The work which next issued from Mrs. More's pen was an experiment upon which she did not venture without much anxious hesitation. She published it at first without her name, not entrusting the secret even to those very few who were usually in her

confidence on similar occasions. It appeared in December, 1809, in two vols. octavo, under the title of ‘Coelebs in search of a wife,’ and excited such immediate and universal attention, that she received, in the course of a few days, notice from her bookseller to prepare for a second edition; but before this edition could be put to press, and in less than a fortnight after the first appearance of the work, it was out of print, and the booksellers all over the country became clamorous for copies. In nine months after its first appearance, she was followed to Dawlish, whither she had gone to try the effect of repose and sea-air, by the eleventh edition, which presently gave place to the twelfth.

In America, ‘Coelebs’ found a proportionably favourable reception; four editions succeeded each other with a rapidity almost unexampled in that country, where her works have been always duly appreciated. Thirty editions of 1000 copies each were printed in that country during the lifetime of Mrs. More. She continued for a long time after the publication of ‘Coelebs’ to receive, to her no small amusement, letters from her intimate acquaintance, earnestly recommending her to read it, and giving a description of the characters, sentiments, and general tendency of the work. Others, however, discovered her style before they had proceeded far in the perusal, and in letters of a humorous character, addressed her as its author. She stood firm, however, against all these attempts to draw a confession from her, till it had run through several editions.

From Mrs. H. More to W. Gray, Esq.

Barley Wood, August 14, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot easily tell you how sensibly I feel your very kind and flattering attentions to me, as well in

your very friendly letter, as its acceptable accompaniments. I have so many separate favours to acknowledge, that I should never have finished were I to enlarge upon each. I must, however, set them all aside till I have first thanked you and Mrs. Gray for that favour which I do not account the smallest—your very kind, but too short visit. It was one of the few visits of which I can with strict truth regret the shortness, having, since your sudden and brief apparition, been so overdone with a succession of company, that I have sometimes cried out with Cowper,

‘ O for a lodge in some vast wilderness ! ’

Yet an inhabitant of a great town like York might fancy our lone cottage sufficiently solitary. I thank you particularly, dear Sir, for the trouble you have taken in procuring for me the interesting circumstances preceding Mr. Burgh’s death. They gave me heartfelt satisfaction; more indeed than even stronger evidences from a man of another cast of character would have done. They seem marked by the simplicity and godly sincerity, which will add to the satisfaction I shall feel in placing his portrait, (so kindly presented by you) among my worthies. If I am perfectly enchanted with the exquisite representation of your cathedral, what should I be in seeing the edifice itself? The engraving is really delightful, and I set a high value on it for its intrinsic merit, as well as for all the interesting associations which will naturally present themselves to my mind as often as I look upon it: among these, the recollection of the kind and Christian friends from whose hands I received it, will not be the least gratifying. You will be glad to hear that all came in perfectly good order. As to the little rustic temple, which had the good fortune to please you, I have not the vanity to think it will ever be engraved.

Perhaps there would be still greater vanity in sending as a substitute, (whenever it may come out,) an engraving of an insignificant portrait, the publication of which I have long resisted. I shall not forget, if that should happen, the direction of Mr. Clarke. I hope I did not say anything, in the hurry of the conversation to which you refer, which could be construed into disrespect to Mr. Overton, whose book I considered as possessing very great merit. Where that is the case, I make no drawback of esteem and admiration for a shade or two of difference in opinion. I have such a propensity to admire whatever is really good, (not only in the execution, but in the intention,) that I may sometimes appear a little inconsistent in warmly liking books, the authors of which dislike each other: this I conceive is one of the pleasures one gains by being moderate, which I profess to be, and by holding a middle place between two valuable descriptions of writers of opposite sentiments; each, I doubt not, strenuously seeking to promote the glory of God and the best interests of mankind, though by means differing according to their different views. While I think a Christian writer should on no account temporize or flatter, or concede the smallest particle of truth, yet meekness and charity, and forbearance, do so much form a part of the *religion*, as they did of the *character* of Christ, that I always lament when I see good men ably defend Christian doctrines with a spirit not altogether Christian. Resentment is often the infirmity of noble natures, who justify their severity by its being exercised, not in their own cause, but in that of their Redeemer; I should, however, be glad to see this temper monopolized by the intolerant school of Warburton, for in their hands right too often appears to be wrong, by their supercilious mode of defence, and still more virulent mode of attack. Mr. — has certainly laid himself open to criticism in many parts,

and I think has particularly erred in not drawing a broad line of discrimination between the truly excellent (a large, and blessed be God! an increasing body) and the superficial, of the evangelical clergy.

I have not seen the ———; indeed I take no delight in controversy. To see others angry has such a tendency to make me angry, that I am afraid of getting my temper soured, and my heart hardened, by dwelling much on what even good people say against each other. It will be the glory of a better world, that the passions and prejudices, and different views, which alienated good men from each other on earth, will all be done away, and perfect love and harmony be the consequence of perfect light and knowledge. Perhaps, my own worthless self's having been so frequently the object of attack, has been of use to me in my judgment of others. It has certainly been of use to myself, in advancing the tranquillity and acquiescence of my own mind, under almost every species of assault. I have never written, and (by the grace of God) I never *will* write, one line in my own vindication, though Mr. C——, in his last Review, talks of my 'suckling babes of grace,' and 'making *hell broth*;' advises the bishop against a book which is intended to overturn the church; that the deepest mischiefs lurk in every page of 'Coelebs,' and as the book is in many hands, he feels it his duty to say, '*Caveat Emptor*.' My dear Sir, shall I not pity the poor man, on the borders of fourscore, who *could* write such a criticism after having written a poem called '*Calvary*?' Alas! for poor human nature, that he has not forgiven, at the end of thirty years, that in my gay and youthful days a tragedy of mine was preferred to one of his which perhaps better deserved success.

With what delight do I turn from these petty grievances, to the information you gave me of the flourishing state of religion, not only in your neighbourhood,

but in your *cathedral*. This is indeed a deep cause for thankfulness. For the character of Mr. Richardson I feel the highest reverence. He seems to have been an instrument singularly honoured—the sun of no inconsiderable system.

And now, farewell! Pray for me, my dear Sir, that I may be more detached from the world, more spiritually-minded, less engrossed by the things of time and sense, which my judgment despises, but which absorb too much of those affections which are due to superior and eternal things. What unspeakable consolation it is that I have a better righteousness than my own to trust to! May I trust to it more entirely, for I am sure there is no other trust! Believe me,

With real respect and esteem,

your greatly obliged,

and faithful servant,

H. MORE.

In 1811, she produced a work of two volumes, entitled ‘*Practical Piety*,’ which she had begun something more than a year after the appearance of ‘*Cœlebs*.’ Having announced it with her own name, the first edition was bespoken while in the press, and it ran on very speedily to a tenth. To be insensible to the testimony to her merit, implied in the success of her efforts, ought not to have been expected even in Hannah More, by those that most admired her; but those who knew her best, were satisfied that the result of her labours most gratifying to her mind, was the demonstration afforded by the great demand for her work, that the prayers with which she had committed it to God, had been answered in the blessing which had made it an instrument of touching and awakening many hearts. Of this she had proof the most convincing, continually coming to her knowledge to the end of her life.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

May, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

These unhappy wights who do not speedily answer such letters as you write, are, to adopt a vulgar phrase, no one's enemies but their own. Your letters always afford me so much gratification, both for their own value, and from certain associations inseparable from the recollection of pleasure never to be repeated, in society never to be again enjoyed, that I wonder at myself for not sooner entitling myself to hear from you. The truth is, I am condemned to receive, and conscientiously bound to answer, such a multitude of letters neither entertaining nor interesting to me, frequently from strangers, and on matters of business, recommendations, and applications, on which I can do little or nothing; that my attached, and valuable, and pleasant, and instructive friends, are precisely the persons from whose correspondence I am in a good measure cut off. Having but little intermission from either company or bad health, my time does not turn to much account.

Your approbation of my book is very comforting and encouraging to me. My expectations from it were low. It is nothing to the public, that it was written in constant pain, and it is the worst of all apologies, that it was done in such a hurry, that it was very little longer in writing than in printing. But life is short; mine is particularly uncertain, and I had persuaded myself that it was better to bring it out in a defective state, than not at all. I now see many faults and deficiencies, which I have somewhat laboured to diminish. I thank you for telling me of the objections made to it. Your remarks would lead to a large field of discussion, which I would rather enter upon with you in conversation than in writing;

because they would involve replies and rejoinders, which could not conveniently be made.

I am not aware of that excessive strictness, of which your pious friends complain. The gospel is strict: "The cutting off a right hand, and plucking out a right eye," though only used as metaphors and illustrations, is surely more strict than anything I have said. It is true, I invariably maintain the same opinion, that *the standard of religion should always be kept high*. The very best of us are sure to pull it down a good many pegs in our practice; but how much lower is the practice of those who fix a lower standard than the New Testament holds out! Your friends, who you say 'are in the *constant habit* of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God,' have indeed reached high attainments. I believe I do wrong to judge of others by myself, for I declare to you I have such a constant sense of imperfection in my best thoughts, words, and actions, that I continually need the refuge of a Saviour, and continually petition for pardon through him, and for the purifying and comforting assistance of his Spirit. I must have expressed myself very ill, if I have said, 'that, at the end of a long life, we are to remember every fault.' I am sure I cannot remember mine at the end of a month, or a week, which was my reason for recommending our spiritual accounts to be kept short. But we can, I think, all remember the particular sins and failings to which we are most addicted; and I meant that we should not content ourselves with *general* confession, except in public worship, but dwell on our personal and individual sins. The individual wrong propensity, besetting sin, and evil temper, is surely known to every serious inquirer into the truth of the gospel, and into the obliquities of his own heart, and this was what I meant by a specific repentance.

In a former very kind and pleasant letter about

Coelebs, I recollect you wish I had contented myself with treating religion in a more general way, like Addison and Johnson, and had not entered into the peculiar doctrines of Christianity so much; which would have pleased more generally.

This I think was the substance of your remark—I will not stay to look for your words. Now, my dear friend, I am afraid I am going to shock you, and to lower myself in your esteem. I love and honour those two men in a very high degree, though the term *love* rather belongs to Addison, *honour* to Johnson. Yet I am persuaded their writings would have done far deeper and wider good, had they not generalized their religion so much. The soundness of Johnson's principles is incontestible, but he scarcely ever enters on any evangelical truth. When he tells us himself that he had scarcely ever read the scriptures through, and when we call to mind, besides, that he had some superstition and weakness mixed with his piety, we see the reason of his reluctance to dwell on these topics. Addison had a very devout spirit. His Saturday papers on the evidences are admirable. Still he appears not to have entered into those deep views of evangelical truth which abound in Pascal, in Fenelon, in Baxter, Leighton, Bishop Hall, &c. His ideas and feelings of the Deity are sublime and elevating. If it were not the height of impertinence and conceit to refer to oneself, I would desire you to turn to 'The Hints to a Princess,' vol. ii. p. 149, where you will see I have endeavoured to do justice to those two noble authors, though I thought it would be invidious to say what I have here said, of my regret that they did not dwell more on the doctrines of Christianity, and on what distinguishes it from all other religious systems as a scheme of salvations.

I have been reading with pleasure Bennet's 'Christian Oratory.' It is not a brilliant work, but full of

sound good sense, very spiritual, practical, and serious. I deal little in speculation, and never in controversial works, and like no devotion that is not sober-minded. Some of old Baxter's practical works, I think, you would admire. I have lately read his '*Advice to the Aged*,' his '*Dying Thoughts*,' and his '*Saint's Rest*.'² One must allow for the style and diffuse manner of these voluminous old writers. They are, however, full of matter. I like them far better than our wordy moderns. I except Bishop Horsley and some few others.

A propos of moderns,—one of the most valuable, has, with his amiable family, been passing some days with us—I mean Mr. Gisborne, with whose *Sermons, Duties of Men, Duties of Women, and Survey of Scripture*, I doubt not your family are well acquainted. It is hard to say whether he be a more sound divine or amiable man. His sermons are truly scriptural, without the least tincture of bad taste or enthusiasm. He lives like a patriarch, at the head of his nine children, with his estimable and amiable lady. I have thoughts of visiting him in his forest of Needwood, of which, as he draws finely, he has taken the scenery, before it was, alas! nearly disafforested. We had other authors, too, among our last week's visitors.

To-morrow I am expecting to see a grand-daughter of your old revered friend, Lord Littleton; I mean Lady Lucy Barry;¹ she is lovely in mind and person, and from being a little gay, is become very serious. She gives a pleasing account of the piety of the dowager Lady Littleton, whom I used to meet at your house, and of whom I had lost sight.

I was equally grieved and surprised to hear of the loss Sir Lucas had sustained. I truly sympathise with him and you. Your Croydon epitaph is admir-

¹ Afterwards Lady Farnham.

able and appropriate. It is in the manner of Crashaw or Fletcher, or some of our other old poets. I hope you have shown it to your afflicted brother. I do pity him from my heart.

Adieu! my dear friend. Think of me as one who is become neither a bigot nor a misanthrope. My spirits are good and even gay.

Your's truly,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. King.

Barley Wood, Nov. 6, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your interesting letter written in August deserved earlier notice. I must defer to account for my silence, till I have requested you to stop your kind benefaction to Shipham club, you being the only member that has not discontinued it, since sickness and infirmity have compelled us to give up the public meeting. Our friends regret losing their annual pleasant day, but we are no longer equal to the fatigue.

You will be surprised to hear what a rambler I have been. I, who never reckoned on going again out of my own little circle, took courage the beginning of August, to set out with Patty on a long promised visit to our excellent friend Mr. Gisborne, at his forest in Staffordshire. The forest indeed is destroyed, at which I was disposed to be dissatisfied. But when I saw near ten thousand acres of yellow harvest, when I saw a beautiful new church erected, and a handsome parsonage built and endowed, and my admirable friend preaching to a good congregation, in a place so lately the shelter of thieves, and poachers, and vagabonds, I gave up my romance, in favour of such solid improvements. Mr. Gisborne and some other gentlemen still possess a beautiful piece of forest about their respective habitations.

Mr. G. spends his large fortune in a most liberal manner. His establishment is large, and his manner of living elegantly hospitable. We had an excellent society in the house, which is the abode of talent, piety, and benevolence.

We stayed a month with our friends at Yoxall, and then crossed the country to visit some old acquaintances at Shrewsbury, whence we took a peep into North Wales, and visited the celebrated ladies of Llangollen Vale. With the vale and the ladies we were much delighted. We paid a visit, on our way home, to our valuable friend the Bishop of Gloucester, who received us most kindly. He spoke with affectionate concern of the domestic loss you have had the misfortune to sustain.

My journey was of service to me on the whole. The chief benefit I reaped from it, was that it improved my sleep, which I had never recovered since my great illness. Patty's complaint in her head continues. It has extremely affected her hearing, and her eyes are so weak and inflamed, that she can scarcely read or write: this is a great trial to her; and my two elder sisters are very infirm.

I am very sorry not to have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Collinson, but he was so circumstanced, that I could not reasonably expect it. I hope he received a copy of 'Practical Piety,' which I directed Cadell to send him. I should have ordered one for you, but I did not know where to find you.

Your future plan of life, my dear Madam, will, I trust, prove as comfortable as it is rational. I hope it will please God to sanctify to you every trial, and to make your remaining days days of peace. Should you ever visit this part of the world, I hope you will not forget your friends at Barley Wood.

Your's, my dear Madam,

Very faithfully,

H. MORE.

After the lapse of another year, Mrs. More began to feel that she had not, in the two volumes of 'Practical Piety,' fully discharged her mind upon this copious and momentous subject; and when the usual interval she took for pausing between the publication of one work and the commencement of another had elapsed, she began a sort of sequel to it, which she entitled 'Christian Morals,' and which the abundance and variety of ideas that flowed in upon her as she proceeded, induced her to extend likewise to two volumes. No sooner was it announced to the public, than the whole first edition, as in the former instance, was bespoken. We have said that her feelings were very frequently gratified by communications describing the benefit of which her labours had been productive to the souls of her fellow-creatures, which she truly considered as her brightest reward; and with respect to this latter work, as well as those which preceded and followed it, we might appeal to the knowledge of various persons now living, for similar testimonies, which never happened to reach her ears.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I live much longer, I believe I shall in time out-do you in the dilatoriness of my correspondence, and that is saying a great deal. Great langour of frame, (having been confined the last five weeks with a severe cough,) in addition to tormenting bile, and more tormenting company, make part of my apology. I should not, however, think it was treating you like the friend of my heart, if I did not name a still more efficient interruption to writing so many letters as I ought. Having been confined six months out of

eight since Christmas, and foreseeing, or rather knowing, that I have not many Christmases to look forward to, I am willing to turn my imprisonment to some little account, and have been writing some more *last words*. You remember how frequently in the last century, fresh books came out under the title of ‘More Last Words of old Mr. Dodd.’ This has been, I think, pretty much my case, but though I do not know that my writings do any good, yet I am led to say with Cato,

‘While yet I live, let me not live in vain.’

The book is to be called ‘Christian Morals.’ I do not talk of it, except to one or two particular friends because I do not like to have it discussed and to be questioned beforehand. I have not finished it. Whether it is worth finishing I hardly know, but Providence sometimes works by poor weak instruments. If I had expected to be so overwhelmed by company, I believe I should have gone from home to write more at leisure; but it is now too late in the season. We had nineteen persons here yesterday, of whom I did not know six. I have, however, had some pleasure in seeing some old friends. H. Bowdler last week; and another day Mrs. Barbauld, an acquaintance of forty years. I greatly admire her talents and taste; but our views, both religious and political, run so very wide of each other, that I lose the great pleasure that might otherwise be found in her society, which is very intellectual.

You give me a reviving hope of seeing you here next year. A hope which I will not suffer the thoughts of an intervening winter to damp.

I long to know whether you have been able to establish your Bible Society in the teeth of so much opposition. I am vexed you are likely to lose those valuable persons you allude to. I was surprised to receive last week from the Bishop of Lincoln, his

late charge to his clergy, entirely *against* the Catholic question, after having voted for Lord Grenville's motion.

I have so many things that I wish to say, that not knowing to which to give the precedence, I am obliged to forego them all. Two most amiable and interesting friends, the Rev. C—— H—— and his wife, are now staying with us. If all society was like theirs, I should be the last to complain of too much company.

When you write, do not forget to mention your own health particularly.

Do you get good account of the Bishop of Durham? How are Mrs. Porteus, Lady Cremorne, &c.? Tell me every thing, and believe me,

Very faithfully and affectionately your's,

H. MORE.

CHAPTER VIII.

DECLINE OF LIFE—DEATH OF HER SISTERS—"ESSAY ON ST. PAUL"—"MORAL SKETCHES"—"SPIRIT OF PRAYER."

SOON after the publication of 'Christian Morals,' the family circle was for the first time broken, after the sisters had lived together fifty years, by the death of Mrs. Mary More, the eldest, who had been some time in a declining state, and who crowned a life of uncommon usefulness, integrity, and benevolence, by an old age of placid and dignified serenity, and a death full of hope and resignation.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady O. B. Sparrow.

Barley Wood, April 22, 1813.

The solemn scene is closed. My dear eldest sister has passed from this world of sorrow, and is, I humbly trust, through the mercies of her God, and the merits of her Saviour, translated to a world of peace, where there will be neither sin, sorrow, nor separation. Her desire to be gone, (when she had the use of her reason,) was great. We had all of us the melancholy satisfaction to see her breathe her last. I thought it something blessed to die on Easter

Sunday—to descend to the grave on the day when Jesus triumphed over it.

It is pleasant to see death without its terrors. We visit the cold remains twenty times a day, and I am dividing my morning between the contemplation of her serene countenance, and reading my favourite Baxter's Saints' Rest.

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

H. MORE.

In the summer of this year (1813) Mrs. More visited her friend, Lady Olivia Sparrow, at her seat in Huntingdonshire. It was now becoming an effort to her to make long journies, and her determination had been formed to desist from such undertakings. Repeated attacks of severe indisposition, although her mind resisted their effects, and seemed to come out from them a gainer in strength, and more advanced in the Christian walk and character, had made serious impressions on her constitution, originally slight, and easily disordered. The attractions of this invitation induced her to venture from her home, with a frame for which home was the proper asylum. She reached her friend's house, but it was only to keep her apartment under a fresh seizure, which unfitted her for society during the greater part of the month she remained there. From this illness, however, she so far recovered as to proceed on a journey into Kent, to visit Lord Barham, an old and much-valued friend. In her way thither, she stopped a few days with Mr. Henry Hoare, at Mitcham, whose name none can hear who knew his qualities, without that tribute of feeling which is due to the Christian example he bequeathed. He was "a rich man furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation." He was a rich man, a negociator in riches, but had his treasure in heaven, and his heart where his treasure was. It was at his house that Mrs. More

heard of the death of Lord Barham—a Christian nobleman, and one of those of whose character she carried with her an affectionate remembrance to the last hour in which her recollection remained to her. He had visited Mrs. More in the summer of 1812; and although then beyond his eightieth year, had gone with her the round of her schools, and her other beneficent institutions, with a briskness in the cause of humanity which had in it the promise of years and active continuance. But this year, like every other in the remaining life of Hannah More, lengthened the long list of her bereavements; now a sister, now a friend, now a pleasant correspondent; till the whole of one age disappeared from before her, and the vacancies of her early associates were filled by a new generation, whose infancy had felt, and whose maturity confessed, the benefits of her lessons and her example.

These incidents and particulars may be to some superfluous and insipid; but those who delight in the vicinity of virtue, will love to tread as much as may be in the track and footsteps of this great and godly woman; to wait upon her goings out and her comings in, upon her couch of sickness, upon her walks of charity, upon her visits of kindness, and to move along the circuit of that Christian society of which Hannah More was the nucleus and the centre.

Before she left the neighbourhood of London she passed a few days at the houses of Mr. Henry Thornton and Mr. Wilberforce; in what manner, and with what pleasure and profit may be easily conceived. In her fragile state, every distant visit seemed so like the last, that a deeper interest on that account was probably attached to it, and gave it a mellow and softer impression.

On her progress homeward she paid to Strawberry Hill, then the residence of Lady Waldegrave, (to whom, as well as to Mrs. More, it would be injustice

not to mention their mutual affection,) and to the gardens of Hampton, once so dear to her—a farewell visit. It was a journey which served the cause that was so near her heart by exhibiting to those who shared her society in the course of her progress, a specimen of the calm wisdom which religion produces, of the grace which it communicates, and of the harmony and order which it spreads over the whole character.

From Miss H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

July, 1813.

If I have not written to you, my dearest Lady Olivia, since the day we reached Mitcham Grove, it has not been through want either of affection or gratitude, but because I literally have not had one quarter of an hour unoccupied by sickness, or travelling, or company. While I was last writing to you, I felt myself extremely unwell, but did not expect that in the week I staid at Mr. Hoare's I should only take one meal with the family. So it pleased God: it pleased him also to raise me up again; and as soon as I was able, we removed for two days only to Battersea Rise. There I saw some interesting persons and valued friends; but the visit was too transient to allow as much intercourse as we wished. I did not dare prosecute our intended journey into Kent, and I hope Mrs. Porteus was tolerably satisfied with my reasons for declining a visit which I feared might have again made me a burden when I wished to afford pleasure. We went to Kensington Gore, and Mr. Wilberforce returned from the funeral of my revered old friend at Barham Court just in time to receive us. We would not be prevailed on to stay more than two days; but in that short space their kindness enabled us to see an almost incredible number of friends, the greater part of whom I had

never expected to see again till we should meet in a better world.

Though we were obliged to drive through Hyde Park, I kept my resolution of not entering London. As I called on no one there, no one could say they were specially neglected.

We took Strawberry Hill in our way, and spent one night with Lady Waldegrave, who was as thankful for our short visit as if we had conferred on her some mighty obligation. She was more cheerful than usual. That well-known spot recalled to my mind a thousand recollections, partly pleasing, but more painful. The same feelings were excited in us as we called afterwards at Mrs. Garrick's (we did not find her). The library, the lawn, the temple of Shakspeare, all of which I *would* see for the last time? What wit, what talents, what vivacity, what friendship, had I enjoyed in both these places? Where are they now? I have been mercifully spared to see the vanity and emptiness of every thing that is not connected with eternity, and seeing this, how heavy will my condemnation be, if I do not lay it to heart!

We had a good journey home, and the comfort of finding all pretty well, and our little spot blooming as Eden. We have been at home only a few hours, but my heart yearned to thank you for all your kindness. Your letter followed me hither. I pray God to bless you and yours.

Ever most affectionately,

H. MORE.

It must not be supposed, however, though we have not lately adverted to the subject, that the schools and clubs instituted by Mrs. H. More and her sisters, were suffered to languish, even during the greatest pressure of her literary employments. They continued, indeed, to be blessed with increasing success.

The masters and mistresses had been formed in the schools, and thus instruction was made to provide for its own succession and continuance. The acquirements of these teachers were always solid and useful; and some of them, by their enlightened piety, spread the benefit of their example beyond their schools, and edified a neighbourhood in which little was known of Christianity but the name and the profession. The patronesses were much encouraged in their work, by witnessing these effects of their labours. Prejudices were giving way to practical demonstration; the schools were always full, and the most inclement weather seldom deterred even those who lived at a very considerable distance, from attending. The evening readings were likewise much resorted to, the books as usual being selected and supplied by Mrs. H. More and her sister; and admission to the benefit clubs, the funds of which were by careful attention and prudent management growing into a considerable sum, had become an object of universal and eager desire. Nor did these and similar occupations so engross Mrs. H. More's time and thoughts, but that a large portion of both was employed in administering consolation to friends in difficult or afflicting circumstances, and in counselling those who resorted to her for advice: in which number were included many young clergymen, desirous of faithfully discharging the duties of their awful office. To persons in this latter predicament, her house was always open, and her advice frankly and freely afforded. To many young curates, whose finances did not enable them to purchase books of divinity, she presented them with a munificent hand; and supplied such persons in several instances with religious publications during a series of years. She likewise laid it down as a principle never to refuse or delay answering any application for epistolary advice; enduring the incessant interruptions arising

out of this intercourse, with indefatigable kindness; frequently saying that these continual crossings and traversings were so many lessons to teach her to conform herself more to the life of Him “who pleased not himself.”

Those who have lived much with Mrs. H. More, will recollect how peculiarly her mind was impressed with the excellences of St. Paul's character, and with what discrimination she was accustomed to descant upon his actions and writings. Her thoughts had been gradually teeming upon this subject, till at length her full mind sought the relief which intellectual abundance finds in the freedom of communication. She composed an ‘Essay on the character and writings of St. Paul,’ in two volumes, and gave it to the public at the end of two years after the publication of her preceding work.

A dreadful termination was nearly put to her labours and her life in the very moment of her completion of this excellent performance. She had retired to her apartment, of which she had locked the door (a thing unusual with her) to exclude interruption, when in reaching across the fire-place to a book shelf, the end of her shawl caught fire behind, and before she was conscious of the accident, had communicated it to some of her other clothes, so that when her cries had alarmed the family, they beheld her at the head of the stairs, almost enveloped in flames. The instant, however, that she perceived aid approaching, she gently retreated, with admirable presence of mind, out of the current of air into her chamber, and had the calmness and recollection to abstain from any quick motion; to which composure and self-possession it was chiefly owing that the prompt assistance of one of her friends was successful in extinguishing the flames, before her person had received any material injury.

The general anxiety excited by the imperfect ac-

count of this accident in the public papers brought every day an overflowing tide of visits and letters, which could not but be pleasing to one, who with a natural sensibility of kindness, thought it no reproach to enjoy a popularity purchased by efforts to mend the hearts, and correct the conduct of her fellow-creatures. But those who lived in intimacy with her, witnessed the true effects of this incident on her mind, in sanctifying her thoughts, and quickening within her the work of grace. It suggested to her the words of the prophet, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The delay occasioned by this accident, to the publication of her Essay on St. Paul, was very trifling; the work was shortly afterwards produced, and was received with the same avidity which had welcomed all her later performances. No sooner was its coming forth announced, than the whole first edition was bespoken, and although the extraordinary events which immediately succeeded, and engrossed the public mind, were unfavourable to the circulation of any work not connected with politics, it reached a fourth edition within two years after its first appearance. A part of the correspondence which had relation to these two events, thus coupled by their coincidence, however different in kind, shall be here laid before the reader.

Extract from a letter to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

You inquire after St. Paul. He is in progress; but his course is much interrupted by the multitude of letters I receive daily; not from *friends*,—*those* are a refreshment,—but from strangers, many of them impertinent applications, but many which duty and conscience oblige me to answer, though I am a poor casuist, and they might get far better counsel else-

where. Last week, when the apostle was in his full career, I got a letter from my bookseller, complaining that the legal time for retaining any literary work in the hand of the author, or the bookseller to whom it had been sold, having expired, several booksellers were taking undue advantage of this, and were publishing editions of *The Sacred Dramas*, to his no little injury, (for I had sold him the copywright.) Cadell therefore requested me to help him out of this difficulty, by making some additions to the book; so I threw away my own work, and sat down and wrote him an additional scene to the drama of Moses, in which I make Miriam prophecy the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt: it is a hasty thing. But as this little work is now in the eighteenth edition, it is hard that the purchaser should lose the profit.

Patty and I spent a fews days at Wells with the Dean. We also visited the Bishop. The former has made a considerable impression on that 'barren and dry land,' and has instituted lectures in distant parishes, in which he himself preaches. But, alas! he is now returned to his own Lutterworth. Patty desires me to say every thing for her that unites respect and affection, in which all join. Remember me to your dear young companions, who, I trust, grow in grace, as well as in all mental improvement.

Your's ever truly, dearest lady,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, Dec. 16, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I should have thanked you before for your kind letter to Miss Roberts, but as through the great and undeserved kindness of my friends, I received above a hundred letters of inquiry, which I felt utterly un-

able to answer, I wrote to *none* for a time, that I might say with truth, that I had not written.

I consider myself a monument of God's mercy. As I was one sheet of flame before any help arrived, it is supposed that another minute would have rendered it unextinguishable. Many trifling circumstances which appeared to be providentially directed, contributed to my preservation. Being confined with a bad cold, I had, that day only, put on a thick stuff gown, which, however, was burnt through the back and sleeves; the day before I wore a muslin gown. I had also on three shawls. The one next me was reduced almost to tinder before it could be got off; of the others little is left. It was in so heroically tearing off these, and taking me, flaming as I was, as if I had been an infant, and laying me on the carpet, that Miss Roberts burnt her hands so terribly. They were healed, however, sooner than my slighter wounds, which are now healed also, and I am able to put on a gown. I am confined with another severe cough, which I ascribe to the damps. What a warning was my late visitation, to keep prepared for a sudden call! Yet I fear that I do not turn it to its proper account.

My book will be called, and justly, a presumptuous undertaking. It is *an Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of Saint Paul*. I am sure beforehand of two classes of enemies, the very high Calvinists, and what is called the very high Church party, two formidable bodies; but as I have written, I trust, from my conscience, I shall patiently submit to their different awards. I own the subject is above my strength at best, and now that little strength is of course less. It will be my last attempt. Perhaps you will say a few of its predecessors might have been spared.

I have a very lively letter from dear Mrs. Garrick, telling me that she is very near ninety-one. I enclose a copy of it for you.

It is a very considerable time since I have written so long a letter. You do not quite deserve it, but as Hamlet says, 'Give every man his due, who shall 'scape whipping?' Patty's health is still indifferent, she sends her love to all.

Your's affectionately,

H. MORE.

The Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul made its appearance at a time when the spirits and feelings of Mrs. Hannah More were under much agitation. The peril to which her own life and that of Miss Roberts, (who had narrowly escaped the destruction from which she had rescued her friend,) had been exposed, though it had ended in increasing her piety by supplying it with fresh motives and incitements, had produced its natural consequences upon a frame suffering under much debility and nervous distemperature. But these recollections and impressions were succeeded by events of a more painful interest. Two of those friends in whose society and friendship she had placed much of her happiness at a time when communication with sympathetic and virtuous minds, next to her confidence in the divine help, formed her most availing support, had been taken from her and their earthly connexions, to the place of the just made perfect. Mr. Henry Thornton first, and shortly afterwards, Mr. John Bowdler, whose characters and mutual affection are sufficiently upon record,—passed to their proper home in the beginning of the year 1815.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

1815.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

How, alas! shall I touch on the successive grievous strokes with which we have been smitten in three

short weeks? They seem to have come rapidly upon us, like the messengers of sad tidings to Job. Our eyes were not dried after the irreparable loss of Mr. H. Thornton before we received a deep and fresh blow in that of Mr. J. Bowdler; and as it is supposed that Bowdler's kind attendance on his dying friend was the immediate cause of his own death, so the attendance of Dr. Buchanan at the funeral of his generous patron is said to have given him the illness which sent him to the grave. We may say with good old Jacob, "All these things are against us." But God's ways are not as your ways; he saw that our lamented friends were matured for heaven beyond the usual ripeness even of distinguished Christians; and consummated their bliss, when we would gladly have detained them in a world of sin and trial. They have left us examples both how to live and how to die: their lives were patterns, may their deaths be both a weaning and a warning to us, and forward us in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

I have a very pious letter from Harriet Bowdler; she is very anxious to see me; but my state of health is very bad, or I should think it a duty to go to her. I trust this event will be greatly sanctified to her. In Mr. Thornton I have lost not only the most wise and consistently virtuous and pious, but the most attached, faithful, and confidential friend. My schools, too, have lost him who was their principal support for twenty-five years; but my own life is likely to be so short, that I trust the goodness of Providence will enable me to carry them on to the end.

Dr. Buchanan is an irreparable loss to the oriental scripture translations. You will be pleased with a conversation he had with a friend a short time before his death. He was describing the minute pains he had been taking with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye *five* times before it was finally sent to press.

He said 'he had expected before hand that this process would have proved irksome to him; but no,' he added, 'every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties.' Here he stopped and burst into tears. 'Do not be alarmed,' said he to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself, 'I could not suppress the emotion I felt, as I recollected the delight it had pleased God to afford me in the reading of his word.'

It is rather ridiculous that I have not a single copy of St. Paul for my sisters to read, the first edition having been sold the first day.

Your's very affectionately,

H. MORE.

At this period, (1815) so eventful to Mrs. More she had accomplished her seventieth year, with her mind unspent by her successive labours, the latest of which, the *Essay on St. Paul*, had been most remarkable for its rapid execution. Her *public* mind, which extended its care to every thing connected with the spiritual and moral welfare of her country, associated her in co-operation or in correspondence with almost every person distinguished for his activity in the promotion of national piety and social happiness. On these sympathies with the general good of her country, were founded her intimate friendships with the Bishops of Salisbury and Lichfield, (Dr. Thomas Burgess and Dr. Henry Ryder,)—names which bring to the mind of the editor the memory of much personal kindness towards himself, and with one of which is associated the remembrance of his earliest acquaintance with the delights of classical literature, and the proper scope of youthful studies.

Her heart was warm towards those whose hearts were warm in the cause of righteousness and truth. If there have been some who have been more remarkable for throwing aside the dross of earthly attachments, and sublimating their thoughts towards

heaven, there have been none who have striven with more success to draw from their earthly attachments the essential aids of spiritual solace and encouragement.

With a mind so constituted, it could not but be matter of much rejoicing to Mrs. H. More, to witness the formation of a Branch Bible Society in her own parish of Wrington. Fostered by her patronage, and the active services of her sisters, the anniversaries of this Christian celebration in that quarter, became a very distinguished rallying point to all who were zealously affected in the good cause. On the day of meeting, the house and grounds of Barley Wood were thrown open to more than a hundred persons, who were hospitably entertained by the sisters, and furnished with an opportunity of confederating for the promotion of a common interest, under the banner of a courageous woman, to combat under whose command, had something of the character of chivalrous devotion.

A letter to Mr. Wilberforce comprises a short account of one of these galas.

1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am very glad your sons have drawn you to the lakes: it is a much wholesomer climate for them both for soul and body, than the pestiferous air of Paris, which so many of their countrymen are now breathing. It will, I hope, also invigorate you for your winter labours.

I have had a delightful, gay, and wise letter from Sir Thomas Acland. The Babingtons are coming to us this week: they have never been at Barley Wood. What are these *Scilly* distresses that you have taken up? If they are as pressing as the papers say, will you advance five pounds for me, and I will repay you as soon as you let me know it. How goes on

your new empire of Hayti? I take great interest in its progress, of which I know nothing but from the papers.

We have many visitors from America, where religion appears to be rapidly advancing. There seems also to be a great cultivation of intellect going on there, as they all read a vast deal; having, they say in some of the provinces, no other amusement.

This hot weather, trying as it is, has on the whole, been of service to us both; as you will believe, when I tell you what a gala we have been enabled to give. Our anniversary Bible Meeting at Wrington was held lately. Our country, surrounded by the sea on one side, and Mendip on the other, is so thinly planted with gentry, (the spiritual climate also being rather cold,) that without some effort somewhere it would come to nothing. The meeting was the most genteel and numerous we ever had. If our oratory was not of the first brilliancy, it had good sense and good temper to recommend it. We had near forty clergymen of the establishment; so that even Arch-deacon — cannot plant us in his ‘hot-bed of heresy and schism.’ When the meeting was over, which was held in a waggon-yard as there was no room for them in the inn, all the superior part of the company resorted, by previous invitation, to Barley Wood. A hundred and one sat down to dinner, and about one hundred and sixty to tea. Happily it was a fine day, and above fifty dined under the trees,—the overflowings from our small house. They all enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and it had all the gaiety of a public garden. Some may think that it would be better to have added £20. to our subscription, and to have saved ourselves so much trouble; but we take this trouble from a conviction of the contrary. The many young persons of fortune present, by assisting at this little festivity, will learn to connect the idea of innocent cheerfulness, with that of religious

societies, and may "go and do likewise." For no other cause on earth would we encounter the fatigue.

I have a great loss in poor Mr.—. He was both a useful and a pleasant neighbour, though our disagreement on certain great points prevented that union without which all friendship is imperfect. I have seen *her*—she sees no one else. Love to Mrs. W.

Your's, ever affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

October 21, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Feeble and exhausted as was the state of your lamented sister, I was almost as much surprised as afflicted at the receipt of your kind, but sorrowful communication last night: for I had been led to hope that she might have been spared to us a year or two longer. Yet why repine that her suffering probation is abridged, and that she has entered upon her eternal state of rest and blessedness? Yet, though she and I should in all probability never have met again in this world, I cannot but mourn at this new rent made in my friendship so soon after Mrs. H.'s death. A hundred endearing circumstances occur to my mind, from the time I used to drive with *Miss Wilberforce* in her phaeton over Claverton Down thirty years back, to her kind fortnight passed with us two summers ago! How little *now* signify her suffering body, and her tender spirit, and her pious anxieties! yet, all perhaps have, under the grace of God, contributed to her present felicity. Her lively wit, and her deep humility, formed an union I have not often seen. Humility, I think, was a distinguishing grace in her character. To know that she is dead is afflicting, but to be assured that she is safe, what a happiness! The cause which prevented your coming to us is of a

nature to make me say nothing of our disappointment, much as we had set our hearts on seeing you once more in this mutable, uncertain, disappointing world! I hope you left Lord Calthorpe better. The life and health of so pious and benevolent a nobleman is a public concern. I have the highest possible respect for him,

Patty, I fear, is in very declining health. I have ventured a few lines to dear Mr. Stephen, may God comfort him! My dear friend, pray for your very faithful,
H. MORE.

In the year 1816, the sisterhood suffered a second loss in Mrs. Elizabeth More, and were now reduced to three in number. She was a person of great kindness, and filled the department of domestic duty in their hospitable house, which though less marked, is usually more missed than others of greater interest and attraction.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, 1816.

MY DEAR LADY OLIVIA,

How good and kind you are! I cordially thank you for your two feeling letters. It has, as you have heard, pleased God of his great mercy to remove my poor sister Betsy from this world of sin and sorrow. I humbly trust that through him who loved her, and gave himself for her, she is now a happy spirit, disencumbered from a suffering body, and escaped from all the penalties of age, and the evils of life. She had for many years spent the greater part of her time in reading the scriptures and devotional books, and latterly has read nothing else; and though she was of a reserved temper, and said little, yet I am persuaded she felt her own sinfulness, and was earnest

in her applications to the throne of grace and mercy. For the last fortnight she was entirely speechless; it was a most pitiable sight to see her struggling to express something she seemed to wish to say, for her intellect survived her power of articulation. May the remembrance of such scenes quicken *us*, and make us labour more diligently to be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

Though all the visits you enumerate on your road from London to Brampton were of the interesting sort, yet I fear such a succession of engagements, though with the sensible and pious, must have worn you a little. A fresh scene and fresh friends, and even the very pleasure of seeing them always occasions in me, and I believe in you, a degree of excitement, which though to my friends it looks like health and spirits, is a feeling which always costs me much at the time, and more afterwards. Quietness, even to dulness, is, I always find, the best state for health and tranquillity of spirit. Perhaps I do you injustice in presuming it may in some degree be your case. *You* indeed are young, but you are delicate also, I am therefore glad to know that you are safe at Brampton, where, though you have more business, you have not so much wear and tear of the mind, as in keeping up, in repeated societies, animated conversation. I say *repeated* societies, for, when one stays long with the *same* set of friends, things are more *suivies*, and there is not that novelty of perpetual excitation and mutual interest.

It rejoices my heart to think that we shall see you, (and see much of you I hope,) early in the autumn. I think you will find cause a little to alter the direction of your route. The Bishop will not be at Gloucester, where you talk of making your first stay, but at Wells, only eighteen miles from us, on the Somersetshire side.

You have seen Mr. Marriott's Lilliputian book, '*Hints to Travellers.*' It is very good and pleasing, like the amiable writer; and he has well maintained the one point he undertakes; but I wish he had gone a little further. Bishop Porteus and I made it a frequent topic of debate,—which was most calamitous to this country, war or peace with France. Even then we concluded that the latter would be the more formidable evil to us. Does not the event justify the terrible prognostic? O piety! O virtue! O my country!

Is it not the precise moment for the great and the opulent to dedicate their time, their example, and their purses, to their own distressed country? It grieves me that the absentees have escaped the chance of being even politically useful to their own nation, by the repeal of the property-tax. This universal mania at such a time, is, I fear, a marked æra of deterioration in the English character.

Ever gratefully and faithfully yours,

H. MORE.

Towards the close of this year (1816) the universal stagnation of trade and depression of agriculture, afforded too plausible an occasion to ill-intentioned men for perverting the minds of the working people, irritated by the disappointment of their ill-founded expectation that plenty would be the immediate attendant upon peace, and by the severe distress consequent upon the general scarcity of employment. The services Mrs. More had already rendered to the cause of loyalty and subordination, by her skill and success in accommodating sober sense and sound reasoning to plain and plebian understandings, in the form of narrative or dialogue, conveyed in a playful and popular style, occasioned fresh applications to be made to her from various quarters for her

powerful assistance at this alarming juncture. Without a moment's hesitation, she set to work, and with her usual celerity produced a quick succession of tracts and ballads, which she continued to supply while the crisis lasted, and which were circulated in great numbers throughout every part of the country, and with very visible effect. Those who called upon her for this fresh public effort, were surprised at the sudden success of their application, and the zeal and animation she displayed in the cause, stricken now as she was with years, and shattered by repeated sickness. Her admirable little dialogue of Village Politics was now reprinted, and several editions of it were circulated, under the title of Village Disputants.

We cannot give a livelier picture of the zeal and alacrity with which she entered into the cause, than by inserting the following letter received from her at this period.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

1817.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

'The creature's at her dirty work again.' This tract, written with a weak head and a weak hand, calls in upon you on its way to London. Pray read over carefully, with a pen in your hand, what was written hastily and in pain, and correct any tautologies, &c., which through hurry may have escaped me. I went to work too soon, which brought on a return of fever, but am better again. It is grievous that they have so identified me with the cause, as to have put my yet unpublished song at the end. Though I have little to hope or to fear in this world, I do not wish my name to be bandied about. Poor W——'s conscience may be set at rest about the tracts he bought for us. I read to my sisters about six lines; but they were so disturbed that they would not

hear another word—Sally was even agitated painfully. There it stopt, and nothing, no not even the wish to answer, could make me wade through another line of such unparalleled blasphemy. Is there no power in magistrates to punish the vendors?

Last night arrived my ten songs (new and altered) for correction. They have all wooden cuts. I have sent you my '*Farthing*,'¹ which I fear you will not think a farthing's worth; and I hope you have likewise received a visit from Mr. James Dawson,² and that he is now on his travels to his native air, Spital-fields.

An admirable letter from Sir Thomas Acland! he has canvassed the whole county from house to house. How *delightful*, when this shall be done *every year*; He says, 'pebbles or bullets' is now the only subject of discussion. I shall send next Saturday for your edification and delectation the very profoundly learned and deeply tragical history of Mr. Fantom, or rather the death of that eminent patriot. If you can assemble the Fords as soon as you get it, I shall be glad of the remarks of the whole party; it has been scribbled with more hurry than suits so *eminent* a work. Tell Miss Eliza Ford, that being invited to this lecture, is but poor payment for her beautiful present received yesterday, of two sweet drawings of Barley Wood. Lord K—— has sent 600 Village Disputants to six gentlemen at Manchester, for distribution in their separate districts. I shall now stop my hand, feeling exhausted, and not having had an hour's time even to read the British Review, except one or two articles; the Byron subject is admirable, but the twelfth page is so remarkably good, sound, and powerfully written, that I read it twice over before I went on. Patty is remanded back to her

¹ The title of one of the ballads.

² The hero of the tract called the Delegate.

room, and I fear to her bed, with a great increase of fever; her chest so bad, that she is reduced to a whisper. Sally's leg gives her great pain: her fortitude, strength, and spirits, are really astonishing; I pray God to give us all grace to bear our different infirmities with entire submission to his will. We cannot expect them at our age to decrease, but it may please infinite mercy to soften them, and to make them eventually blessings. God bless you both.

Your's ever very affectionately,

H. MORE.

In the Spring of 1817, by the death of Mrs. Sarah More, the eldest of the then surviving sisters, the family was again stricken. A companion was taken from them whose lively sallies of original wit had often made sorrow smile, and pain forget itself. But it was the lot of this intelligent, virtuous, and entertaining person, to linger long in a degree of suffering rarely surpassed. Her vivacity combatted long with her pains, but her victory over them was the reward of her patient hope in her Redeemer, her disclaimer of all self-righteous grounds of consolation, and her humble trust in the purchased pardon of her God. Her bed of death was the scene of awful edification—the voice of ecstasy mingling with the cry of anguish—the flesh dissolving in pain, and the spirit departing in peace. She had, indeed, an earthly stay in Hannah, who let none of the supports or pledges of scripture testimony be wanting to her dying sister, while her's was the hand to do all that could be done by human help to mitigate the last crisis.

The Christian magnanimity by which the departure of this valuable person was distinguished, has been recorded by a tender friend,¹ now the witness

¹ The elder of the two Miss Roberts's, since taken from her sorrowing relatives.

and partaker of her joy, who was constantly in her chamber during her last sickness. The particulars are very affecting, and will interest a large proportion of the readers of this work. It is an episode, however, which those who turn aside from scenes of patient suffering may easily pass over; though it is but honest to tell them that the more they strive to put away these thoughts to a more convenient season, the more terrific will be the form in which in the end they will be sure to present themselves.

‘ The last hours of our dear friend, Mrs. S. More afforded so wonderful a manifestation of the mercy and faithfulness of God, and of the efficacy of the Holy Spirit’s operation, that I have felt it a solemn duty to set down as many of the particulars (too many have escaped) as I can recollect; both for my own edification, and for the consolation of those friends who are more peculiarly interested in this display of the power and goodness of the Lord.

‘ From a very slight indication which appeared about six months before her departure, she was able to anticipate the whole progress and fatal termination of her disorder, which she explained to a confidential servant, with a composure, and an acquiescence in the Divine will, truly admirable, and which never for a moment forsook her; adding at the same time, that not an hour of any day passed, in which she did not inwardly send up that supplication of the Litany. “In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver me.” It was a considerable time after the wound broke out in her leg, and began to wear a threatening appearance, before she permitted a groan, or any strong expression of suffering to escape her; and when at length they were extorted by agony, she seemed to reproach herself for them, as implying a departure from that submission and acquiescence for which she

daily and earnestly prayed. At one time, when she was sitting in the parlour under very sharp suffering, one of her sisters exclaimed, 'Poor Sally! you are in dreadful pain.' She answered, 'I am indeed, but it is all well.' She still for some time longer continued to enjoy the society of her friends, who were often deceived by the playfulness of her conversation, and the placidity of her manner, into the belief that the sad accounts which had been given of her situation were the exaggerations of affectionate alarm.

'While still so well as to be able, in some degree, to pursue her usual sedentary employments, she gave a striking proof how entirely she was withdrawing her mind from the things of this world, by refusing to have her chair placed near the bow-window, from whence she could enjoy the sight of those plants and flowers which it had been her constant amusement and delight to cultivate, but from which she now turned with an expression of the most entire indifference.

'At length it became impossible for her any longer to support a sitting position, and just before she was assisted up stairs for the last time, she threw a look all around her evidently taking a mental farewell of the scene to which she had been so long accustomed, with an expression which, though she uttered no word, was full of solemn meaning. The extremity and constancy of her sufferings, at length deprived her of the power of attending to a chain of reading which had hitherto been her chief delight and solace. To supply in some measure this loss, her sisters used to repeat from time to time, a few detached texts, in which she would constantly join with the greatest fervour. During the last two years of her life more especially, she had been so diligent and constant a reader of the scriptures, as well as of other devotional books, that her mind had become completely imbued with them; and it was very remarkable, that in the moments of her sharpest pain, her attention was in-

stantly excited, and her mind visibly comforted, if any bystander recited a verse from the scripture, or a short prayer, in which, even when unable to speak, she joined with deep fervour.

‘One day, after she had lain some time in an almost insensible state, a friend tried her with a few texts of scripture; she suddenly burst forth, ‘Can anything be finer than that? it quite makes one’s face shine!’ Towards the latter part of her illness she asked one day to have a little girl in whom she was interested brought to her. She could only deliver herself in short sentences, but her words were ‘God bless thee, my dear child; love God; serve God; love to pray to God more than to do any other thing.’ One night she complained of too much light, adding that ‘the smallest light was enough to die by.’ Mrs. H. More asked her if she had comfort in her mind? ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘I have no uncom-
fort at all.’ She was then asked if she knew some friend that was in the room? ‘Oh, yes!’ she answered, ‘I know every body and remember every thing.’ ‘Poor dear soul,’ said one of her attendants, ‘she remembers her sufferings too!’ ‘No,’ she answered, in a tone of the most affecting resignation, ‘I do not think of them.’ When she was supposed to be very near her last hour, on her medical attendant wishing her good morning, she raised her hands in a holy transport, exclaiming, ‘Oh, for the glorious morning of the resurrection!—but there are some grey clouds between!’ She then blessed him with all his family, and exhorted him to love God, and to take care of his soul. ‘Oh,’ she exclaimed, ‘if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness!’ The following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep, crying out in a rapture, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto the Lamb—Hallelujah!”

Another morning, when she was imagined to be in the very act of dying, recovering herself a little, she murmured out, 'When shall I come to these things—grace—mercy—peace!' She then asked for a little cold warter, and turning her head towards a nurse who was attending her, 'Do you know who it was that said, "A cup of gold water given in my name?"'

'Again, in the intervals between her wanderings and the extremity of pain, she exclaimed incessantly, 'Oh, the blood of Christ! He died for me; God was made man! May his blood be shed on me!' 'Lord, let the light of thy countenance shine upon me.' "When shall I appear before God?" And then half bewildered again, she cried out earnestly to her sister, 'Patty, *do* love the blessed God! Lord, shield me with the wings of thy love.' After a little interval, she said to Mrs. H. More, 'I hope I have had all my stripes; Lord, I am ready—finish the work!' On awaking in the afternoon, she again poured forth this ejaculation, 'Lord, look down upon me with the light of thy salvation; let thy Holy Spirit shine upon me. Look, O Lord! upon thy afflicted servant.' When somebody present said to her, 'The Lord will release you, and take you out of your pain,' she seemed to fear, lest she had betrayed some impatience, and immediately answered, 'Aye, in his own good time.' She then broke out into the *Gloria Patri*, and added, 'Lord, look down upon a poor penitent, humble, contrite sinner.'

'Nearly three days now passed, either in strong delirium, or total stupor, at the end of which time she became more composed, and, as at every other time, uttered no sentence in which supplication or praise was not mingled. Her chief cry on this day was for pardon and sanctification, and she charged her sisters to strive for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Her wanderings were frequent, but whether sensible

or incoherent, calm or agitated, still the names of her God and her Saviour were constantly on her tongue.

Her sister asked her if she knew her: she answered, 'I know nobody but Christ.' In the evening of her last day but one, though scarcely able to articulate, she murmured out to those who stood around her, 'talk of the cross—the precious cross—the king of love.' On the morning of her blessed and quiet release from an earthly existence, though no longer able to swallow food, or discern any outward object, she was still enabled to give an evidence of the heavenly frame of her mind; when a friend repeated to her that heart-sustaining assurance, "That the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," She pronounced with a devout motion of her hands and eyes, "cleanseth," and a moment after, "Blessed Jesus!" and these were the last of her words that could be collected. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, after such a relation, that her whole conduct, during her conflict with this last enemy, was one uniform and uninterrupted display, (when she was in possession of her faculties,) of those fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle, "Love, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith:" and it only remains for us to pray that our latter end may be like her's.

Among the numerous interesting characters who visited Barley Wood during the year 1817, we have to mention Dr. Chalmers, whose name is associated with whatever belongs to the advancement of truth, and the practical good of his country; Dr. Paterson, the Northern Bible Missionary, who had just returned from Russia, and Dr. Henderson, who had very recently accomplished a tour through the North of Europe in the same character. To learn from these last-mentioned gentlemen that the religion of the gospel of Christ was making, throughout the countries they had visited, a decided progress, was to Mrs.

More a subject of great rejoicing; nor could it fail to awaken her gratitude to be told that her pen had been an instrument of good in those distant quarters. Dr. Henderson informed her, that in travelling through Sweden, he had found an American edition of 'Practical Piety' in many hands; and that in Iceland both that work and 'Cœlebs' were likewise read with great apparent profit, and general estimation. By Dr. Paterson she was informed that a Russian Princess (the Princess Metschersky) had actually accomplished the task of translating several of her tracts into her native language, which she was circulating, with a great number of others, with exemplary zeal. The account given by Dr. Paterson of this interesting lady deserves to be recorded. She was an edifying instance of the power of religion. The truth had found its way to her breast, by the operation of the great transforming Agent, (Mr. Pinkerton being the ostensible instrument), and had wrought its specific work by softening and reducing a character, said to have been naturally haughty, to the low level to which high imaginations are cast down, when the thoughts are brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Dr. Paterson requested Mrs. More to present the princess, through his hands, with the three volumes of the 'Repository Tracts,' which was done; and in return Mrs. More received the following letter, which it would be injustice to withhold from the readers of this work.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 22. old style.

MADAM,

Though I am really unable to express my sentiments in English, and though having often tried in vain to do it, I have always been obliged to lay my pen aside, yet I cannot help, *I must write*, my heart desiring to show you my gratitude. My sincere admiration overcomes the shame I feel to address you,

madam, in such an incorrect language, and forces me to tell you, how much I was delighted at receiving the books you were so kind as to send me. I receive them, dear madam, as a new encouragement to translate part of them, as I have already done your ‘Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,’ ‘the Wealthy Farmers,’ and ‘Charles the Footman,’ which are read with great pleasure in my country. I am sorry indeed not to be capable of translating some of your other works, as the ‘Practical Piety,’ the ‘Christian Morals,’ &c. &c. But, alas, madam! I am a very poor and weak translator; the little I do, is all that I am able to do, and I thank daily our merciful heavenly Master, for having permitted me to have even this little share in his service, and in the important work in which you, madam, have such a distinguished part. Yet let the strong and the experienced be the helper and the guide of those who, though willing to do good, are, however, weak and ignorant. I love my Lord and my Saviour Jesus Christ, in him alone do I trust, therefore I eagerly lay hold of the hand you stretched out to me, in his name, and for his sake; and laying aside every ceremony and worldly politeness, I declare to you plainly that I love you in the Lord, and that you have made me quite happy with a few lines of your own hand-writing in the book you sent me. I dare not ask, neither hope for something more, but I entreat you madam, to accept with indulgence these my broken, and, I suppose, half unintelligible sentences: they were written, I assure you, in the only intent of expressing the sincere love, and the high regard with which I am, madam,

Your most obedient servant,

P. SOPHIA METSCHERSKY.

P.S. Could I write but a little better, I would with such a pleasure tell you how graciously and mercifully the Lord deals with my dear country; what

rapid and wonderful progress his divine word is making here, and how his divine love has prepared the hearts of our emperor, our princes and our chiefs to be the nurses, and at the same time the humble disciples, of the saving word of life.

But I cannot, I fear. I must adore his bounty in silence. Dear and most honoured Madam, join your prayers to ours, that the great work may prosper here, as it does in your country, and that at the end we may meet you in joyful songs there, where we will all be one, united in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Among the variety of testimonies to the success which has attended the labours of Hannah More in distant parts of the world, there could have happened none more agreeable to her feelings than that which was conveyed to her in the summer of 1818, in a letter from the late Chief Justice of Ceylon, Sir Alexander Johnstone, a name enrolled among those happy victors, whose laurels have been watered by no widow's tears, but are fresh with the dew of the blessing which humanity invokes upon those who bring it to the knowledge of its hope and its inheritance, from the depths of ignorance and superstition. Those who are interested in the conversion of the heathen, must remember with gratitude the support which this Christian judge afforded to the missionary cause during his residence in the island. Sir A. Johnstone's letter informed her that he had caused many of her tracts and other parts of her works to be translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, and that they were read with pleasure and avidity by the natives: confirming the account by a beautiful specimen of a Cingalese translation of the drama of 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' written on a palm-leaf, and inclosed in a case of the wood of the country, richly painted.

She was afterwards informed by the Chief Justice

that a translation of several parts of her 'Essay on St. Paul,' was in progress, towards which the attention of the natives would, he doubted not, be much excited, as the New Testament in their own language had now been for some time in their hands. The share which Sir A. Johnstone had in effecting the gradual abolition of slavery in this island, is a circumstance with which the reader is probably acquainted. As a step towards the consummation of this most desirable object, it was enacted that every child which should be born after the 12th of August, 1816, should be free; and it was at the same time resolved, that the anniversary of this triumph of benevolence and justice should be celebrated among the natives by a grateful commemoration. Mrs. H. More was requested to furnish an appropriate ballad for the occasion. She complied, and produced a little poetical dialogue, which she called the 'Feast of Freedom,' and which, by its dramatic form, was well suited to the habits and tastes of the people of the island.

We now return to the year 1818, which was as prolific as any of the former years, in interesting introductions to Hannah More. Soon after Sir A. Johnstone with his Cingalese credentials, had finished his diplomacy at Barley Wood, it was the turn of Persia to be represented at that court, in the persons of two noblemen, who having come to this country with a view to the acquisition of the English language, and an acquaintance with the arts and sciences in which Britain had the fame of superiority, presented themselves at her residence, and were admitted with the respect due to the dignity of their rank and commission. We would not speak with hyperbole of these distinguished individuals, or of the circumstances surrounding them, but it surely was no common case, that in the same year, the priests of Budhoo were occupied in giving a Cingalese dress to some of the

productions of that pen, which by its powerful attraction had drawn to her residence two noble travellers from Persia, and brought a letter of affectionate homage from a Muscovite Princess. Mrs. More presented her new Persian friends with her work on *Practical Piety*, which they declared they would translate into their language immediately on their return home, and that it should be the first work which should bring into exercise the knowledge they had acquired of the art of printing, and employ the printing press which they were carrying back into their own country.

An extract from Bishop Jebb's own published correspondence, describing a visit made about this period, will not be uninteresting to the reader. The Bishop thus writes :—

‘ It is time to say, that on Tuesday last, we (including this family) went over to breakfast at Barley Wood. The S—— party proceeded, after breakfast, on a further excursion, which occupied the remainder of Tuesday and Wednesday ; a portion of time that C. F. and I passed most agreeably, with Hannah More and her sister. Feeling, as they do, very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive to this appointment of Providence ; and neither their talents nor vivacity are in the least subdued. I am disposed to believe that they will be blest to the last, with the retention of those faculties which they have employed so well. With Patty I had a long and interesting conversation, of the most strictly confidential nature on the subject of which you are aware, and on which, also, I am hereafter to confer with you. This interesting woman is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain ; not a murmur escapes, though at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted ; and, the moment after the parox-

ysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation.

Hannah is still herself; she took C. F. and me a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope; poor I was of course, put in requisition, and strove to acquit myself, not indeed as I wished, but as I could. It remains for me to say that you hold a high place in the affection of both sisters; and that they desired to be remembered to you with all possible cordiality. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable,—I might indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion there do, it cannot be denied, exist, but they are differences, on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish before the earliest beams of eternity. I parted from them as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold: and while I felt some pang which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort, that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable perhaps from the intercourse of mortals.

Mrs. Hannah More was visited in the autumn of 1818 with an alarming illness, in which her sister Martha could afford her no relief, as her own state still more clearly marked the approach of the closing scene. A letter to Mr. Wilberforce, written about this time, presents a picture, at once sad and surprising, of mental and spiritual strength, contending with time and disease.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Lest you should hear *circuitously*, and not hear *truly*, as was lately the case, I sit bolstered up in my bed, to write you a line. On Sunday, poor Patty was seized suddenly in the most alarming manner—a violent shivering fit, intense pains, and a half-sort of delirium, praying for the poor Queen,¹ whose want of spiritual attendance sat heavy upon her. She felt as if it was a struggle between life and death. She continued in this state all day and night, only her head became perfectly clear. We had yielded to the kind importunities of Mr. Harford, and had promised to go to him the next day. I made a great effort in the evening to read to the family Fawcett's beautiful sermon on "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." A few hours after Patty's seizure, I was attacked in nearly the same manner—a shivering fit of many hours, with such intense pains in my body and limbs, that my flesh seemed lacerated, as if cut with knives. After several hours the freezing fit (as might be expected) became a burning one, and I seemed to feel the pains of dissolution—with extreme nausea and giddiness. At length it resolved itself into a billious fever, such as I have often had. I have been in bed the whole week, the pulse is quite reduced, and the worst symptoms, thanks to a merciful God! have subsided. Patty was out of bed yesterday. Though she sleeps in the next room, we had not seen each other since the beginning of the week. Pray for my dear very dear friend, that these useful works may not be neglected by us, but that they may answer the end for which they are given.

¹ Queen Charlotte

quicken our repentance and preparation. My whole life, from early youth, has been a successive scene of visitation and restoration. I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any consequent diminution of strength, except in an illness which happened to me ten years ago, and which continued for nearly two years: yet (let me gratefully remember this,) at near sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to strength, (physical strength) sufficient to write ten volumes—such as they are;—and in that long affliction, though at one time I very seldom closed my eyes in sleep for forty days and nights, I never had one hour's great discomposure of mind, or one moment's failure of reason, though always very liable to agitation. I repeat these mercies to you in order to impress them on myself as motives of never-ceasing gratitude to that merciful and long-suffering Father to whom I have made such unworthy returns. Patty, though emerging from this trial, is a poor shattered creature. She joins in affectionate and cordial prayers for you.

Your's, most truly,

H. MORE.

This was written yesterday—my health has not been good, but I am not worse, and P. rather better.

If you hear nothing more, you may conclude that things are mending. But "When I wake up after His likeness, I shall be satisfied!"

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society. Every short interval of improved health brought with it a feeling of obligation to make it answer a beneficial end. She had often said she would write no more; but her ardour in the cause of religious truth, and the happiness which flows from it, determined her to expend her little stock of strength, in exposing certain dangerous errors in opinion and practice, by which society was at that juncture disturbed and disfigured; and in this new aggression upon folly and vice, she soon made it apparent that age had abated nothing either of the rapid flow of her ideas, or her facility in expressing them. The book, which it was intended should not much exceed the size of a pamphlet, soon grew under her hands into a thick volume, which appeared within a few months after its commencement, under the title of *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*. In a letter to her old friend, Sir W. Pepys, she thus describes it.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been long wishing, as in duty bound, to transmit to you the thanks, both my own and those of the naked, the hungry, and the ignorant, whom you have been the instrument of clothing, feeding, and instructing, this year! May God increase his mercies to you for the mercy you have shewn to others! You may justly say, 'if you wished to write to me, why then did you *not* write?' The newspaper will probably have told you why, and I am sorry that you should learn from them, before you heard from me, that I have been guilty of the weakness, at my age, of doing that imprudent and presumptuous thing, writing a book. I had fully resolved, as became me, to commit no more indis-

cretions of this sort; but I have broken, as did *not* become me, my resolution. Though living in retirement, falsely so called, I see so many people from every point of the compass, that I find there is a fresh crop of errors sprung up in a quarter where we did not so much look for them, namely, among the religious, or rather the *professing* part of the world. Mine is a book which, in addition to its being feebly written, will bring me no small discredit, as well with the grave as the gay. For one part of it, I expect to have the whole fashionable world, at least all that part of it who look into a grave book, falling upon me without mercy. But I can't help it; I have really seen and heard so much of the evils arising, and likely to arise, from the epidemic French mania, that "while I was musing, the fire burned, and at last I spake with my" pen. You will, I fear, think I have been too vehement, but when I see our country almost abandoned in this second assault upon its safety, and millions spent abroad, while our poor have been perishing at home, I could not restrain my feelings. The rage for a Paris excursion has become such a general infection, that curates, and even farmers in our part of the world, have caught the malady. A clergyman with ten children has been twice, and his wife is now left there, with a house full of daughters, that they may bring home the Parisian accent to a little country village! I hope this impudent book will have the honour to wait upon you in about a fortnight.

I have told you a *bold* thing of my doing, I will now tell you a *gay* think. What do you think of my entertaining one hundred and twenty gentlemen and ladies at dinner last week, and about two hundred at tea? The superior part of the company which attended a Bible meeting in our village, adjourned afterwards, by invitation, to Barley Wood. It was a beautiful day. Tables were laid in the garden, pro-

digal of flowers; the collation was a cold one, but such as it took two days to cook. We had, besides our neighbouring gentry, many persons from Clifton, and forty clergymen of the establishment; and the white-robed nymphs made with the groups under the trees the prettiest show imaginable. You will judge that my health is improved by my being able to go through such a fatigue. The success of these societies I have much at heart: sometimes we hear of 'Christian Knowledge Societies opposed to Bible Societies;' but I belong to both parties: I wish there was no such thing as party.

This foolish book has so engaged me, (for I only thought of it a few months ago,) that the last volume of Clarke's Travels, the voyage to Ashantee, and Chalmers's Sermons, all lie on my table with leaves uncut! I wish I had thought of my book sooner, for this is a wretched time of the year to bring it out, as I suppose the town is empty, but I may not live to another year, so I preferred publishing it with all its faults. I hope it pleases our heavenly Father to continue to you those many blessings for which you frequently express such lively gratitude; and that you may continue to enjoy his grace, which is the crown of all his other blessings, is the cordial prayer of,

My dear Sir William,

Your very attached and faithful friend,

H. MORE.

These little rural festivals are alluded to by a writer in the *Christian Observer*, with the addition of some particulars which make us acquainted with the expense—not pecuniary, but bodily and mental,—at which Mrs. More went through, in these cases, what she looked upon as a public duty.

'Hannah More shone very brightly on these occasions. She was just the woman to manage the intellectual part of a rustic fête; while she never forgot

the less refined duties of animal hospitality. The writer of these lines, who was present on several of these occasions, was once much amused, being on a visit at Barley Wood before and after the meeting, with the busy preparations of housekeeping for so large an assemblage. It was a fine summer's day, but Hannah More had been ill the day before; and on the writer's accosting her, on the morning of the meeting with some alarm, as to how she would be able to get through the fatigues of the day, she said: 'I feel very unwell and heavy; for I was obliged to take laudanum last night, being in great pain; and to make sure of some rest I took a double dose; but it had not the effect of sending me to sleep, so that I am very tired and stupid this morning. I never count more than a hundred; for if I do not fall asleep then, it is loss of time, and I turn my thoughts to meditation. But I get so little rest now, that I begin to think sleep a vulgar error; and as for pain, I never was absolutely free from it for ten minutes since I was ten years old.' This seemed a bad beginning for a fête; yet she received her guests as if nothing had happened; she found something to say to every person whom she knew, or who was introduced to her (and few missed that ceremony); the business of the day furnished ample topics of profitable allusion; and everybody felt gratified by her personal attentions, were it but a passing religious or moral remark, a kind question, or even a playful recommendation to a jelly, or to beware of a 'saucy pudding.' After her guests had dropped off, gratified and delighted, she retired to her sleepless couch, to commit herself to Him who makes His strength perfect in human weakness.

On the publication of her *Moral Sketches*, the same testimony was given as on former occasions, of the estimation in which her writings were held, by the

whole of the first edition being sold on the day of its appearance, while very few of the country booksellers could obtain a supply. It appears, too, to have fulfilled the expectation which it had raised, and to have obtained at least as ample a share of the public approbation, as any one of its predecessors. She observed to a friend, when speaking, with her accustomed modesty, of the small merit of her writings, that the only remarkable thing which belonged to her as an author, was, that she had written eleven volumes after the age of sixty.

But the honest pleasure which Mrs. H. More began to derive from the favourable reception of this work, and from the pious and authorised expectation of its beneficial influence, was now to be exchanged for feelings of a very different kind. ‘*You* always look,’ said she to a friend, who was on a visit to her at Barley Wood, ‘at these grounds with pleasure; *I* look at them with pain, for I expect to be *left alone* in them.’ And alone she was now about to be left. A few weeks after the appearance of ‘*Moral Sketches*,’ it pleased Him “who giveth and taketh away,” to deprive her, after an illness of only four days, of her best beloved and sole surviving sister, Mrs. Martha More,—her zealous coadjutor in all her charitable labours, the judicious promoter of all her wishes and designs, the tender nurse and soother of her sickness, and the enlivening and intelligent companion of her healthier hours. To be bereaved, after so short a warning, of one whose eyes had for so many years met her’s with delight, whose bosom had been the depository of all her interior sentiments, and whose counsel had been her best human support in frequent seasons of agitation and conflict, was a dispensation that summoned all her fortitude into action, and put to the test the temper of her Christian armour. The conflict was very sharp, and she “would utterly have fainted, but that she believed verily to see the

goodness of the Lord in the land of the living ; ” and that goodness she lived to experience, in a calm and trusting composure, which was her companion to her latest hour, filling the ‘aching void’ caused by the loss of all her four sisters, and comforting her on every side.

When first she gazed upon the world after this last bereavement, the peopled scene must have seemed to her a wide desert ; standing in the midst of which, she had no stay but Him who comes to the pious soul with a fresh approximation as each competitor is withdrawn, until he sits enthroned within the inner circle of its affections. It was a spectacle as touching as it was solemn, to see this Christian lady thus gathering her resources towards their proper centre, and turning to the best account every adverse circumstance. In a strict sense the neighbourhood could hardly be said to sympathize with her in the sad event, for to every one it was a personal and peculiar sorrow,—each appearing to have lost a sister as well as herself.

The character of this common sister of all the friendless, and this common friend of all the virtuous who came within the range of her philanthropy, has been drawn with a faithful pencil by one¹ who well knew and was well qualified to feel her worth, in a letter to a friend of the family, then on a visit at the house of mourning.

‘ We find it difficult to realize the solemn fact, and still more so to acquiesce in it. I think I have never known a character combining more of those qualities which are calculated to delight and improve, with such an absence of all that is disagreeable and repulsive. You have had the best opportunity of knowing her excellences ; how kind, and generous, and noble a heart she possessed, how divested she was of self,

¹ The Rev. John Hensman of Clifton.

room, and I fear to her bed, with a great increase of fever; her chest so bad, that she is reduced to a whisper. Sally's leg gives her great pain: her fortitude, strength, and spirits, are really astonishing; I pray God to give us all grace to bear our different infirmities with entire submission to his will. We cannot expect them at our age to decrease, but it may please infinite mercy to soften them, and to make them eventually blessings. God bless you both.

Your's ever very affectionately,

H. MORE.

In the Spring of 1817, by the death of Mrs. Sarah More, the eldest of the then surviving sisters, the family was again stricken. A companion was taken from them whose lively sallies of original wit had often made sorrow smile, and pain forget itself. But it was the lot of this intelligent, virtuous, and entertaining person, to linger long in a degree of suffering rarely surpassed. Her vivacity combatted long with her pains, but her victory over them was the reward of her patient hope in her Redeemer, her disclaimer of all self-righteous grounds of consolation, and her humble trust in the purchased pardon of her God. Her bed of death was the scene of awful edification—the voice of ecstasy mingling with the cry of anguish—the flesh dissolving in pain, and the spirit departing in peace. She had, indeed, an earthly stay in Hannah, who let none of the supports or pledges of scripture testimony be wanting to her dying sister, while her's was the hand to do all that could be done by human help to mitigate the last crisis.

The Christian magnanimity by which the departure of this valuable person was distinguished, has been recorded by a tender friend,¹ now the witness

¹ The elder of the two Miss Roberts's, since taken from her sorrowing relatives.

and partaker of her joy, who was constantly in her chamber during her last sickness. The particulars are very affecting, and will interest a large proportion of the readers of this work. It is an episode, however, which those who turn aside from scenes of patient suffering may easily pass over; though it is but honest to tell them that the more they strive to put away these thoughts to a more convenient season, the more terrific will be the form in which in the end they will be sure to present themselves.

‘The last hours of our dear friend, Mrs. S. More afforded so wonderful a manifestation of the mercy and faithfulness of God, and of the efficacy of the Holy Spirit’s operation, that I have felt it a solemn duty to set down as many of the particulars (too many have escaped) as I can recollect; both for my own edification, and for the consolation of those friends who are more peculiarly interested in this display of the power and goodness of the Lord.

‘From a very slight indication which appeared about six months before her departure, she was able to anticipate the whole progress and fatal termination of her disorder, which she explained to a confidential servant, with a composure, and an acquiescence in the Divine will, truly admirable, and which never for a moment forsook her; adding at the same time, that not an hour of any day passed, in which she did not inwardly send up that supplication of the Litany. “In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver me.” It was a considerable time after the wound broke out in her leg, and began to wear a threatening appearance, before she permitted a groan, or any strong expression of suffering to escape her; and when at length they were extorted by agony, she seemed to reproach herself for them, as implying a departure from that submission and acquiescence for which she

daily and earnestly prayed. At one time, when she was sitting in the parlour under very sharp suffering, one of her sisters exclaimed, 'Poor Sally! you are in dreadful pain.' She answered, 'I am indeed, but it is all well.' She still for some time longer continued to enjoy the society of her friends, who were often deceived by the playfulness of her conversation, and the placidity of her manner, into the belief that the sad accounts which had been given of her situation were the exaggerations of affectionate alarm.

'While still so well as to be able, in some degree, to pursue her usual sedentary employments, she gave a striking proof how entirely she was withdrawing her mind from the things of this world, by refusing to have her chair placed near the bow-window, from whence she could enjoy the sight of those plants and flowers which it had been her constant amusement and delight to cultivate, but from which she now turned with an expression of the most entire indifference.

'At length it became impossible for her any longer to support a sitting position, and just before she was assisted up stairs for the last time, she threw a look all around her evidently taking a mental farewell of the scene to which she had been so long accustomed, with an expression which, though she uttered no word, was full of solemn meaning. The extremity and constancy of her sufferings, at length deprived her of the power of attending to a chain of reading which had hitherto been her chief delight and solace. To supply in some measure this loss, her sisters used to repeat from time to time, a few detached texts, in which she would constantly join with the greatest fervour. During the last two years of her life more especially, she had been so diligent and constant a reader of the scriptures, as well as of other devotional books, that her mind had become completely imbued with them; and it was very remarkable, that in the moments of her sharpest pain, her attention was in-

stantly excited, and her mind visibly comforted, if any bystander recited a verse from the scripture, or a short prayer, in which, even when unable to speak, she joined with deep fervour.

‘One day, after she had lain some time in an almost insensible state, a friend tried her with a few texts of scripture; she suddenly burst forth, ‘Can anything be finer than that? it quite makes one’s face shine!’ Towards the latter part of her illness she asked one day to have a little girl in whom she was interested brought to her. She could only deliver herself in short sentences, but her words were ‘God bless thee, my dear child; love God; serve God; love to pray to God more than to do any other thing.’ One night she complained of too much light, adding that ‘the smallest light was enough to die by.’ Mrs. H. More asked her if she had comfort in her mind? ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘I have no uncom-
fort at all.’ She was then asked if she knew some friend that was in the room? ‘Oh, yes!’ she answered, ‘I know every body and remember every thing.’ ‘Poor dear soul,’ said one of her attendants, ‘she remembers her sufferings too!’ ‘No,’ she answered, in a tone of the most affecting resignation, ‘I do not think of them.’ When she was supposed to be very near her last hour, on her medical attendant wishing her good morning, she raised her hands in a holy transport, exclaiming, ‘Oh, for the glorious morning of the resurrection!—but there are some grey clouds between!’ She then blessed him with all his family, and exhorted him to love God, and to take care of his soul. ‘Oh,’ she exclaimed, ‘if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness!’ The following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep, crying out in a rapture, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto the Lamb—Hallelujah!”

Another morning, when she was imagined to be in the very act of dying, recovering herself a little, she murmured out, 'When shall I come to these things—grace—mercy—peace!' She then asked for a little cold warter, and turning her head towards a nurse who was attending her, 'Do you know who it was that said, "A cup of gold water given in my name?"'

'Again, in the intervals between her wanderings and the extremity of pain, she exclaimed incessantly, 'Oh, the blood of Christ! He died for me; God was made man! May his blood be shed on me!' 'Lord, let the light of thy countenance shine upon me.' "When shall I appear before God?" And then half bewildered again, she cried out earnestly to her sister, 'Patty, *do* love the blessed God! Lord, shield me with the wings of thy love.' After a little interval, she said to Mrs. H. More, 'I hope I have had all my stripes; Lord, I am ready—finish the work!' On awaking in the afternoon, she again poured forth this ejaculation, 'Lord, look down upon me with the light of thy salvation; let thy Holy Spirit shine upon me. Look, O Lord! upon thy afflicted servant.' When somebody present said to her, 'The Lord will release you, and take you out of your pain,' she seemed to fear, lest she had betrayed some impatience, and immediately answered, 'Aye, in his own good time.' She then broke out into the Gloria Patri, and added, 'Lord, look down upon a poor penitent, humble, contrite sinner.'

'Nearly three days now passed, either in strong delirium, or total stupor, at the end of which time she became more composed, and, as at every other time, uttered no sentence in which supplication or praise was not mingled. Her chief cry on this day was for pardon and sanctification, and she charged her sisters to strive for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Her wanderings were frequent, but whether sensible

or incoherent, calm or agitated, still the names of her God and her Saviour were constantly on her tongue.

Her sister asked her if she knew her: she answered, 'I know nobody but Christ.' In the evening of her last day but one, though scarcely able to articulate, she murmured out to those who stood around her, 'talk of the cross—the precious cross—the king of love.' On the morning of her blessed and quiet release from an earthly existence, though no longer able to swallow food, or discern any outward object, she was still enabled to give an evidence of the heavenly frame of her mind; when a friend repeated to her that heart-sustaining assurance, "That the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," She pronounced with a devout motion of her hands and eyes, "cleanseth," and a moment after, "Blessed Jesus!" and these were the last of her words that could be collected. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, after such a relation, that her whole conduct, during her conflict with this last enemy, was one uniform and uninterrupted display, (when she was in possession of her faculties,) of those fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle, "Love, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith:" and it only remains for us to pray that our latter end may be like her's.

Among the numerous interesting characters who visited Barley Wood during the year 1817, we have to mention Dr. Chalmers, whose name is associated with whatever belongs to the advancement of truth, and the practical good of his country; Dr. Paterson, the Northern Bible Missionary, who had just returned from Russia, and Dr. Henderson, who had very recently accomplished a tour through the North of Europe in the same character. To learn from these last-mentioned gentlemen that the religion of the gospel of Christ was making, throughout the countries they had visited, a decided progress, was to Mrs.

More a subject of great rejoicing; nor could it fail to awaken her gratitude to be told that her pen had been an instrument of good in those distant quarters. Dr. Henderson informed her, that in travelling through Sweden, he had found an American edition of 'Practical Piety' in many hands; and that in Iceland both that work and 'Cœlebs' were likewise read with great apparent profit, and general estimation. By Dr. Paterson she was informed that a Russian Princess (the Princess Metschersky) had actually accomplished the task of translating several of her tracts into her native language, which she was circulating, with a great number of others, with exemplary zeal. The account given by Dr. Paterson of this interesting lady deserves to be recorded. She was an edifying instance of the power of religion. The truth had found its way to her breast, by the operation of the great transforming Agent, (Mr. Pinkerton being the ostensible instrument), and had wrought its specific work by softening and reducing a character, said to have been naturally haughty, to the low level to which high imaginations are cast down, when the thoughts are brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Dr. Paterson requested Mrs. More to present the princess, through his hands, with the three volumes of the 'Repository Tracts,' which was done; and in return Mrs. More received the following letter, which it would be injustice to withhold from the readers of this work.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 22. old style.

MADAM,

Though I am really unable to express my sentiments in English, and though having often tried in vain to do it, I have always been obliged to lay my pen aside, yet I cannot help, *I must write*, my heart desiring to show you my gratitude. My sincere admiration overcomes the shame I feel to address you,

madam, in such an incorrect language, and forces me to tell you, how much I was delighted at receiving the books you were so kind as to send me. I receive them, dear madam, as a new encouragement to translate part of them, as I have already done your ‘Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,’ ‘the Wealthy Farmers,’ and ‘Charles the Footman,’ which are read with great pleasure in my country. I am sorry indeed not to be capable of translating some of your other works, as the ‘Practical Piety,’ the ‘Christian Morals,’ &c. &c. But, alas, madam! I am a very poor and weak translator; the little I do, is all that I am able to do, and I thank daily our merciful heavenly Master, for having permitted me to have even this little share in his service, and in the important work in which you, madam, have such a distinguished part. Yet let the strong and the experienced be the helper and the guide of those who, though willing to do good, are, however, weak and ignorant. I love my Lord and my Saviour Jesus Christ, in him alone do I trust, therefore I eagerly lay hold of the hand you stretched out to me, in his name, and for his sake; and laying aside every ceremony and worldly politeness, I declare to you plainly that I love you in the Lord, and that you have made me quite happy with a few lines of your own hand-writing in the book you sent me. I dare not ask, neither hope for something more, but I entreat you madam, to accept with indulgence these my broken, and, I suppose, half unintelligible sentences: they were written, I assure you, in the only intent of expressing the sincere love, and the high regard with which I am, madam,

Your most obedient servant,

P. SOPHIA METSCHERSKY.

P.S. Could I write but a little better, I would with such a pleasure tell you how graciously and mercifully the Lord deals with my dear country; what

rapid and wonderful progress his divine word is making here, and how his divine love has prepared the hearts of our emperor, our princes and our chiefs to be the nurses, and at the same time the humble disciples, of the saving word of life.

But I cannot, I fear. I must adore his bounty in silence. Dear and most honoured Madam, join your prayers to ours, that the great work may prosper here, as it does in your country, and that at the end we may meet you in joyful songs there, where we will all be one, united in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Among the variety of testimonies to the success which has attended the labours of Hannah More in distant parts of the world, there could have happened none more agreeable to her feelings than that which was conveyed to her in the summer of 1818, in a letter from the late Chief Justice of Ceylon, Sir Alexander Johnstone, a name enrolled among those happy victors, whose laurels have been watered by no widow's tears, but are fresh with the dew of the blessing which humanity invokes upon those who bring it to the knowledge of its hope and its inheritance, from the depths of ignorance and superstition. Those who are interested in the conversion of the heathen, must remember with gratitude the support which this Christian judge afforded to the missionary cause during his residence in the island. Sir A. Johnstone's letter informed her that he had caused many of her tracts and other parts of her works to be translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, and that they were read with pleasure and avidity by the natives: confirming the account by a beautiful specimen of a Cingalese translation of the drama of 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' written on a palm-leaf, and inclosed in a case of the wood of the country, richly painted.

She was afterwards informed by the Chief Justice

that a translation of several parts of her 'Essay on St. Paul,' was in progress, towards which the attention of the natives would, he doubted not, be much excited, as the New Testament in their own language had now been for some time in their hands. The share which Sir A. Johnstone had in effecting the gradual abolition of slavery in this island, is a circumstance with which the reader is probably acquainted. As a step towards the consummation of this most desirable object, it was enacted that every child which should be born after the 12th of August, 1816, should be free; and it was at the same time resolved, that the anniversary of this triumph of benevolence and justice should be celebrated among the natives by a grateful commemoration. Mrs. H. More was requested to furnish an appropriate ballad for the occasion. She complied, and produced a little poetical dialogue, which she called the 'Feast of Freedom,' and which, by its dramatic form, was well suited to the habits and tastes of the people of the island.

We now return to the year 1818, which was as prolific as any of the former years, in interesting introductions to Hannah More. Soon after Sir A. Johnstone with his Cingalese credentials, had finished his diplomacy at Barley Wood, it was the turn of Persia to be represented at that court, in the persons of two noblemen, who having come to this country with a view to the acquisition of the English language, and an acquaintance with the arts and sciences in which Britain had the fame of superiority, presented themselves at her residence, and were admitted with the respect due to the dignity of their rank and commission. We would not speak with hyperbole of these distinguished individuals, or of the circumstances surrounding them, but it surely was no common case, that in the same year, the priests of Budhoo were occupied in giving a Cingalese dress to some of the

productions of that pen, which by its powerful attraction had drawn to her residence two noble travellers from Persia, and brought a letter of affectionate homage from a Muscovite Princess. Mrs. More presented her new Persian friends with her work on *Practical Piety*, which they declared they would translate into their language immediately on their return home, and that it should be the first work which should bring into exercise the knowledge they had acquired of the art of printing, and employ the printing press which they were carrying back into their own country.

An extract from Bishop Jebb's own published correspondence, describing a visit made about this period, will not be uninteresting to the reader. The Bishop thus writes :—

‘ It is time to say, that on Tuesday last, we (including this family) went over to breakfast at Barley Wood. The S—— party proceeded, after breakfast, on a further excursion, which occupied the remainder of Tuesday and Wednesday ; a portion of time that C. F. and I passed most agreeably, with Hannah More and her sister. Feeling, as they do, very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive to this appointment of Providence ; and neither their talents nor vivacity are in the least subdued. I am disposed to believe that they will be blest to the last, with the retention of those faculties which they have employed so well. With Patty I had a long and interesting conversation, of the most strictly confidential nature on the subject of which you are aware, and on which, also, I am hereafter to confer with you. This interesting woman is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain ; not a murmur escapes, though at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted ; and, the moment after the parox-

ysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation.

Hannah is still herself; she took C. F. and me a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope; poor I was of course, put in requisition, and strove to acquit myself, not indeed as I wished, but as I could. It remains for me to say that you hold a high place in the affection of both sisters; and that they desired to be remembered to you with all possible cordiality. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable,—I might indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion there do, it cannot be denied, exist, but they are differences, on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish before the earliest beams of eternity. I parted from them as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold: and while I felt some pang which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort, that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable perhaps from the intercourse of mortals.

Mrs. Hannah More was visited in the autumn of 1818 with an alarming illness, in which her sister Martha could afford her no relief, as her own state still more clearly marked the approach of the closing scene. A letter to Mr. Wilberforce, written about this time, presents a picture, at once sad and surprising, of mental and spiritual strength, contending with time and disease.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Lest you should hear *circuitously*, and not hear *truly*, as was lately the case, I sit bolstered up in my bed, to write you a line. On Sunday, poor Patty was seized suddenly in the most alarming manner—a violent shivering fit, intense pains, and a half-sort of delirium, praying for the poor Queen,¹ whose want of spiritual attendance sat heavy upon her. She felt as if it was a struggle between life and death. She continued in this state all day and night, only her head became perfectly clear. We had yielded to the kind importunities of Mr. Harford, and had promised to go to him the next day. I made a great effort in the evening to read to the family Fawcett's beautiful sermon on "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." A few hours after Patty's seizure, I was attacked in nearly the same manner—a shivering fit of many hours, with such intense pains in my body and limbs, that my flesh seemed lacerated, as if cut with knives. After several hours the freezing fit (as might be expected) became a burning one, and I seemed to feel the pains of dissolution—with extreme nausea and giddiness. At length it resolved itself into a billious fever, such as I have often had. I have been in bed the whole week, the pulse is quite reduced, and the worst symptoms, thanks to a merciful God! have subsided. Patty was out of bed yesterday. Though she sleeps in the next room, we had not seen each other since the beginning of the week. Pray for us, my dear very dear friend, that these useful warnings may not be neglected by us, but that they may answer the end for which they are generally sent—to

¹ Queen Charlotte.

quicken our repentance and preparation. My whole life, from early youth, has been a successive scene of visitation and restoration. I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any consequent diminution of strength, except in an illness which happened to me ten years ago, and which continued for nearly two years: yet (let me gratefully remember this,) at near sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to strength, (physical strength) sufficient to write ten volumes—such as they are;—and in that long affliction, though at one time I very seldom closed my eyes in sleep for forty days and nights, I never had one hour's great discomposure of mind, or one moment's failure of reason, though always very liable to agitation. I repeat these mercies to you in order to impress them on myself as motives of never-ceasing gratitude to that merciful and long-suffering Father to whom I have made such unworthy returns. Patty, though emerging from this trial, is a poor shattered creature. She joins in affectionate and cordial prayers for you.

Your's, most truly,

H. MORE.

This was written yesterday—my health has not been good, but I am not worse, and P. rather better.

If you hear nothing more, you may conclude that things are mending. But “When I wake up after His likeness, I shall be satisfied!”

The state of the two sisters determined their friends to suspend their visits to Barley Wood; and this considerate forbearance was attended with salutary effects on the health and spirits of Mrs. H. More. The leisure and repose which she now for the first time for many years enjoyed, gave a new spring to her thoughts, and turned them on the existing state of

society. Every short interval of improved health brought with it a feeling of obligation to make it answer a beneficial end. She had often said she would write no more; but her ardour in the cause of religious truth, and the happiness which flows from it, determined her to expend her little stock of strength, in exposing certain dangerous errors in opinion and practice, by which society was at that juncture disturbed and disfigured; and in this new aggression upon folly and vice, she soon made it apparent that age had abated nothing either of the rapid flow of her ideas, or her facility in expressing them. The book, which it was intended should not much exceed the size of a pamphlet, soon grew under her hands into a thick volume, which appeared within a few months after its commencement, under the title of *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*. In a letter to her old friend, Sir W. Pepys, she thus describes it.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been long wishing, as in duty bound, to transmit to you the thanks, both my own and those of the naked, the hungry, and the ignorant, whom you have been the instrument of clothing, feeding, and instructing, this year! May God increase his mercies to you for the mercy you have shewn to others! You may justly say, 'if you wished to write to me, why then did you *not* write?' The newspaper will probably have told you why, and I am sorry that you should learn from them, before you heard from me, that I have been guilty of the weakness, at my age, of doing that imprudent and presumptuous thing, writing a book. I had fully resolved, as became me, to commit no more indis-

cretions of this sort; but I have broken, as did *not* become me, my resolution. Though living in retirement, falsely so called, I see so many people from every point of the compass, that I find there is a fresh crop of errors sprung up in a quarter where we did not so much look for them, namely, among the religious, or rather the *professing* part of the world. Mine is a book which, in addition to its being feebly written, will bring me no small discredit, as well with the grave as the gay. For one part of it, I expect to have the whole fashionable world, at least all that part of it who look into a grave book, falling upon me without mercy. But I can't help it; I have really seen and heard so much of the evils arising, and likely to arise, from the epidemic French mania, that "while I was musing, the fire burned, and at last I spake with my" pen. You will, I fear, think I have been too vehement, but when I see our country almost abandoned in this second assault upon its safety, and millions spent abroad, while our poor have been perishing at home, I could not restrain my feelings. The rage for a Paris excursion has become such a general infection, that curates, and even farmers in our part of the world, have caught the malady. A clergyman with ten children has been twice, and his wife is now left there, with a house full of daughters, that they may bring home the Parisian accent to a little country village! I hope this impudent book will have the honour to wait upon you in about a fortnight.

I have told you a *bold* thing of my doing, I will now tell you a *gay* think. What do you think of my entertaining one hundred and twenty gentlemen and ladies at dinner last week, and about two hundred at tea? The superior part of the company which attended a Bible meeting in our village, adjourned afterwards, by invitation, to Barley Wood. It was a beautiful day. Tables were laid in the garden, pro-

digal of flowers; the collation was a cold one, but such as it took two days to cook. We had, besides our neighbouring gentry, many persons from Clifton, and forty clergymen of the establishment; and the white-robed nymphs made with the groups under the trees the prettiest show imaginable. You will judge that my health is improved by my being able to go through such a fatigue. The success of these societies I have much at heart: sometimes we hear of 'Christian Knowledge Societies opposed to Bible Societies;' but I belong to both parties: I wish there was no such thing as party.

This foolish book has so engaged me, (for I only thought of it a few months ago,) that the last volume of Clarke's Travels, the voyage to Ashantee, and Chalmers's Sermons, all lie on my table with leaves uncut! I wish I had thought of my book sooner, for this is a wretched time of the year to bring it out, as I suppose the town is empty, but I may not live to another year, so I preferred publishing it with all its faults. I hope it pleases our heavenly Father to continue to you those many blessings for which you frequently express such lively gratitude; and that you may continue to enjoy his grace, which is the crown of all his other blessings, is the cordial prayer of,

My dear Sir William,

Your very attached and faithful friend,

H. MORE.

These little rural festivals are alluded to by a writer in the *Christian Observer*, with the addition of some particulars which make us acquainted with the expense—not pecuniary, but bodily and mental,—at which Mrs. More went through, in these cases, what she looked upon as a public duty.

'Hannah More shone very brightly on these occasions. She was just the woman to manage the intellectual part of a rustic fête; while she never forgot

the less refined duties of animal hospitality. The writer of these lines, who was present on several of these occasions, was once much amused, being on a visit at Barley Wood before and after the meeting, with the busy preparations of housekeeping for so large an assemblage. It was a fine summer's day, but Hannah More had been ill the day before; and on the writer's accosting her, on the morning of the meeting with some alarm, as to how she would be able to get through the fatigues of the day, she said: 'I feel very unwell and heavy; for I was obliged to take laudanum last night, being in great pain; and to make sure of some rest I took a double dose; but it had not the effect of sending me to sleep, so that I am very tired and stupid this morning. I never count more than a hundred; for if I do not fall asleep then, it is loss of time, and I turn my thoughts to meditation. But I get so little rest now, that I begin to think sleep a vulgar error; and as for pain, I never was absolutely free from it for ten minutes since I was ten years old.' This seemed a bad beginning for a fête; yet she received her guests as if nothing had happened; she found something to say to every person whom she knew, or who was introduced to her (and few missed that ceremony); the business of the day furnished ample topics of profitable allusion; and everybody felt gratified by her personal attentions, were it but a passing religious or moral remark, a kind question, or even a playful recommendation to a jelly, or to beware of a 'saucy pudding.' After her guests had dropped off, gratified and delighted, she retired to her sleepless couch, to commit herself to Him who makes His strength perfect in human weakness.'

On the publication of her *Moral Sketches*, the same testimony was given as on former occasions, of the estimation in which her writings were held, by the

whole of the first edition being sold on the day of its appearance, while very few of the country book-sellers could obtain a supply. It appears, too, to have fulfilled the expectation which it had raised, and to have obtained at least as ample a share of the public approbation, as any one of its predecessors. She observed to a friend, when speaking, with her accustomed modesty, of the small merit of her writings, that the only remarkable thing which belonged to her as an author, was, that she had written eleven volumes after the age of sixty.

But the honest pleasure which Mrs. H. More began to derive from the favourable reception of this work, and from the pious and authorised expectation of its beneficial influence, was now to be exchanged for feelings of a very different kind. ‘*You* always look,’ said she to a friend, who was on a visit to her at Barley Wood, ‘at these grounds with pleasure; *I* look at them with pain, for I expect to be *left alone* in them.’ And alone she was now about to be left. A few weeks after the appearance of ‘*Moral Sketches*,’ it pleased Him “who giveth and taketh away,” to deprive her, after an illness of only four days, of her best beloved and sole surviving sister, Mrs. Martha More,—her zealous coadjutor in all her charitable labours, the judicious promoter of all her wishes and designs, the tender nurse and soother of her sickness, and the enlivening and intelligent companion of her healthier hours. To be bereaved, after so short a warning, of one whose eyes had for so many years met her’s with delight, whose bosom had been the depository of all her interior sentiments, and whose counsel had been her best human support in frequent seasons of agitation and conflict, was a dispensation that summoned all her fortitude into action, and put to the test the temper of her Christian armour. The conflict was very sharp, and she “would utterly have fainted, but that she believed verily to see the

goodness of the Lord in the land of the living ; ” and that goodness she lived to experience, in a calm and trusting composure, which was her companion to her latest hour, filling the ‘aching void’ caused by the loss of all her four sisters, and comforting her on every side.

When first she gazed upon the world after this last bereavement, the peopled scene must have seemed to her a wide desert ; standing in the midst of which, she had no stay but Him who comes to the pious soul with a fresh approximation as each competitor is withdrawn, until he sits enthroned within the inner circle of its affections. It was a spectacle as touching as it was solemn, to see this Christian lady thus gathering her resources towards their proper centre, and turning to the best account every adverse circumstance. In a strict sense the neighbourhood could hardly be said to sympathize with her in the sad event, for to every one it was a personal and peculiar sorrow,—each appearing to have lost a sister as well as herself.

The character of this common sister of all the friendless, and this common friend of all the virtuous who came within the range of her philanthropy, has been drawn with a faithful pencil by one¹ who well knew and was well qualified to feel her worth, in a letter to a friend of the family, then on a visit at the house of mourning.

‘ We find it difficult to realize the solemn fact, and still more so to acquiesce in it. I think I have never known a character combining more of those qualities which are calculated to delight and improve, with such an absence of all that is disagreeable and repulsive. You have had the best opportunity of knowing her excellences ; how kind, and generous, and noble a heart she possessed, how divested she was of self,

¹ The Rev. John Hensman of Clifton.

how considerate towards others, how indefatigable in her labours, to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of her fellow-creatures; how ardent in her wishes and prayers for the extension of the kingdom of her Redeemer. I have seldom conversed with her without being struck with the tenderness of her feelings, in reference to every subject and every event in which the honour of Christ and the spiritual welfare of mankind were involved, and often have I secretly wished that I had a heart like her's. We occasionally see instances of piety in old age which command our veneration, but how rarely have we seen at that period such warmth of heart, with such attractive charms. There was something so indescribably delightful in her society, that I always found it difficult to take my leave of her. But if she was so dear to us, what must she have been to her bereaved sister! Indeed it is most painful to reflect how irreparable to her is the loss; how impossible it is for any to supply her place. God can indeed, by the rich communications of his grace, fill up the void. I doubt not that he will do it, and rejoice in your account of the peacefulness and resignation of Mrs. More's mind. All of us, I am sure, are bound to remember her in our prayers. But she does not sorrow as one without hope. She can never think of her invaluable sister without feelings of gratitude and comfort. To have enjoyed for so many years the affectionate attention and aid and counsel of such a sister,—to have been herself a happy instrument in forming her character to such excellence,—to have been associated with her in labours so eminently blessed by God, are strong ground of thankfulness. To have witnessed the peace and blessedness of her latter end,—to anticipate an indissoluble union with her hereafter, will surely mitigate the anguish of the separation; and I trust that she will be enabled to exemplify that submission to the will of God which

she has so well taught to others, and of which peace is the invariable concomitant.'

During the sickness of her sister, and after her decease, letters replete with encomiums upon her last work, and acknowledgments of the acceptable service she had once more rendered to the cause of sound and practical religion, were continuing to pour in upon Mrs. More from a variety of quarters; but human applause had lost its power to please. She had chiefly valued it, as affording delight to her faithful friend and sister, and nothing now remained to comfort and encourage her as an author but the humble hope of a blessing upon her labours, to be manifested in their effect on the sentiments, principles, and habits of her country.

An instance of the sympathetic feeling manifested by some of those to whose welfare the sisters had long been devoting themselves, is thus related by a friend who was herself witness to it.

'The poor people of Shiphham have long been accustomed (as I believe you know) to look to the inhabitants of Barley Wood, and one or two other families, as their only resource in the extreme poverty, nearly amounting to famine, to which by the scantiness of employment, they are frequently reduced; and their applications to this house for relief, have consequently become so habitual, that, commonly, there scarcely passes a day without the arrival of some poor petitioner from that neighbourhood. For several weeks, however, after the death of our dear friend, their visits entirely ceased; and when at length, upon the arrival of the Shiphham schoolmaster with his donkey and panniers, to carry off the annual donation of books for the schools, Mrs. Hannah More asked him how it was that they had so long entirely absented themselves, 'Why, Madam,' he answered, 'they be so cut up, that they have not the heart to come!''

Some of the correspondence produced by this painful event, as it cannot fail to interest the reader, shall here be presented to his notice.

From Mrs. More to Mrs. Macaulay.

Barley Wood, 1819.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have reproached myself almost hourly, for not having caused a letter to be written to you, thanking you for the kindness of your's, but I foolishly put it off from one day to another, thinking it would be more satisfactory to you to have a line from my own hand. I have been, and still am, so much indisposed both in health and spirits, that I have not been able to answer one of, I suppose, fifty letters of condolence. My eyes, too, are so bad, that when I wake in the morning, I lie for hours without knowing whether it is day or night. I do not gain much ground either in body or mind, but I hope the former is most in fault. The truth is, I was so ill the last three days the Wilberforces stayed, as not to be able to go down stairs. *She*, dear soul, *would* attend them to Cheddar, Brockley Combe, &c. I believe it heated and harassed her; but all was God's will, and be that will obeyed. She came to my bedside at eleven at night, and said, 'They are all gone to bed, and our W — and I have had a nice hour's chat.' In an hour and half after this, she awoke in the pangs of death. After agonies unspeakable, and shrieks which rent my heart, she sunk for eight or ten hours into total insensibility, with all the marks of a corpse on her countenance. We sent for our dear Dr. Lovell, who scarcely left us while she lived. Whether rational or delirious, her expressions all indicated a strong faith in her crucified Saviour. She was at times perfectly composed,—said she had done little for God, but had never trusted in any thing she *had* done. A

few hours before her departure, she rambled a good deal, but in a quiet way, full of piety and charity, ordering shoes and stockings for the poor, &c. I received her last breath, when she sweetly slept in Jesus, without a sigh or groan: her countenance in her coffin was lovely. The Bishop of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce kindly offered to come from Wells, to attend her poor remains to their narrow cell, but the offer came too late: they had “buried my dead out of my sight,” fearing a sudden change. I wish you could have seen how happy she looked. I need not tell you that my grief is exquisite: but my consolations are great, and I trust that not one rebellious thought has risen in my heart. On the contrary, I enumerate my many mercies;—that she was spared to me so long,—that she had been in such a constant state of preparation,—that my grief is not aggravated by any doubt of her present happiness,—that *she* has gained much more than *I* have lost. I *endeavour* also to be thankful that *she* is spared the sorrows I now feel.

Never was any private person's death more lamented. She has been the subject of four or five funeral sermons. There was not a dry eye in the churches. Most of the neighbours are in deep mourning. I am afraid it will kill good old Jones. I dare not see him. We have worked thirty-two years together. Oh! pray for me, that this reflection may quicken me in my spiritual course.

I hope you get good accounts of Mr. M. God bless you, my dear friend.

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood, Oct. 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much obliged by your very kind letter, though I have been prevented by sufferings, both of body and mind, from telling you so before. The former I am willing to hope has been the chief aggressor, for this corruptible body presseth down the soul. I am, however, a little better, in both respects, partly owing, perhaps, to the prayers of the multitude of Christians who have sympathized in my sorrows in no common degree. I do not undervalue the kindnesses of human comforters, especially as they bear testimony to the worth of what I have lost. This pious sympathy is put into their hearts by Him, who is himself the only source of substantial consolation, and who has mercifully supported me under the heaviest trial which remained for me. Mine is simple, unmixed grief, not tinged with any feeling of doubt or fear for the present state of my blessed sister, who was enabled to bear her dying testimony to the faithfulness of her God and Saviour. She repeatedly declared that she renounced all trust but in a crucified Redeemer, and called on every servant individually to look to the cross of Christ as the only hope and refuge. She was ill only four days. Mr. Wilberforce and family were with us when she was seized for death; she had been long preparing for her great change; every scrap of paper I meet with confirms this. In her pocket-book I found these words, 'This is the last account book I shall ever want.' I have lost my chief earthly comfort, companion, counsellor, and fellow-labourer. God, doubtless, saw that I leaned too much on this weak prop, and therefore in mercy withdrew it, that I might depend more exclusively on himself! When I con-

sider how infinitely greater *her gain* is than *my loss*, I am ashamed of my weakness. I can truly say, however, that it has not been mixed with one murmuring thought—I kiss the rod, and adore the hand that employs it. I do not so much brood over my loss as over the many mercies which accompany it. I bless God that she was spared to me so long; that her last trial, though sharp, was short; that she is spared feeling for *me* what I now feel for *her*; and though I must finish my journey alone, yet it is a very short portion of my pilgrimage which remains to be accomplished.

I hope the country air is strengthening you for your winter labours. What a state our country is in! But for the 46th Psalm, one's spirits would quite sink. The Bible and Missionary Societies are, I believe, at the bottom of those mischiefs. Satan could not bear their triumphant prosperity, and invented this counteraction; but “greater is he that is for us, than he that is against us.”

It grieves me that Lord Teignmouth should have been at Clifton a fortnight, without my being able to see him. Pray for your sincere and faithful servant,
H. MORE.

Mrs. More in these afflicting circumstances did not neglect the preservation of her health, nor did she so draw the curtain of her sorrow around her, as to shut out the wants, the comforts, or troubles of others from her view and her sympathy. She claimed none of the privileges of grief, and least of all the right of sequestration. To make others happy was in her so strong a propensity, that no considerations of private or personal indulgence could contract the scope of her practical philanthropy, or cool the fervours of her ardent mind. If she gave utterance to her sorrow, it was to make it instructive, by shewing its alliance with humble trust, and its subjection to spiritual dis-

cipline. But although her mind never sunk in sadness, her thoughts seemed to be much loosened from the world, and to travel in hope after her lost sister. Every interest and every event seemed to want the witness and the partner which had given it its value and its vivacity.

In this year (1819) all Mrs. More's patriotic Tracts and Ballads were collected into a volume. The turbulent and seditious proceedings which had disgraced the country in preceding years, were renewed with increased violence, and with some additional circumstances of atrocity, which gave them a portentous aspect. Nothing was found better adapted to counteract the poison administered with such wicked industry, than these little productions of Mrs. More's pen: nor did the deep private affliction under which she was at this time suffering, prevent her from pressing forward to meet these public dangers, with her bow ready strung, and her quiver on her shoulder, at the age of seventy-five!

But her health appeared at this time to be sinking rapidly. She was prevented from leaving her chamber throughout the whole spring and summer of 1820, by a succession of severe and alarming attacks of illness, till at length, at the approach of autumn, she experienced so violent a seizure as to excite, for many successive days, the most serious apprehensions for her life, and from which, even after the more immediate danger appeared to be past, there remained but a faint hope of her complete recovery.

On the night of the 12th of August, Mrs. H. More called all the family out of their beds around her own, being seized with an obstinate obstruction on the chest, which for some time resisted every endeavour to remove it. Upon recovering her speech, after repeated faintings, she earnestly requested the prayers of the friend who was supporting her head;

and at intervals, as she was able, repeated a great part of the xvith Psalm, with a little alteration to make it speak the better to her own soul; “Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, for thou *didst* not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.” She went on, “Thou shalt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.” She repeated also most of the xxiiird Psalm, and desired to have some verses here and there from the cxixth, read to her. She then exclaimed, ‘Oh! my gracious God, help me, a poor sinner!’ She was answered, ‘He will give strength for all need;’ to which she replied, ‘I have no doubt of it. Life is of no value upon the terms I have held it for the last eleven months. If it were his good pleasure, I could hope that my sufferings may not be very tedious, but I dare wish for nothing that is not consistent with his blessed will.’ Upon another occasion, Miss Frowd, the tender friend who was chiefly with her at this period, having said, ‘I trust you will be better to-morrow:’ she answered, ‘If it be God’s will, I hope so: when, where, and as thou wilt, O Lord; I who have written so much upon submission to the will of God, ought now to practise it.’ To her physician who attended her, she said, ‘This old crazy building is a long time in breaking up, doctor!—A gentle dismissal, if it please God!’ Part of the xlist Psalm being repeated to her, beginning, “Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy,” &c. She said. ‘A beautiful Psalm! but all my trust is through grace; all my hope is for mercy; all I ask is acceptance through Jesus Christ. What should I do now if the work were to be begun?’ Claspings Dr. Lovell’s hand she said, ‘I give you so much trouble, doctor! indeed I am not worth taking so much pains about.’ ‘That is as *we* think:’ he replied, ‘we are willing to keep you amongst us as long as we can.’ She never,

when able to speak, forbore long from breaking forth into a repetition of some of the most beautiful and applicable part of the Psalms, as the 27th, the 46th, and the 90th ; and one day after she had been thus solacing her weary spirits, she remarked, ‘ ’Tis perhaps a low idea of heaven, but one not void of comfort to me, who rest so very ill in general, to think that there will be *no* night there—also that it is a land the inhabitants of which will no more say, I am sick.’ She one day observed, ‘that such lengthened sufferings shewed how greatly she needed purification ;’ and being told of the death of a neighbour, a very amiable and worthy man, after a short illness, she said, ‘Ah, how many more stripes have I needed than he ! a few days suffering carried him to his rest, while I have required many, many months ! She then added, ‘but I have been favoured with so many more talents and opportunities than he enjoyed !’ Speaking of her state of burning fever, she said, ‘Nothing but the last icy hand will cool me—poor Patty ! I shall very soon join her !’ and added, ‘how short is the longest suffering ; eternity is long enough to be happy in ; a thousand years are to him but as one day ! I trust I have not a wish or a hope, but that the Lord should do as seemeth it good unto him. I hope I shall feel the same penitence and submission as dear Patty did. I have great comfort and quietness in my mind, and except in the anguish of extreme *suffering*, when the body will be disturbed, I hope it may be said, I bear my sickness patiently. What a treasure are the Psalms of David for Christians in every age !—That a shepherd boy with his harp could furnish material for the devotion of successive generations to the end of time ! “Be strong, and he shall comfort your hearts ; and put ye your trust in the Lord.” “Oh, tarry thou the Lord’s leisure—He himself is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup !” When we are upon

the brink of eternity, how do all earthly things shrink into their merited littleness! this is the point from whence to view them, “O God, thou art my God, my soul thirsteth after thee.”’

On Monday the 14th, a clerical friend called upon her. She was in a sweet calm, and with a somewhat milder pulse. She said, ‘In none of my illnesses have I ever known much of those triumphs which I hear of; but I have never been destitute of consolation, and trust, and reliance; not that unauthorized calmness, I hope, which some regard as a symptom of peace to the soul.’ Mr.—spoke of the delightful idea conveyed in our privilege of addressing our Creator by the endearing name of Father: there is something so tender in the title! ‘Yes;’ she replied, ‘nothing brings us so close to God; and this very endearing epithet is a pledge of, and even gives us a claim upon his loving mercy. God has been abundantly good to me,’ she continued; ‘His chastisements are gracious loving-kindnesses! He will not let me forget him! I thank God I have been enabled in the night, when sleepless, to make use of many hours in devotion and meditation, which have been greatly profitable to me, otherwise my time has been so occupied in the day, that I should have appropriated too little to private devotion; but my long nightly prayers and reflections have proved a great support and compensation to me when my daily ones have been abridged. ‘What great use have I found,’ she said, ‘in single texts; sometimes half a dozen have furnished the whole manual of a poor man!’ Here she enumerated a series of passages most affecting and applicable to a time of need. ‘It requires great faith,’ she resumed, ‘to receive pain and trials with thankfulness, and with a persuasion that they are sent in love; it is so natural to flesh and blood to love ease and enjoyment!’ When nearly at the worst, she said to Miss F., ‘I think I have left

nothing very material undone—I hope I can say that I have never, through all my long illness, expressed a wish, or put up a single prayer for recovery—I find it the only thing to lie at the foot of the cross and say, “Thy will be done!”

In an interval of severe suffering, she cried, ‘Lord, say unto my soul, thy sins be forgiven thee!’ and after a moment she resumed, “the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared,” &c. O how this corruptible body presseth down the soul! Oh Adam, what hast thou done? There had been no sickness, had there been no sin; but no sin, no Saviour; and no Saviour, a happiness far short, possibly, of what we hope for through him.’ ‘Oh! what will it be,’ she said, when our eyes close on this scene, and open upon the world of spirits! I have often thought, since I have been lying here, of poor Thistlewood’s expression: ‘We shall soon know the grand secret.’ A Christian may say the same; it is a secret,’ equally to *him*; but *he* says it with a firm faith and well-grounded assurance that there is a reward for the righteous; that there is a God who judgeth the earth.’

In the course of conversation, she spoke of the joys of heaven, and said, ‘It is delightful to know that they will be unspeakable and full of glory: rest in the bosom of God and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence are the ideas that chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting with dear friends, will, perhaps, constitute a part of our felicity, but a very subordinate one; like Whitfield, I think we shall be apt to say, ‘Stand back, and keep me not from the sight of my Saviour.’ Important as doctrines are,’ she observed, ‘yet except the leading ones, for which we ought to be ready to be led to the stake, they yield much with me to the purifying of the inward hidden man of the heart. Conformity to God, a walking in his steps, spiritual-mindedness, a

subduing of the old Adam within us—here is the grand difficulty and the acceptable offering to God! It is observable,' she remarked, 'that in the introductory verses to almost all St. Paul's epistles, he says, "Grace, mercy, and peace"—peace comes after grace and mercy.'

On another occasion, when suffering under the extremity of sickness, she looked up with quickness to those who were supporting her, and said, 'I seem as if I were impatient, but it is, I hope, only infirmity of body.' She went on to say, 'I can offer nothing but sorrow and repentance; to grace alone I am a debtor. It is unqualified mercy and pardon that I crave.'

In speaking about her medicine, she said, 'I wish—no! I do not wish, nor trouble myself about the event; the taking it is my care—with the rest I have nothing to do.' When holding her bitter potions in her hand, she would frequently say, 'How much more bitter was the vinegar and the gall.' Amongst the texts which she was continually repeating to herself was the passage from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, "It (i. e. correction) worketh the peaceable fruit of righteousness," but,' she added, 'not as payment; all is free gift.'

To the Rev. Mr.—, who called and prayed by her bedside, she said, 'I thank God I have not an anxiety whether to live or die;' and added with energy, 'There is peace and safety at the foot of the cross; blessed be his holy name I am enabled to cast myself there, in a full, undivided, unqualified reliance on that blood that was shed upon it!'

'You have been a blessing to the world,' said Mr. —: 'No,' she replied, 'mine has been a poor little way; I *have* done nothing, I *could* do nothing, the righteousness, mercies, and merits of Christ, are all in all.' In acute suffering, she exclaimed, 'How long, O Lord, how long! but I have not yet suffered enough for my purification.'

Her attendant observed, 'If *you* need all this, Ma'am, *we* may well be filled with dismay.' To which she answered, 'The blood of Christ is sufficient; there is no acceptance for the best without it, and with it the worst need not fear obtaining pardon and salvation upon repentance; but it must be profound *heart-repentance*.' An earnest hope being expressed for her recovery, she said, 'Don't wish it—pray that His will may be done *in* me and *by* me; pray that I may bear testimony to His faithfulness unto the end. I would renounce everything except my hold upon the Rock of my salvation.'

On receiving the letter of a friend, wherein an acknowledgment was made of the blessing which 'Practical Piety' had proved to him, in first awakening pious feelings in his mind, she said with great emotion, 'I am sure I ought to be deeply humbled and grateful that God has designed to work by so mean an instrument as I am; to him be all the glory. I hope I don't think anything in the world of my poor doings—I utterly discard them—to him be all praise and thanksgiving for ever.'

She often said, when she heard hopes expressed for her recovery, 'It will be all well—my case is in good hands: suffering is the penalty of sin; not only are our diseases painful, but the very remedies for them are also for the most part bitter and painful—to me a very striking proof and consequence of the fall. I have had a life of so much prosperity, that I needed powerful correction. Before I was in trouble I went wrong, and, oh! that I were able to add the latter part of the sentence, "but now have I kept thy law."'" Then in allusion to the restless night she had passed, 'If we have wearisome nights, what a happiness it is to know that they are 'appointed' to us, and by whom.'

After a while, however, the friends of this admirable woman were relieved from all apprehension of her im-

mediate dissolution; although she still continued in so weak and suffering a state as to allow them little room to entertain any hope of her remaining among them another winter. While in this state, as those about her were discoursing on the women's clubs and the Wrington Bible meetings, &c. in which she and all the departed sisters had taken so lively a part, she observed, 'My prayer must now be to submit to be useless. This is the very correction I stood in need of—to annihilate self is the greatest point, and to rejoice that the thing does as well, or better, though I am not permitted to be the doer of it:—

'Those also serve who only stand and wait.'

But I find it less easy to *suffer* than to *do* for God's sake.' In speaking to a friend of some passages of her past life, she said, 'it was her natural constitution to be apprehensive; yet she had been led to undertake many bold schemes, and to carry them through with perseverance, though under a want of hopefulness of their success; that she was persevering, but not sanguine.'

During this her tedious illness, which was expected to be her last, she one day remarked to her medical attendant, that though she had attained to so considerable an age, she had experienced the pains of many dangerous complaints, and that probably an attack upon her chest would be final: but she did not mean to manage for the Almighty, and had not the slightest care or anxiety about the method of her dismissal.

In arranging some future plan with a friend, which it might have caused some inconvenience to defer, she said, 'Not that I have the remotest idea of living through the winter, but we must plan for time, and prepare for eternity.' At another time she said, 'I often think we are not thankful enough for our negative mercies: I have frequently felt grateful

that I have never been confined in a madhouse, a prison, or a court.' These parts of her conversation are here introduced to show by how much vivacity, even in sickness, it was occasionally distinguished. She remarked, when restored to some degree of strength, that people were too apt, at an advanced age, to imagine that because they were able to do but little, they were therefore exempted from doing any thing: but that our work was never finished whilst we were on earth, and that when we had only one talent left, we must strive to the last to make the most of that one.

Speaking afterwards on the duty of aiming at the edification of her innumerable visitors, she said, that upon her first introduction to worldly characters, if she had a prospect of seeing them more than once, she did not immediately press the subject of religion, but rather strove to do away prejudice, and to prepare the way by making a favourable impression; but if she knew it would be a single opportunity, she endeavoured to lose no time, but to come to the point at once.

She went on to observe, that young persons, whose affections were too much wedded to the world, had been frequently brought to her by their pious relations, in the hope of her being able to dissuade them from the love of public amusements; but (she added) I always answered to their anxious solicitations on this head, by saying, that in my little way of practice, it was not my method to attack symptoms, but to apply myself, in the first instance, to the internal disease.

She remarked that many things had been cultivated since her youth by her own sex, which she had determined to make no effort towards acquiring; as a superficial, or even a deeper knowledge of them would tend to no utility, either to herself or others; that she frequently heard ladies using philosophical

and technical terms, but it did not inspire her with any desire to dabble in the sciences, which would have consumed much time without any of that good which was the sure result of a thorough acquaintance with a few things.

At another time, adverting to the multitude of improving and entertaining books which were daily issuing from the press, for the use of children and young persons, she added, 'In my early youth there was scarcely anything between 'Cinderella' and 'the Spectator.'

Mrs. H. More not only passed tolerably well through the winter, but continued to advance gradually in strength, and the number of her visitors increased in proportion. All were delighted to remark that the sprightliness of her conversation was unabated; nor had her interest in her country's weal and moral advancement been at all diminished by the illness which had for so many months held her in perfect seclusion.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am, for the next week, under a bondage to me the most oppressive of all those which have no real distress in them. An ardent friend, Sir Thomas Acland, who, by the most affectionate tyranny, is sure to carry every thing his own way, has actually, against my vehemently-repeated refusal, sent down Mr. Pickersgill from London, and your poor old friend is condemned, sorely against her will, and on the verge of eternity, to see 'the lack-lustre eye,' and corrugated visage, snatched a little while from oblivion. The picture is for Sir Thomas, and at his expense. Besides the fatigue of sitting four hours a-day to a painter, I object, in a moral point of view,

that so much time out of my little fragment of life should be so spent.

Your letter comprehends so many interesting topics, that with my scanty leisure, I hardly know which to touch upon. The most important, surely, is your fervent gratitude for your uncommon domestic felicities. You do not fall under the classical complaint, 'Oh happy, if they knew their happiness!' You may translate it back into Latin.

My health, I thank the great Giver, is rather better than usual. I am a most atmospherical animal, and rise and fall with the barometer. You will judge favourably of my orthodoxy, when I tell you I have lately entertained four bishops; not a conclave, for their visits were at different times.

I am greatly interested for the Greeks. I cannot bear that the descendants of those illustrious ancients, of whom somebody says, that

'Half our learning is their epitaph,—'

should be the victims of those worse than pagans. I hope your grandsons will see the university projected by Lord Guildford, in the Ionian islands, in a flourishing state. Ithaca, I think, is to be the scene. A friend of mine has conversed much with a young Greek, placed at Cambridge by his Lordship. This gentleman *wished* to add a professorship for Theological studies. Altogether, it is a grand scheme.

I wish I had time, (for I am anxious you should receive my acknowledgment of your bounty) to enter at large into the subject of instructing the poor. I have thought much on the subject. I think there is *ultraism* on both sides of the question. My views of popular instruction are narrow; the views of some others I think *too* narrow. I will give you a sketch of my own poor practice at setting out, but opposition obliged me to lower it.

Not the very poor only are deplorably ignorant.

The common farmers are as illiterate as their workmen. It therefore occurred to me to employ schoolmasters, who to sound piety, added good sense and competent knowledge. In addition to instructing *all* the poor children in the parish on Sundays, at my expense, I directed him to take the farmers' sons on week-days, at a low price, to be paid by them, and to add writing and arithmetic to reading, which last was all I thought necessary for *labourers'* children. The master carefully instructed these higher boys also in religious principles, which the fathers did not object to when they got it gratuitously. I had long thought that the knowledge necessary for persons of this class, was such as would qualify them to be constables, overseers, churchwardens, jurymen, and especially tend to impress them with the awful nature of an oath; which I fear is too commonly taken without any sense of its sanctity. Further than this I have never gone.

Now I know the ultra-educationists would despise these limits. I know not if you have seen a book on popular education, written by a man of great talents. Truth compels me to bear my public testimony against his extravagant plan, which is, that there is *nothing* which the poor ought not to be taught: they must not stop short of science. They must learn history in its widest extent: Goldsmith's Greece is nothing;—he recommends Mitford, &c. Now the absurdity of the thing is most obvious; supposing they had money to *buy* such books, where would they find time to read them, without the neglect of all business, and the violation of all duty? And where is all this to terminate? Only cast back your eye upon Athens, where the upper gallery pronounced sentence on Sophocles and Euripides, and an herb-woman could detect the provincial accent of a great philosopher. Yet was there ever a more turbulent, ungovernable rabble? St. Paul tells you how they spent their time. 'It was only to tell or to hear of some new thing.'

I have exerted my feeble voice to prevail on my few parliamentary friends to steer the middle way between the scylla of brutal ignorance, and the charybdis of a literary education. The one is cruel, the other preposterous.

I have poured out my crude opinions so rapidly, and with so little attention to exactness, that I fear you will hardly decypher my meaning.

If you take much interest in this subject, I wish you would look at the book I have been alluding to. You will find in it much that is able, and much that is true and rational; but I should greatly dread the adoption of the writer's scheme, if there were any probability of its taking place.

I wish you would read Isaiah, with an eye to the powerful efforts now making for the conversion of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Their restoration is so strongly and obviously predicted by this most enlightened of prophets and sublime of writers, that it is impossible to overlook it.

For a person who promised to let you off with only a few lines, I think I have been tedious enough. With my fervent prayers for your temporal and eternal happiness, believe me ever,

My dear friend,

Your faithful and affectionate,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

New Year's Day, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I believe I am right in sending to *you*, as Secretary, my subscription to the London Clerical Society. I hope this excellent Institution will prosper, as we must chiefly look to it hereafter for right-minded ministers, in this non-preferring age of serious men.

I have just had a letter from the Bishop of St.

David's, to say that every thing is now settled for building his college, and that they only wait for an act of parliament. I have taken great interest in this business, and have been a humble subscriber to it for seventeen years. It will be an æra in the history of Wales, and I hope it will raise the tone both of literature and piety in their clergy.

I am very deeply concerned to hear of your weak state of health. Do, I pray you, work less, that you may work the longer. You are public property, and the public has a right to insist on your sparing yourself. I am grieved that *the work* must stand still; but that may be resumed, when preaching, which requires body as well as soul, cannot. Your excellent sermon on Temptation was our Sunday night's family reading. I am glad to see you notice among other dangers, *light reading*. I have lately reflected much on the alarming increase of this perilous pleasure. I really think it is, at this period, doing more harm than cards: I mean family cards, not gaming. I would the evil were confined to the worldly and the dissipated: the religious world, of whom I am almost as much afraid as of the worldly world, (if I may use the expression,) are falling much into it. An active, and, I hope, a pious clergyman told me the other day, that he had just bought a cheap edition of Lord Byron, but boasted that he had burnt Don Juan. I am far from putting Byron and Walter Scott on a level, the one is an anti-moralist indeed, but surely I may say the other is a non-moralist. His *poetry* I read as it came out with that pleasure and admiration which great talents must always excite; but I do not remember in it any of those practical precepts or that sound instruction which may be gleaned from some of our older poets; though they often offended against that decency which Scott invariably observes. I am now reading 'Prior's Solomon,' an exquisite poem, in my opinion, abounding in instruction and

beauty ; yet scarcely any body I meet with has read it. Of the fashionable reading, if there were no other evil than the immense consumption of *time*, the mischief would not be small. Thirty volumes of Walter Scott's novels have in the succession of a very few years covered every table. Figure to yourself, in a large family, where every one reads for himself, the thousands of hours that have been thus swallowed up. In the articles of music, dress, and reading, I could wish to see a somewhat wider separation between the two classes above named. The useful reading, compared with the idle, like our medicine compared with our food, is but as grains to pounds. The evil does not merely consist in the reading itself, but in its disqualifying tendency for that reading which is good. It is not that old age has made me insensible to the charms of genius. In that one respect I think I am not grown obtuse. In my youth, *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* were the reigning entertainment. Whatever objections may be made to them in certain respects, they contain more maxims of virtue and sound moral principle than half the books called moral. A large volume of valuable aphorisms has been collected from them, abounding in practical lessons for the conduct.

A letter from dear Mr. Wilberforce this moment tells me that poor —— is removed to a better world ! May God comfort them all. They have motives of comfort in every point of view.

I am interrupted, and can only add Miss Frowd's best regards.

Ever, my dear friend,

Your's faithfully,

H. MORE.

In the spring of the year 1822, Mrs. More was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the chest, of which the symptoms were so formidable as to allow

but faint hopes that her frame could withstand their violence: they were, however, subdued, but not till the severity of the remedies which were applied had nearly undermined all her remaining strength. Dr. Carrick, who was her physician in this critical illness, acknowledged how greatly his art was seconded by the cheerful composure of her mind. Her sufferings under the paroxysms of her complaint, were said by those who principally attended her during the course of it, to have been very sharp and trying, and to have given occasion to new displays of her powers of thought and expression, directed by the soundest scriptural cultivation, to the best and highest objects; but when any thing like admiration of her cheerful acquiescence in the divine will, fell from the lips of her friends about her, she took pains to assure them, that what seemed like courage, was none of it her own: ‘it is, (she exclaimed,) all superinduced strength; none of it is natural to me.’

In discoursing upon her illness, when the result was most precarious, with one of her friends, she said, ‘If I could determine for life or death by holding up my hand, I would not do it. If, (she continued,) I have given any sign of progress in a religious life, it is that I have never felt reluctant to ascribe all due credit to the virtue and piety of those who did not love me, and have heartily and sincerely rejoiced in all the good that was in them, or has happened to them. When reference was afterwards made to some little inconsistencies in the conduct of a person of pious character, she exclaimed with a sigh, ‘Ah! the weaknesses of the wise, and the errors of the good, would make many more volumes than I have written, or should like to read. When I turn my thoughts upon the world, there are but three things there which deeply interest me—the state of the church—the religious progress of the king—and the abolition of slavery. At every interval from

pain she was more disposed to converse than was advisable for her; indeed her thoughts never appeared to flow in a fuller and clearer current. She observed of herself, that she never felt so sensible of the majesty and beauty of the Psalms, or so capable and desirous of writing a commentary upon them as when upon a sick bed; and added, that Bishop Porteus, whenever he heard she was confined to her bed by sickness, always said he looked for a new book from her. It is not unworthy of being recorded, that during all the multiplied and dangerous illnesses with which she had been visited, most of them attended with strong paroxysms of fever, her mind was never observed to lose its strength, or sink into delirium, till the sickness that overtook her in her eighty-ninth year, and carried her to her rest. In one of her conversations, she observed, that repose and quiet had been the blessings she had most longed for, during the greater part of her existence: that she had retired from London, thinking to possess some years of tranquility and calm reflection between the world and the grave, and with the hope of enjoying literary leisure, rural employments, and religious meditation; but that it was not thought good for her by an all-wise providence, to have these wishes gratified; for, that very soon after taking possession of Cowslip Green, a career of labour opened to her in the various schools which she found it her duty to establish in the surrounding villages, and which kept her in constant exertion: that the Repository Tracts next succeeded, which robbed her of all her leisure for several years; and during the latter period of her life, a constant succession of visitors and letters had left her no time that could be called her own, save that which had been purchased by frequent illness.

Then returning to the earlier part of her life, which she passed in more promiscuous society, she men-

tioned John Wesley's having once said to her sister, 'Tell her to live in the world; *there* is the sphere of her usefulness; they will not let *us* come nigh them.' On a particular day, when her disorder seemed to be mastering her frame, her recollections appeared to be more than ordinarily clear, and to come full of instruction to herself, and to those who were with her. Among other things, she said she owed her first serious and decided impressions to Sir James Stonehouse, and mentioned his having once told her that in the days of his miserable infidelity, he was so mad against God, that when travelling abroad as a young man, he took pains to converse as much as possible with the French postillions, that he might gain from them some new methods of swearing.

She had, perhaps, she said, written too much; yet she sometimes regretted that she had not followed up her own serious intention, of writing a little treatise, expressly on 'The law of consideration,' which was so continually and heedlessly violated in the innumerable little circumstances and situations of life. To particularise a few cases,—with respect to tradesmen, to avoid taking long credit, which causes them so much anxiety and distress, and not unfrequently ruin: and not to change them capriciously, or for one fault;—with respect to servants, not to give them trouble wantonly, because we will not condescend to think it of any consequence;—towards those who are subject to us in any way, to avoid those little acts which point out to them in a painful manner their inferiority!—with respect to lodging-houses, to be scrupulously careful not to injure the furniture of them. Of all which rules and principles, no human being exhibited a more beautiful practical comment than herself.

In speaking of the divine attributes, she remarked, 'there are some qualities which the Almighty Father could not display—as humility, resignation, patience

under suffering; and it is amongst the innumerable benefits of our blessed Saviour's incarnation, that he could set us a perfect pattern even of *them*.'

The day after this conversation, her illness considerably increased, and when the friend, whose edifying privilege it was to watch her sick bed, came to her in the morning, and lamented over her sufferings; she exclaimed, with a gentle smile,—“Shall I have received so much good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?” “I became dumb, and opened not my mouth, for thou didst it.” Thou wilt lay no more upon me, than thou wilt enable me to bear.’ She then lamented having been obliged so constantly to disturb the servant who slept in her apartment: ‘but indeed, (she added,) my strokes were heavier than my groanings. I dread my remedies, (she continued) almost more than my disease; but it is my duty to submit to them, and I had rather suffer from yielding up my own will, than triumph by having it.’

During the various fluctuations of her severe complaint, she one day said, (alluding to an expression used by a friend, ‘The old man dies hard,’ in reference to the remaining corruption that struggled in the mind of a person recently awakened to the truth) ‘The old *woman* dies hard!’ ‘I do not think,’ she added, ‘that I am *immediately* going to die, but I feel persuaded I shall not recover, so that that which I greatly feared is come upon me. I shall perhaps be for some time bed-ridden! but it is all nothing—or rather, it is all good! I desire, as Dr. Hammond says, ‘not to *rather* anything!’ Yet she could not help occasionally crying out, “Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!” Being one day about to write a tribute of gratitude in the blank leaves of a book to be presented to her physician, a friend expostulated with her against attempting it in so extremely feverish and unfit a state, ‘I do not like to trust to a

moment,' she answered, 'and when the thing is once done, I cast all thought of it behind me.' 'Ah,' she cried, 'and I hope in a higher sense, if I *have* been permitted to do any thing, that I cast all my poor doings behind me! I continually,' she added, 'repeat the sentiment of Young, for it is quite *my* feeling,

'Forgive my faults,—forgive my *virtues* too.'

Her illness increased about this time so much as greatly to diminish the hopes of her recovery, and she gave many evident and affecting indications of her inward desire to depart. She begged a friend to pray for her, that she might not disgrace her Christian profession in her last agonies; and when that friend expressed her full confidence that her heavenly Father would not desert her, 'Indeed,' she answered, 'it would be sadly ungrateful to doubt it, for he has never suffered my faith to fail for an instant; it is not always in equal exercise, but it is like my disorder, (alluding to her internal soreness, which manifested itself upon pressure) when I seek for it, it is always there.' When one of her friends, seeing her in much suffering, could not forbear lamenting over her, 'Consider,' she said, 'every stroke comes from a merciful Father: they are all given in number, measure and weight; not one more than is necessary.' Shortly after, she began to enumerate all the various seizures of severe illness that she had experienced during the last three years, adding, 'every one of them said to me, "Prepare to meet thy God!" yet still I am not duly prepared, or I should be taken. I enumerate them that I may think upon the long-suffering and sparing goodness of my heavenly Father; but if I am not better than I am, after so much loving correction, what should I have been without it!' She afterwards mentioned, as a remarkable circumstance, that the year in which she wrote 'Moral Sketches,'—her seventy-fifth,—was the only one she

could recollect of her life, during no part of which she had been confined to her bed.

She one morning told a friend, who came early to her bed-side, that she had enjoyed, during the past night, nearer and more endearing views of the eternal world than she had ever before been favoured with, and was able to bring to her mind every text of scripture which bore upon the subject; and that she had amused her sleepless hours with paraphrasing them. 'I seem,' she said, 'to long as much for the holiness, as the happiness of heaven; it is such a blessed idea, to be delivered from the possibility of sinning!' The following night was a peculiarly suffering one, and after describing it to her anxious friends, she exclaimed, "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Ah! what a morning will that be when *unceasing* joy will come! She then dwelt much upon that beautiful text, "I reckon that the sufferings," &c. 'it was not,' she said, 'a slight, unpremeditated assertion, but made upon *calculation*—*I reckon*,'—he had counted the cost.'

As her strength appeared to be rapidly declining, she mentioned her symptoms to one of her medical attendants, 'But,' continued she, 'I shall still be enabled to fight the battle—for it is not to the strong.' After his departure, she repeated the thirty-ninth Psalm, till she came to the verse beginning, "Oh spare me a little," when she broke off, saying, 'That part I will not repeat—it does not express my feeling.' She observed, that she could not but reflect, 'what a happiness it was, both for her dear sister Patty and herself, that they had never had any wild speculations in religion, and had never disturbed themselves about those mysterious parts of scripture which human wisdom was unequal to solve,' and said, 'she often thought of what Dr. Stonehouse used to say, 'When *I* meet with a passage, the hidden meaning of which I cannot penetrate, I tie a knot and go

on.' Once more, however, after repeated fluctuations, an abatement of the material symptoms gave renewed hopes of her recovery; she was then reluctantly obliged to take cognizance of some pecuniary concerns: and when speaking on the subject, she suddenly interrupted herself, exclaiming, 'Ah; if we had no *better* bank!' When her physician expressed his hopes that she was now beginning to make a progress towards recovery, she said to him, 'I fear I am not thankful enough; but suppose you were going a long journey, to receive a large inheritance, and when almost arrived at its end, were suddenly called back to receive two or three trifling sums of money, would you not be grieved?'

She often remarked, during her illness, that it was one of the evils of sickness to induce selfishness, and was ever suspecting and accusing herself of inattention to the comfort and accommodation of those who attended upon her. She even recollected some distressed persons whom she had never seen, and had only once heard of, when they were mentioned to her some months before, and directed that further assistance should be conveyed to them. It was a relief to her friends to be enabled to read to her, without passing over a sentence, and without fear or reserve, letters which spoke of her departure as a very near and inevitable event.

About this time appeared the Memoir of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, and 'she was,' says a lady who had the satisfaction of reading to her many parts of it at her bedside at intervals, as she was able to hear it, 'delighted with the history of this eminent servant of God.' Perhaps, indeed, there were very few persons whose sentiments on religious subjects were in general more in accordance with her own. She told us that she used, during her former residences in London, not only to attend his preaching at the Lock, but frequently to go from the west end of

the town to Bread Street, to his lecture there, often walking nearly six miles to hear, in his northern dialect, the truths of the gospel faithfully delineated.

It is remembered that she remarked upon the letter which treats of the usefulness of human learning, that it should never be forgotten how useful an instrument it was made at the Reformation, and that its revival had immediately preceded the manifestation of our religion, adding, 'No! it should never be despised as an auxiliary: I put religion on my right hand, and learning on my left.' Coming to that part of the Memoir in which Mr. Venn, the father of the late excellent Rector of Clapham, is mentioned with such high and merited esteem, and the failure of whose faculties is lamented, as having deprived his friends of the edification which they might otherwise have expected to have received in his sick and dying chamber, she stated that on returning from a visit to Sir Charles Middleton, she was informed that Mr. Venn had expressed a desire to see her once before he died: she instantly repaired to him, and enjoyed with him two hours of instructive and animated conversation; almost immediately after which, his vigour of mind and recollection forsook him, no more to return.

The subject of prayer, as it was one which had often engaged her pen, so it now employed frequently much of her discourse, and in speaking of it, as it regarded her own practice, she said, that being under an overwhelming sense of sin, she had given so large a part of her spiritual exercises to confession, as to make her sometimes fear she had not devoted enough of them to praise and thanksgiving.

It pleased God to restore this eminent Christian from the bed of sickness and suffering to the use of her still powerful faculties for the benefit of society. Two of her friends who had for many months been

hovering near, or watching over her, being now about to depart on a distant journey, she took an affecting leave of them, commending them to the Almighty arm for protection, and concluding with these words, 'If we see each other no more in this world, may we meet where, as Leighton says, 'no friend ever goes out, and no enemy ever comes in; where there will be the absence of sin, and the presence of God, for evermore.' Her recovery, however, continued to be progressive, and the autumn of 1822 witnessed her restoration to nearly her former state of health. Barley Wood now again became a place of general resort, many being anxious to seize the opportunity of seeing her once, and her old friends being eager to secure the advantage of seeing her *once more*. Her correspondences were likewise in a considerable measure resumed, and it was at this time that she received an interesting communication on the subject of America, in which, amongst much other matter, she was informed that a drawing of Barley Wood having found its way to that country, a large number of engravings from it had been executed by order of the American Board of Missions, whose intention it was to dedicate the profits of their sale to the erection of a building for a school-house in the island of Ceylon, which was to receive the name of Barley Wood.

The following letter to Sir W. Pepys was almost the first product of her pen after her recovery :

Barley Wood, Aug. 19, 1822.

At length, through the goodness of a gracious God, I am once more able to write a few lines to one of my oldest, most interesting, and most valued friends. I have been in bed six months with a fever as severe as it was durable. Even at my advanced time of life, I was bled seven times in a few weeks, with other

sharp discipline. The mercies of my heavenly Father during this trial have been great and numerous. Of the first sixty nights, I passed forty without one hour's entire sleep, yet I had never had one moment's delirium, and scarcely any discomposure. I had a most skilful physician, affectionate and disinterested,—Dr. Carrick of Clifton. Another mercy it was, that I have had during the whole time the attendance of a kind young friend,¹—an excellent companion, of a cultivated mind, warm affections, genuine piety, and amiable manners. She has received my company, for I was allowed to see none; visited my schools; managed my friendly societies of poor women in distant parishes; read to me, and written all my letters. But I have not yet named all my mercies; and here you, my dear friend, come in for a portion. I was able to direct all my little charities myself, so that nothing was suspended. In addition to the general state of want, the typhus fever has been making great ravages here; within a mile, ten families were in a dreadful state at once; and from my chamber-window were seen two cottages burnt to the ground within a fortnight, one by a flash of lightning. Through your generous bounty I was enabled materially to mitigate these calamities. The former I relieved, as I commonly do, through the apothecary who attends them and me. I had a little bag pinned to my curtain, from which I sent the almost daily dole, and I believe some lives were saved, and others made more comfortable. And here I cannot but express a wish that all my opulent friends who live in the country, would make a conscientious apothecary the vehicle of their charity in this way. In my little way I have done

¹ To the kind present which this amiable lady made of her companionship to Mrs. More, the world probably owed, if we look to means only, the extension of a life which was the instrument of so much good.

it these twenty years. But I have said too much of myself. Can you forgive it? This is my first attempted to write. Whether my recovery will be perfect, I am not anxious to know. We have nothing to do with it but to submit. I bless God I enjoyed great tranquillity of mind at the worst, and was willing “to depart and be with Christ,” had it been HIS will; but I left it in HIS hands who does all things well.

I know not if you are at your villa, but for security shall direct to your town-house. Could you and I meet here, how many things we should have to say; but I trust we shall meet in a more perfect state, “through him who loved us, and gave himself for us.”

Ever gratefully your’s

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day, which is the anniversary of my last seizure. May God have sanctified it to me! But as dear Bishop Hall says, we carry about us such a luggage of calamities, that we are never secure. Do not be frightened at my writing so soon; it is not my wont, but thinking that your time will soon be more than swallowed up, I wished to trouble you with one more of my scrawls. If I know a little of anything in the world, it is about the poor: you will not have forgotten how eager I have been for their instruction. When I set up our schools, I was considered by the farmers, and even by their abettors, as the greatest enemy of my country. ‘We shan’t have a boy to plough, or a wench to dress a shoulder of mutton,’ was the general cry. One of them pointed to

Glastonbury Tor, saying, 'we should make things as bad once more, as when the monks first brought religion and learning there.' We, however, kept the noiseless tenor of our way. The rest of my journey I must finish alone. I have not, at the end of thirty-six years, altered my opinion. But our instructions have been, and still are, confined to the scriptures, and such books as are preparatory to, and connected with them. At Blagdon we attempted something one step higher, and employed a man, who, in addition to his large Sunday School, taught the farmers' sons on a week-day. My plan was, that while he only appeared to teach writing and arithmetic, he should labour to infuse into them religious principles,—give them such knowledge as should qualify them for churchwardens, constables, jurymen, &c., and impress on them the awful solemnities of an oath. You know how these *sinister* designs of ours were quashed! So it pleased infinite wisdom; doubtless for my deserved humiliation, and to punish my sins.

But how the tide is turned! Our poor are now to be made scholars and philosophers. I am not the champion of ignorance, but I own I am alarmed at the violence of the contrast. Even our excellent C—— seems to me to refine too much; but my friend F—— is an ultra of the first magnitude. The poor must not only read English, but ancient history, and even the sciences are to be laid open to them. Now, not to inquire where they would get the money,—I ask, Where would a labouring man get the time? Time is the fortune of a poor man; and as to what they would gain from Grecian history, why, they would learn that the meanest citizen of Athens could determine on the merits of a tragedy of Euripides; to do which they must have always lived in a play-house, as indeed they almost always did; they were such critics in language as to detect a foreign accent

in a great philosopher, &c.—and yet history does not speak of a more turbulent, unmanageable, profligate people.

Not only in the great national schools, but in the little paltry cottage seminaries of three-pence a week, I hear of the most ridiculous instances of the affectation of *literature*. A poor little girl of this stamp was in my room one day when a gentleman was sitting with me. He asked her what she was reading at school. Oh, Sir, the whole circle of the sciences! 'Indeed!' said he, 'that must be a very large work!' 'No, Sir; it is a very little book, it cost half-a-crown.' My friend smiled, and lamented that what was of such easy attainment had cost him so much time and money. I asked a little girl, a servant's child, the other day, what she was reading, and if she could say her catechism. 'O no, Madam, I am learning *Syntax*.'

In many schools, I am assured, writing and accounts are taught on Sundays. This is a regular apprenticeship to sin. He who is taught arithmetic on a Sunday when a boy, will, when a man, open his shop on a Sunday. Now, in my poor judgment, all this has a revolutionary as well as irreligious tendency; and the misfortune is, that the growing ultraism on the side of learning, falsely so called, will irritate and inflame the whole bigotry, which hugged absolute ignorance as hidden treasure, not to be parted with; while that sober measure of Christian instruction which lies between the two extremes, will be rejected by both parties.

Tuesday.—This frail and feverish being of mine did not allow me to finish my letter yesterday, so you must bear with one more absurdity. Many a child is brought to me in my room for a little reward of a tract, &c. Since I began this scrawl, a sharp little girl was brought for this purpose. She repeated a short poem extremely well. I then said, 'Now I

must examine what you know of the Bible. Who was Abraham?' After some hesitation, she answered, 'I think he was an Exeter man!'

As experience is a sort of substitute for wisdom, I thought these petty details of things under my own eye might be of some use. Happily my own schools go on in the old-fashioned way. I taught the teachers their alphabet thirty years ago, and they continue pious, faithful, and sober-minded. As Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, the mountain comes to Mahomet, and Miss Frowd, when weather permits, visits them. This is, I believe, the longest letter I have written for some time, and happily for you, the longest probably, I ever shall write. I hope Mrs. W. is better; my kind love to her, and to all the young ones.

Ever, my dear friend, your's,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

Barley Wood, Nov. 1823.

What is become of you? Where are you? What are you doing? It would indeed be 'germane to the matter' to put these interrogatories to *me*, as I have long been in your debt for a delightful letter. But there is a reason for your not asking *where* I am, as I am sure to be found in the bow-window in my bed-chamber. It is now about two years since I have been down stairs, and, I think, four years and a quarter since I have been in any house besides my own. It is not at present that my locomotive powers are not equal to travel down stairs, but that this unmannerly summer made my good Dr. Carrick order me to run no risk. I have, however, a pleasant prison, and am not anxious for a gaol delivery. My health is much better, through the great mercy of God, than there was any human probability would

ever be the case; but with frequent salutary interruptions of bad nights. These are necessary to remind me that this is not my rest. I see a good deal of company in the middle of the day. But the *post* occupies and fatigues me much more than my guests. If you saw my table on most days, you would think, that if I were not a minister of state, I was become at least a clerk in a public office. These petty businesses often prevent my writing to those dear friends with whom it would be my delight to have more intercourse. I find, however, a good deal of time to work with my *hands*, while Miss Frowd reads for the entertainment of my *head*. The learned labours of my knitting needle are now accumulating, to be sent to America to the Missionary Society, who sell them there, and send the produce to the Barley Wood school at Ceylon. So you see I am still good for something.

The Protestant church which is being erected over the very ashes of that arch-fiend Voltaire, is too wonderful not to be just hinted at. That he whose constant cry it was '*Il faut écraser l'Infame*,' should have the gospel of the Saviour he vilified, and whose very name he swore he would exterminate, preached over his grave, is an instance of the antidote following the poison, the most striking! How I honour the Baron de Stäel. Had his unhappy mother employed *her* talents (unrivalled by any woman certainly) in the way her son has employed his, she would have been as much the object of love and esteem, as she always must be of admiration.

Adieu, my dear M——. That God may bless you with all the best of his blessings, prays

Your very affectionate,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

December 26, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hear from others a favourable report of your health. I thank God for this comfort amidst the sad reports I receive of other dear friends. The ranks of the righteous seem to be thinning sadly. That dear Mr. G—— should be taken in the midst of his usefulness, and I spared in the midst of my uselessness, is among the daily proofs that we receive, that God's ways are not as our ways. Preparation is necessary for me, and therefore *time* is given me; yet my time is not so much my own as you would imagine. I have had too many cares and interruptions, and too little leisure and repose, for age and sickness; too much of Martha—too little of Mary. Yet Bishop Hall says, by way of comfort, 'It was Martha who went to meet Jesus.'

Of all the interesting events which almost every day now produces, I think not one has excited my feelings so much as the raising a church at Ferney. That the execrable being, who declared he would never rest till he had exterminated the very name of Jesus, should have the gospel preached over his tomb, and the publication of that gospel poured from that press which had so long been made the vehicle of his abominations, is indeed 'the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' I cannot help thinking that, independently of religious feelings, it is more worth while, as a matter of mere curiosity to an inquisitive mind, to be alive now, than at almost any period that history presents to us. I need not enumerate to you the astonishing and prosperous institutions of piety and charity, nor the successful projects of philosophy, mechanics, &c.

But how I run on? I pray God to give you and

all your dear family the blessings of the present gracious and hallowed season.

Pray sometimes for one who stands as much in need of your petitions, as any for whom they can be offered.

Your very affectionate,

H. MORE.

Mrs. H. More seemed to view her wonderful rescue from the opening grave as an imperative call upon her to improve with increased vigilance every passing hour to the temporal or spiritual benefit of her fellow-creatures. She considered that her life was thus unexpectedly given back to her for this purpose: and every day witnessed some proof of her benevolence. It was no uncommon thing for those who solicited her contributions to find that she had been beforehand with them, and that before their charity had set out, hers had reached its object; while the manner which accompanied her kindnesses gave completeness to their christian character. She still continued as much alive as ever to the pleasures of intellectual and instructive intercourse with her friends; and it was admitted on all hands that her conversation had lost none of its accustomed sprightliness.

In the month of July in this year (1824), the Wrington Bible Meeting took place, of which she was still the strength and cement, although unable to be personally present. The apostolic Bishop of Ohio, (Bishop Chase,) was brought to the meeting by Sir T. Acland, and was one of seventeen who dined at Barley Wood, when the business was over. After dinner, the whole party assembled in Mrs. More's apartment, when an animated and interesting conversation was carried on during several hours, in which Mrs. More, now in her 79th year, bore a conspicuous part, and the good American bishop, who

pronounced the parting prayer, brought away strong impressions of the conservative power of vital faith, in keeping the heart warm and the head clear, under the weight of years, and amidst all the aggravations of infirmity and pain.

The intermission was short. In the course of September Mrs. More was again laid upon the bed of sickness. She was to be subjected to a fresh trial; and again her Christian part was to maintain its accustomed conflict with irritating pains and loathsome remedies; and on this, as on other like occasions, the perfect composure of mind, into which she had long settled, and her habitual resignation to the divine will, were great auxiliaries to the skill and care of her physician.

She recovered from this severe attack, but not till she had made her sick chamber again the scene of an edifying patience, and a school of spiritual instruction. She said she wished to bear her dying testimony to the goodness of God, that her blessings had always been much greater than her sufferings; and added, as one proof of the mercy shewn her, even in her privations, that for many years she had lost her taste and smell, which had been taken from her by a violent attack of fever, and had once thought it an affliction, but having since that period been almost perpetually constrained to feed on drugs, she now felt her loss changed to gain, as her medicines were disarmed of their power of tormenting her. Somebody speaking of a very fine house they had recently seen, she said, 'Do they ever suspect that so mean a thing as death can enter amongst all that finery? Take physic, pomp;' and then raising herself in her bed with surprising energy, though obliged to pause for breath between the words, she repeated,

'Oh, insolence of wealth, with all thy store
How durst thou let one worthy man be poor:'

On another occasion she thus broke forth, 'What sinful, vile, miserable bodies we have, and yet we can be proud, and dainty, and fastidious.' When she heard the bell toll for the funeral of her late medical attendant, she exclaimed, 'Happy Mr. James, he has escaped before me! Pray sing the funeral hymn at family prayer this evening.' Upon those about her answering that nobody had spirits to raise their voice in song, she said, 'Why not? it will raise your hearts in love.' In a moment of particular suffering, she exclaimed, 'Can my friends wish such a state as mine to be prolonged? death would be the greatest mercy—but it is all best. I am not yet fit, I want a few more stripes, or I should not have them, for He does nothing without design.' She remarked, with grateful emotion, upon the affecting beauty of that expression, "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes;" not only that they should be wiped away, but that God himself would wipe them away.

Yet once more it was the good pleasure of Providence, to raise up this eminent Christian to bear a little longer her testimony to the power of faith, and the Spirit's operation on the heart and understanding. Before she was able to quit her bed, she had vigour to project, and partly to execute a plan to which she had been often urged when in tolerable health,—that of extracting from all her later works, each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that all-important subject. These passages, when brought together with some additions, composed a little volume, to which she prefixed a few touching sentences by way of preface, and bequeathed it to her friends, not expecting herself to witness its publication. No sooner was this little book advertised, than the whole edition was bespoken, and another was in preparation before she herself had received a single copy. It reached a third edition within three months of its first appearance.

A longer interval of moderate health and spirits now succeeded, than she had for many years enjoyed, or than was considered possible by her friends. Bordering on the age of eighty-two, she was able to declare that she could scarcely recollect any part of her life in which she had been so little confined to her bed, as during the last two years. These two years, however, deprived her of three of her oldest and best friends—Sir William W. Pepys, the venerable Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne, who had been the last survivors of that society in which she had passed so large a proportion of her time in elegant and intellectual enjoyment, while her custom continued of paying an annual visit to London. She often reverted to it as an affecting and admonitory reflection, that she had thus seen, as it were, a whole generation pass away.

Sir William maintained an affectionate and constant correspondence with her to the last year of his life; and from the good Bishop she received more than one kind and friendly note, written with his own hand, not many months before his decease, at the age of ninety-one.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My health, through the great mercy of God, is marvellous all things considered; but I am feeling the common affliction of those who live to an advanced age—that almost all my contemporaries are dropping before me. In one month I can reckon the Bishop of Durham, my valuable friend the Rev. Mr. Jones, and a loss that afflicted me very deeply, that of Sir William Pepys. We had lived in undiminished friendship near fifty years; he was a scholar and a gentleman, and one of the principal

ornaments of the select society in which I passed so many pleasant days ; he was the Lælius of my now forgotten little poem, the *Bas Bleu*. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when I gave up London entirely, we continued our intercourse by letters, and I had the great satisfaction of remarking his gradual advance in piety. I had made him a present of a Bible, marking those portions on which I wished him more particularly to dwell : he studied it constantly. His letters for several years past, without losing any of that classic elegance for which he was remarkable, were characterized by a spirit of devotion truly gratifying.

Ask Mrs. W. if she remembers going to dear old Jones's church at Shipham, on her marriage ! In the sixty-one years that he was in orders, he omitted duty only four times. A more exemplary minister I never knew. Ten clergymen attended his funeral, so much was he respected, though poor. As to myself, I think I was never more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares than at present. I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house and planted my grove,—I mean retirement ; it is a thing I only know by name. I think Miss Frowd says that I saw eighty persons last week, and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect ; if young, I hope I may do them a little good ; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account ; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers, and excluding them. My *levée*, however, is from twelve to three o'clock, so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself, except now and then an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two, as the franker of this letter for example.

It is a singular circumstance, that one of my things, '*Christian Morals*,' I believe, has just now been trans-

lated into Dutch, by a converted Jew at the Hague. 'Practical Piety' has been published in Dutch at Amsterdam, of which I cannot read even the title page. Love to Mrs. W.

Your's, affectionately,
H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Dec. 1825.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

I grieve heartily to think how long, how very long it is since we have had any communication together, I have been overdone with cares, and business, and company to such a degree, as to have been deprived of the power to indulge in the high gratification of *correspondence* in the primary and best sense of the word, which I take to be the *responding* of the *heart* in friendship. I steal at last a quiet quarter of an hour to assure my dear Lady O. that forgetfulness or wilful negligence has had no part in my silence. I have long been wishing to know the state of your health, and that of Lady Mandeville and her dear little ones, and whether the measles are increased; in short, all about you and yours, in all of whom I must ever take the deepest interest. My own health, through the great mercy of God, has been better than for some years past. It is a matter of wonder as well as gratitude that this should be the case at my advanced age, though I have as much employment and fatigue as at any former period. Among my too numerous visitors I have the pleasure to say that there are many who are among the 'excellent of the earth, and such as delight in virtue.'

My neighbour, Lord M——S——, is truly a most warm and zealous Christian. I have long watched his progress in religion. He has been at the opening of his new church near Dublin, which has cost

him four thousand pounds. He has endowed the church, the school, and minister, so that it is always secured to be in pious hands. I have now been confined seven years and two months to my apartment, consisting of two rooms, having opened a communication to the adjoining one, which I have made a drawing-room, so that I have room for exercise; it is no want of strength which confines me, but my friendly physician will not allow me to walk out, as a cold has so often threatened to be fatal to me.

I am almost ashamed of this egotism, but I hope you will pay me in kind. Though I boast of my health, my mind is in a continual state of anxiety from the distress which surrounds me. You have heard me speak of the two mining villages, where I have had a school nearly fifty years, of about 300, young and old. This gives me a peculiar interest in the wants of these poor people; for though their ground is covered with the ore by which they used to subsist, they cannot sell any, such is the state of trade! If I were not so old, and of course on the very verge of eternity, not looking forward with the expectation of passing through another cold winter, I could not do what I have lately done, and am now doing for these suffering people. They are quite insulated on the Mendip hills, and though their number amounts to twelve hundred, there is not one able to assist another with a basin of broth. If, my dearest lady, you would spare a small charity, I shall most thankfully dispose of it. Pray pardon this freedom. How many years since we have met! O what delight it would afford me once more to see you! But we must content ourselves with praying for each other, till, in God's appointed time, we meet in a blessed land, where there is neither sin, sorrow, nor separation.

Your's affectionately,

H. MORE.

Amongst her most interesting visitors about this time were Dr. Marshman, of whose invaluable Christian labours and interesting and informing conversation she spoke with great delight; and the pious and eccentric Rowland Hill, whose interview with her is related in so fresh and lively a manner by her kind friend Miss Frowd, then resident in the house, that she must forgive the liberty here taken of introducing a portion of her letter.

‘You cannot imagine how delighted we were with dear old Rowland; instead of a coarse, quaint being, disposed to deal out his witty sarcasms against all however good, who were not of his *particular genus*, we found a mild mellowed Christian, of a liberality which really astonished us! He quite overflowed with amiable and truly pious conversation, and this was so seasoned with point, humour, and a delightful oddity which was all his own, that we were beyond measure entertained, as well as edified, by his company: it made the three hours he spent with us, appear no more than half-an-hour. He talked with cordial love of Wilberforce, and spoke very highly of Archbishop Magee. He is an excellent hater of Antinomian doctrines, and I was glad to see such a soundness of Christian principles in the good old man. Upon the question being put to him, ‘How many persons he had vaccinated with his own hand?’ Mrs. M. said, ‘I have heard as many as six thousand.’ ‘Yes, madam,’ he replied, ‘nearer eight thousand.’ We talked of every body, from John Bunyan to John Locke, and he really showed an excellent discrimination and tact in character. But the most beautiful feature of all was the spirit of love and charity which was eminently conspicuous in this Christian veteran. I cannot express to you how interesting a spectacle it was to see these two *already* half-beatified servants of their common Lord, greeting one another for the first, and probably the

last time on this side Jordan, preparatory to the consummation of a union and friendship which will last for ever in the regions of eternal felicity. I suppose that no two persons, in their own generation, have done more good in their own *respective ways* than Hannah More and Rowland Hill. Both have exceeded fourscore; both retain health and vigour of intellect; both are on the extreme verge of eternity, waiting for the glorious summons, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." He concluded this very interesting visit with a fine prayer, which was poured forth in an excellent voice and manner. I really don't know that upon any occasion I have been more gratified.'

From Mrs. H. More to an awakened Infidel.

Barley Wood, Aug. 27, 1826.¹

SIR,

I have received your very affecting letter. I have read it with deep attention, and feel sincerely interested in the narrative of your own state of mind. Your candid confession, however, and the deep sense you express of horror for your unhappy situation, give me a strong hope that through the infinite grace and mercy of God in Christ, you may be restored to peace of mind here, and find pardon and acceptance hereafter. There is a humility, a self-condemnation in your letter, which give an evidence of deep repentance. The best counsel I can give, is what you know already. Be frequent in prayer. Offer up all your petitions in the name, and through the merits, death, and intercession of the blessed Saviour of sinners. Read the Psalms, which are a storehouse inexhaustible of prayer. Read the New Testament, especially the gospel of St. John. Again,

¹ Mrs. More was now in her eighty second year.

I repeat, “watch and pray,” and remember that to doubt the will and power of God to forgive, and to cherish despair, is a greater sin than perhaps you have ever committed. Have no doubt or fear except of yourself; never distrust God. Observe the beautiful view taken of belief and practice, in the various definitions of Christianity, viz. “Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.” Again, “without faith, it is impossible to please God;” “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

I shall take the liberty to send you a very few small books by the Bristol coach to F——. You will pay particular attention to Bishop Gastrell on the Promises. Oh, read those promises: get them not only by head, but by heart. They are the precious food which sustains the Christian life. Family prayer is a commanded duty; you will find also some excellent prayers in the small edition of Doddridge.

O Sir! lose no time; do not content yourself with *intending*. “Now is the appointed time.” Neither fancy it is too late; it is never too late to *begin*, but it is always too late to *delay*. Be sure to reject all dark and gloomy thoughts, as suggestions of the great enemy of souls. I have always admired that expression of Scripture, “through the terrors of the Lord we *persuade* men;” observe the gracious word *persuade*, when one might have feared the awful one of *terrify*. Let it be your especial care to vindicate the ways of Divine Providence to your children: show them how strikingly they are proved in sacred, and even in profane history. In both they will see, that prosperity is no certain mark of God’s favour, nor adverse circumstances any proof of his displeasure. Read to them the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, —there they will see that, “whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth;” that he does not indulge, but scourge, every son whom he receiveth. Without these instances, we should want one of the strongest

confirmations of a future state of retribution ; there all these discrepancies will be reconciled, and the love of God, under the severest dispensations, be made obvious. Have you no enlightened friend, no neighbouring pious minister with whom you could confer on all these important subjects? It would be far better to open your heart to some decided Christian, than to let these fatal feelings prey on your heart in secret. Forgive the freedom of this letter ; her poor prayers shall be offered to our heavenly Father for you, by

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind and interesting letter cheered my heart, and served to put me in more humour with myself than it found me. It brought back former days to my mind. I too, who am much older than you, have not one contemporary left. My early set, the Johnsons, the Garricks, the Burkes, the Bryants, the Reynoldses, &c., I do not reckon, as they were old ; of my second set, the Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne, were the last, both ninety-four : of your periods, (alas, poor H. Thornton !) there remain yourself, (to me a host,) the Gisbornes, the Babingtons, my old accomplished friend, now new neighbour, the Bishop of Bristol, &c. Do not say you have nothing to do in your retirement from public life ; yes, my dear friend, I can point out to you an employment, not less important than those in which you spent so many laborious days and nights. You *can* and you must write the history of your own life ; such a work would be sure to embrace three great classes of readers, the fashionable, the religious, and the political. You, who were so long the intimate friend of

the first minister in the world, might introduce such a proportion of public and political remark, as would attract the worldly, who might thus be seduced to read the abundant instruction of the more serious pages. They will meet with what will benefit their souls, while they look for nothing less. You say in your letter how much time you have lost by pausing too long, and making too much preparation before you begin to set about anything. My fault is of a directly contrary character: in avoiding Scylla, I have fallen into Charybdis; for I have such a horror of delay, that I called myself, and they now call me, the ultra-anti-procrastinator. Though I have not done *much*, yet with a sickly life, and an annual dangerous fever of long duration, which I have had till the last two years, if I had been sober and considerate, I should have done *nothing*. My thick volume, *Moral Sketches*, more than five hundred pages, was first thought of in January, entirely written, printed, and published at the end of August. In the September of the same year dear Patty died. Could I have foreseen this, or had I delayed the work, it would never have been written. I do not mean that it would have been any loss to the world, but that it would never have existed. So much in favour of rashness.

Do you know that I am very desirous of selling Barley Wood,—the reversion I mean. I have written to *my* friends to name it to *theirs*. I am unwilling to advertise, as it would bring strangers, and I do not like the publicity. Within the last two years, I have spent nearly a thousand pounds in enlarging and embellishing the grounds, and have put those and the house in complete repair. All the demands, both of family and charity, are so much enlarged that I have exceeded my income in the last two years by three hundred pounds. I have sunk a little from my four per cents,; yet, as Pope says of Allen,

‘it is pleasanter to give than to bequeath.’ The worst is, that I am still alive, but though not in bad health, yet at eighty-two, I consider myself at the very verge of eternity; so that, though I must unavoidably lose by the sale, yet the purchaser must very soon become the possessor. My neighbour, Mrs. —, has just sold her place for —; it is a nice place, but not to be compared in point of scenery with mine, and has nearly four acres less land.

Ever your’s,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts’s.

1827.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

It is well Miss Frowd has left me only a little space, for I have little to say, and little time in which to say it; there are three littles for you; three greats (if there were such a word) would not more than express my affection for you both. I am going to give, for the second time this week, the most illustrious proof of a great soul,—of duty triumphing over self, that has been given in modern times. The first of these glorious victories was writing to put off D. W. from fulfilling his promise of coming over to us a second time; the other is to desire you will come on Monday instead of Saturday.

It is not always that I set my conscience above my feelings, but you must encourage a young beginner in integrity and self-denial, and not think of being so base as to subtract these two days from your allotted visit; but let me have my fair tale. I have too many petty cares at that age when the grasshopper is a burthen. I have *many* grasshoppers, and seem to have less time and more labour than ever I had in the busiest periods of active life;

and half my interruptions are of a paltry kind—albums, and autographs, &c. Did I ever tell you that R—— I—— said to me, that if he were engaged to the prettiest woman in the world, he would break off the match if she kept an album? It is (said he) the essence of folly and vanity,—a vile way of seeming literary. He is a coarse man, but very clever.

The Dean of Salisbury, his wife, and son, passed three nights here: he preached two most awakening sermons at Wrington. I have had a heavy heart and weeping eyes; dear Mrs. Carrol has “entered into the joy of her Lord.” She was gradually becoming disquallified for usefulness, yet her zeal lasted as long as her senses. Two more bishops gone to their last audit! It is really striking and awful, and I hope will quicken the zeal of the survivors! When have I written so long a scrawl! I am sorry to send you so many papers, but I am half distracted at the daily applications which I do not trouble you with naming. One is often tempted to wish one had but £60. a year, to buy bread and cheese; and then perhaps they would leave me to pursue my narrow way in quiet! And now this is to certify, and by these presents you are certified, that you shall be met at Bulgin’s at two of the clock on Monday, by my coachman, with his leathern convenience. I commend you to God and the word of his grace! May we meet in health and peace, if it be his blessed will!

Ever yours, while

H. MORE.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. MORE'S REMOVAL FROM BARLEY WOOD—HER
LAST DAYS—DEATH—AND CHARACTER.

It has already appeared that Mrs. More had become desirous of disposing of the reversion of Barley Wood, but circumstances now took place which made it necessary for her to part with the possession.

The course of her life had in a great degree exempted her from the cares, and unaccustomed her to the duties of the ruler of a household; and those duties, when now cast upon her, in the days of her weakness and old age, proved too great a burden for her exhausted energies.

Under a system of excessive tolerance and indulgence, virtue loses something of its value and reward; and of this species of tacit injustice and indirect mischief to morality, Mrs. More's memory must suffer the imputation. To bestow confidence, where experience should awaken suspicion and inspire caution, is to sleep on duty; and although age and infirmity, seconded by a gentle temperament, might plead her excuse with society for the facility with which she exposed herself to be ill-treated, yet it must be owned that when her sound understanding had health and strength for their allies, she discovered too little of that vigilant exactness so essential to the equity and

consistency of moral rule. Her domestic government was such as might be expected from one whose reluctance to offend, or even to displease, was too apt to disarm her prudence; and when the ill effects of this amiable weakness, which at the age of eighty-three had nature on its side, were evident in the waste and misconduct of her servants, after trying in vain to correct the evil by mild remonstrance, she sank quietly under what seemed inevitable, and determined to take the infliction as a chastisement to which it was her duty to submit, without struggle and without complaint. At length, however, such discoveries were made, as induced her friends to represent to her the danger of her appearing to be a patroness of vice; or at least indifferent to its progress; and thereby, of lessening the beneficial influence of which her writings had hitherto been productive. The thought of such a consequence made her forget her age and infirmity. She took the decided resolution of quitting for ever her Barley Wood, the retreat in which her happy Christian sisterhood had taken sweet counsel together with her for so many years, and breathed their parting breaths in spiritual trust and triumph. All her domestics, who had so long felt and abused her goodness, were cashiered; and at a bleak season of the year, and on an inclement day, after a long confinement to her chamber, with her kind and faithful friend, who had kept close to her in all her distress, she removed to Clifton. From her apartment she was attended by several of the principal gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had come to her that morning to protect her from the approach of any thing that might discompose her. She descended the stairs with a placid countenance, and walked silently for a few minutes round the lower room, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of all her old and dear friends, who had successively gone before her; and as she was assisted

into the carriage, she cast one pensive, parting look upon her bowers, saying, 'I am driven like Eve out of Paradise; but not, like Eve, by angels.'

A few lines written during the struggle and suspense of the first discovery, from Barley Wood, to two beloved friends who had a considerable share in extricating her from her distressing situation, cannot but be interesting.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

If I were to write to you as often as I have some new service to thank you for, I should be always writing, and you always reading. I have been quite overwhelmed with this heavy blow. I strive and fervently pray for divine support and direction; but such is the variety of difficulties which await me for the next month, that I sink under the thought. I bless God I slept last night, but like the disciples, it was from sorrow. My kind partner in these sufferings, Miss Frowd, is, I am grieved to say, in bed with a sad cold; this adds much to my distress. You *must* indeed, my dear friends, you *must* come to advise which of the painful paths before me I must pursue. I shall break my heart, if you refuse this my, perhaps, last request. I would consult with you what gentlemen I shall get to stay with me in the dreaded moment of separation. The shocking conduct of the people below, it seems, has been long the subject of discourse with the whole neighbourhood. I alone was left in ignorance. I am more obliged to dear Mr. Harford, than I can say; he is a true Christian friend, and the station he fills gives authority to his judgment. He has so many engagements on his hands, that I avoid troubling him continually with letters, though he always most kindly attends to

them. I really think this shock has hurt my hearing and my memory !

Your's, my dearest friends,

Most affectionately,

H. MORE.

Resentment, however, could find no permanent home in her breast ; it was speedily dislodged : and if the thought of her late unworthy household occurred to her mind, it merely led her to pray that they might be brought to repentance. ' People exclaim,' said she, ' against their gratitude towards *me*, but it is their sinfulness towards *God* that forms the melancholy part of the case ! '

The habitual contentedness of her disposition made her easily accommodate herself to her new residence, to the beauties of which she soon became thankfully alive ; nor was she less to the affectionate assiduity with which all her friends gathered round her ; and the numerous attentions which they were eager to pay her. She fixed her abode on Windsor Terrace, Clifton.

The influx of visitors, which poured in upon her, was now perfectly overwhelming and bewildering, till she was persuaded by the friends more immediately about her, to reserve two fixed days in every week to herself for quiet and calm recollection.

In the mean time she gradually contracted her earthly concerns into as small a compass as possible. Her little estate at Barley Wood was disposed of to William Harford, Esq. the brother of her much esteemed friend, the possessor of Blaise Castle ; and she shortly afterwards negotiated with her bookseller the sale of the copyright of the last portion of her works, comprehending ten volumes. Their sale had continued so steady as to afford a constant increase to her income, which overplus she laid up in no earthly treasury ; and her expenditure being no lon-

ger unduly increased by fraud and speculation, she found herself able to send forth the streams of her bounty more abundantly than ever; and this she did with an unsparing hand, her whole heart seeming to be set on “devising liberal things.” There was something, indeed, of excess on this side of her character, which laid the foundation for a report in distant quarters, that the source of her charity was dried up, and that great pecuniary losses had caused her abrupt removal from Barley Wood.

She received a letter full of affectionate condolence from one of her excellent transatlantic friends, suggesting every pious motive for acquiescence in her change of circumstances, and conveying an intimation that her American admirers would gladly unite in helping to form a fund sufficient to preserve her from all fear of future pecuniary difficulties.

It has been mentioned, that one of her American friends had told her that her ‘Hints for the Education of a young Princess,’ was the only one of her works which was excluded from publication in his country; their republican principles making them adverse to everything connected with royalty; but she was now informed that they had at length adopted it as a generally useful work, upon which she exclaimed, ‘I have conquered America!’

The house on Windsor Terrace to which Mrs. More was now removed, was an elegant and convenient residence, within a few doors of her most intimate and affectionate friends, and in the neighbourhood of many who had made a part of her society for a considerable period: nor let it be forgotten that she had still, in Miss Frowd, the same companion to whose voluntary and affectionate assiduity we find so many grateful allusions in her letters.

Her change of place had little of the shock of transition. There was nothing strange or novel in the new scene. She was brought back to terminate her

pilgrimage where her career of usefulness had begun. The vicinity of Bristol had so long been a witness and participator of her virtues, so long identified with her fame and glory, that one could not have seen her living elsewhere without looking upon the removal as akin to one of those dislocations which are produced by a convulsion of nature. It is in that vicinity that she has left so many monuments of her benevolence. There, the schools and public institutions of charity are so many living and lasting records of her compassionate feelings and social sympathies.

To this neighbourhood, from which, as the starting-post of her brilliant course, she had set out some sixty years before, with the whispers of conscious power urging her forward in a career of publicity from which the modesty and moderation of her disposition shrunk back with trembling, she came at last, her race being ended, to receive a victor's reward in that peace which speaks comfort to the weary soul, and follows it to the land of the saint's inheritance, where there is quietness and assurance for ever.

But it pleased Providence to lengthen out a little the last scene of her existence, that as it had been seen in her how a godly woman could live, both in the world and above it, so in her it might be seen how gracefully a godly woman could pass out of it into a better.

Soon after her fixing her abode at Clifton, it was remarked by her more intimate friends, with that sadness of feeling with which we always see, in the case of an eminently-gifted person, the approach of the great leveller, that her memory had begun to serve her less faithfully, and to betray her into repetitions and mistakes. Still her vivacity maintained a long contest with decaying nature; and though her powers were less uniform, they sparkled occasionally with their accustomed brilliance; and even

her wit would sometimes resume its seat, to the surprise of those who were looking daily for the escape of her spirit.

It must be confessed, however, that as her valuable life drew towards its end, her mind partook more and more of the general decay; and that for some time previous to her departure, she was unfit, though unconscious of her unfitness, to receive the visits of homage, respect, or curiosity, which continued to flow in upon her. But her philanthropy which she had always indulged to an extent almost bordering on excess, made it an uneasy effort for her to refuse admittance to any visitor; and however expedient it was to spare her these excitements, this comparative seclusion was neither wholly agreeable to herself nor satisfactory to others. But it was considered by her medical advisers as absolutely necessary to the preservation of her existence.

The remission of intellectual labour, however essential it may be at a late period of life to the support of the animal frame, opens an escape to the stores of memory, and accelerates the decline of mental energy. To preserve the faculties from decay, as years increase, is not within the power of perishing mortality; but to protract the date of their use and efficiency is more or less the effect of a perseverance which keeps them in a constant and equitable exercise, at a middle point between exertion and quiescence. From the earliest age at which the faculties usually attain their maturity, to a very late period of her life, Mrs More had kept her mind, if not at the top of its bent, yet at a considerable stretch; and when her last long vacation from study and composition was entered upon, the retrograde course became more and more decided, till time completed the undoing of its own work, and dissolved the structure which long exercise and experience had raised to so lofty an elevation.

But it was not on every subject that the mind of this extraordinary woman could be said to have lost its energy, even when her last sickness had brought her to the verge of eternity. There was one theme on which it appeared to have gathered strength, so that it might be said that the force of her intellect was rather diverted than destroyed. While that side of her understanding which looked towards the world was dim and obscure, that which was turned towards heaven continued bright and lucid. She retained to the last an unclouded remembrance of the mercies of her heavenly Friend and Guide, as her single ground of hope and trust, through faith in the great sacrifice; and if a text from scripture was quoted to her for consolation, she would follow it out by applying it to herself, or respond to it with holy fervour, in words borrowed from the same authentic source.

She had been brought up in two schools—the school of the world, and the school that calls us out of it. In the early part of her course, the world's vanities and flatteries had got the start of better counsels, and somewhat engrossed her for a time; but her principles remained sound, and concentrating themselves in the recesses of her bosom, waited there for the quickening influence of those truths which come with a mysterious vocation to the hearts of some, showing to them themselves as the heirs of corruption, and the pupils of grace,—beset with numberless perils, and having only one way of escape. The learning of the latter school, long before age or infirmity had imposed their interdicts, and brought this eminent lady entirely under its discipline, had armed her for those frequent conflicts in which she became a conqueror through Him, who, by the trials and exercises of affliction, fulfils his purposes of preparation and reward.

Her learning in this school was turned all to profit.

There was no waste of intellect in fruitless research. Her religion was all text; at once compendious and comprehensive,—in its creed a span long, but in its moral dimensions as large as life and all its charities. That which gives wisdom to the simple, gave simplicity to her wisdom. It was always in preparation, and ready for use. Her confession of faith, as gathered from her declarations, her practice, and her correspondence, was this—that God wrought *for* her by the blood of his atonement *in* her, by the operation of his Spirit, and *around* her by the manifestations of his Providence ;—benefits to be sought by prayer, faith, and penitence. This seemed to be the sum and substance of her theology ; which, like its Founder, had no form or comeliness, after the fashion of this world's glory, and approved itself to those only in whose hearts the truth in its simplicity, was acknowledged and embraced.

Mrs. More came to reside on Windsor Terrace on the 18th of April 1828, at the age of eighty-three, where she lived in Christian composure to the 7th of September, 1833, a period of five years and a half. The reader will be helped to some idea of her average mental capacity during the first four years of her residence at Clifton, from the age of eighty-three to eighty-seven, from the following letters, the first written in the month of October, 1828, the others in 1829 and 1830.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Windsor Terrace, October 27, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I cannot express the immense joy your most welcome letter gave me. It is delightful to think we shall meet once more on this side Jordan. I am diminishing my worldly cares. I have sold Barley Wood, and have just parted with the copyright to

Cadell, of those few of my writings which I had not sold him before. I have exchanged eight 'pampered minions,' for four sober servants. I have greatly lessened my house expenses, which enables me to maintain my schools, and enlarge my charities. My schools alone, with clothing, rents, &c. cost me £250 a-year. Dear good Miss Frowd looks after them, though we are removed much farther from them. The squire of Cheddar attends them for almost the whole of Sunday, and keeps and sends me an accurate statement of merits and wants; so that I have many comforts.

As I have sold my carriage and horses, I want no coachman; as I have no garden, I want no gardener. My removal here has been providentially directed to my good. I have two pious clergymen, whom I call my chaplains, and who frequently devote an evening to expound and pray with my family, uniformly on Saturdays. My most kind and skilful physician, Dr. Carrick, who used to have twelve miles to come to me, has now not much above two hundred yards. I found this a great comfort lately, when he attended me every day, sometimes twice, for a strange complaint—a total deficiency of bile. By the blessing of God on his skill, I am nearly recovered; but I am still left to feed on drugs. As to your kind visit, we can give you two beds, and one for a female servant; I am sorry I can do no more. The house, though good, furnishes few conveniences. We have no servant's hall, of course no second table; but we are surrounded with hotels, lodging-houses, &c. I am expecting soon to see my much valued friend Mr. Huber and his wife, from Geneva. He is a man of great talents and piety. I owe him much—he has translated many of my works into French, and is now going on with the 'Essay on St. Paul.' It gratifies me that his translation of the 'Spirit of Prayer,' is now circulating in Paris. I have just received a

valuable work from Madame Neckar de Saussure. Miss Frowd desires her best respects. She is my great earthly treasure. She joins to sincere piety, great activity and useful knowledge. She has the entire management of my family, and is very judicious in the common offices of life. She reads well, and she reads much to me. I have much more to say, and much, I trust, to hear when we meet. May the God of all grace and goodness preserve you, my dear friend,

Fervently prays,

HANNAH MORE.

Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

1829.

We are all agitation and confusion about the Oxford business. I tell my friends they must be all alive. The interest of our church and our country is at stake. We have just got your note, and the printed paper. Send down by coach at least a dozen of the same, and I will disperse them among all who are likely to turn them to a good account. I did not expect to see the king surrounded by a half-Protestant ministry; had it been Turkish or Jewish, I might have put up with it. My dear and able friends, the Miss Robert's, and Miss Frowd, are running about like mad folks; and I am not over sound. My duty as well as love to the champion of Protestantism. God bless you all.

H. MORE.

To a Friend on the Oxford Election of 1829.

Joy, joy, joy to you, to me! Joy to the individual victorious Protestant! Joy to the great Protestant cause! I have been almost out of my wits ever since I received your delightful letter, in which insanity,

my dear colleague, Miss Frowd, joined me. That dear valuable Sir T. Acland brought the first news of a great majority; and though I could scarcely doubt of our success, yet I applied the words once used to me by my old friend Dr. Johnson, 'My dear, I must always doubt of that which has not yet happened.'

Nothing short of this great event could have induced me to hold a pen. I have been confined to my bed, and still am, by a severe cough and cold. My good doctor attends me daily, and rejoices in our joy, but he would scold me for writing. I cannot answer the earlier part of your letter, not being sufficiently stout to say more than that I am,

Your ever affectionate,

H. MORE.

'The last time,' says Dr. Valpy, 'that I saw her, was at Clifton, in 1831. Her rule was to admit none of her friends on Wednesday, but, finding that my stay was short, she desired that I would come to her. I stayed with her above an hour; and she appeared to be in full possession of her bodily and mental powers. She pointed to a large bookcase, which contained nothing but her own publications, and translations from them in various languages. She said, that when she began to write, she printed her first works merely for the use of her young friends and pupils, expecting nothing like the extensive sale which they obtained. 'I know not,' she added, 'how far my writings have promoted the spiritual welfare of my readers, but they have enabled me to do good by private charity and public beneficence. I am almost ashamed to say that they have brought me *thirty thousand pounds*.'

Her last letter was addressed to one of her most valued friends, who must forgive the mention here

made of his kind and effectual services, in facilitating and protecting the removal of this aged and ill-requited benefactress of the poor, from the place where every breeze whispered her charities, and every cottage was warmed by her benevolence, with a frame as little fit for the journey, as it was for war, to her new abode; where every local reminiscence was to be dispersed, and the thread which held in continuity the texture of her interests and affections was to be broken. Of this gentleman's friendship, and particularly his prompt and timely aid in the moment when, without the kindest and most judicious treatment, she must have sunk under the infliction, she always expressed herself with the liveliest gratitude.

The letter alluded to as being one of the last from her pen, was written to acknowledge a present of a book which she had received from this friend.

7th May, 1832 (88th year of her age).

MY DEAR AND TOO KIND FRIEND,

If you could look into my heart, you would see more pleasure and gratitude at one peep, than you would find in a whole folio full of elaborate compliment. I am delighted with, and I hope edified by, your highly-finished work. I am enchanted to find powerful reasoning and profound reflections so frequently diversified by the brilliant, the sprightly, and the gay. The work is at once Christian and classical.

I remain, your's sincerely,

H. MORE.

An extract from a letter written by Mrs. More's long-attached and highly-valued friend and physician, Dr. Carrick, of Clifton, will very suitably bring us to the close of her long and Christian life.

Clifton, Dec. 30, 1833.

From the time Mrs. More removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, in the spring of 1828, her health was never otherwise than in a very uncertain and precarious state, and she seldom continued beyond a few days exempt from some attack of greater or less severity. Yet although so frequently suffering from disease, she was but seldom, during the five years and a half she lived at Clifton, subjected to such violent inflammatory seizures as those she had sustained at Barley Wood; from which she had escaped with extreme difficulty, and altogether contrary to reasonable expectation. At all periods of her life, Mrs. More had been liable to dangerous inflammatory affections of the chest; and during her latter years, it seemed always improbable that she would be able to survive another such attack. The anxiety of her friends was therefore peculiarly awakened for her safety during the winter season, and every possible precaution was employed to obviate the recurrence of catarrhal affection, by which it seemed most probable she would ultimately be carried off. By the unremitting care and attention, chiefly of her attached and judicious friend, Miss Frowd, this principal cause of alarm and anxiety had been in a great measure warded off or essentially mitigated during several successive winters, and especially in the last, that of 1831—2. About the middle of November, however, of 1832, some degree of catarrhal affection, without any assignable cause, supervened, which gradually extended to the chest, in the usual form of bronchites in elderly persons, although milder perhaps in appearance than on some former occasions.

Towards the end of November these catarrhal symptoms seemed to be giving way, when, during the night of the 26th of that month, a considerable

degree of bewilderment, or mild delirium, was observed to supervene, which continued with only occasional remission or abatement to the termination of her life, about ten months afterwards.

For some time previous to the period alluded to, it was apparent to those who had frequent opportunity of seeing Mrs. More, that her intellectual energy was gradually undergoing a process of deterioration and decay ; imperceptibly indeed from day to day, but sufficiently obvious at longer intervals. Towards the end of the year 1832, a still more considerable falling off, both in her mental and bodily powers, was observed to take place. Whether the severe illness and death of her respected and excellent friend, Miss Roberts, had a decided influence on Mrs. More's state of health, I would not venture to say ; but it certainly was about the period of that melancholy event, the latter end of September, that a very marked deterioration of her faculties became observable ; but it was not till about two months afterwards, the 26th of November, that her intellectual powers sustained their last and greatest shock, upon the translation, as it seemed, of morbid action from the chest to the head. From that period her symptoms underwent but little alteration. A slight or moderate degree of fever continued slowly to waste her strength. The catarrhal symptoms, however, did not recur. About a fortnight before her death, her appetite for food, which had hitherto been sufficient for her condition, suddenly failed, and a total rejection of nourishment led unavoidably to the termination of her lengthened struggle.

For the space of a week or more, she scarcely seemed to recognise those about her, with the exception of perhaps one or two individuals. The last day, the 7th of September, she did not speak, but without any painful or convulsive effort, quietly and placidly ceased to breathe.

To the friends and admirers of Mrs. Hannah More, it was painful during her latter years to see those great and brilliant talents, which had justly raised her to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, descending to the level of more ordinary persons. Yet there was this consoling circumstance in the case of this admirable woman; that while the grand and vigorous qualities of her mind submitted to decay, the good, the kind, the beneficent, suffered no diminution nor abatement, to the last moment of consciousness. Age, which of necessity shrinks and impairs the bodily powers, generally blunts sensibility, and narrows the social virtues. The soul which in youth, and in the prime of life, teemed with every liberal and benevolent quality, is not unfrequently observed to grow cold and insensible, parsimonious, and even avaricious, when sinking into the grave. With this remarkable woman it was signally the reverse. Her well-known beneficent and charitable qualities, not only suffered no abatement, but expanded with her years.

So long as her intellectual faculties remained but moderately impaired, her wonted cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her; and at no period of her declining life did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, even in moments of painful suffering.

During her latter years, indeed, it was her constant and ardent wish that she might be permitted to quit that terrestrial stage, on which she considered she had finished her destined part; but this desire did not proceed from impatience to escape from mortal suffering, but solely from her anxiety to enter on that state of blessed immortality, to which she aspired with humble confidence in the merits of her Redeemer,—an anxiety at all times qualified and subdued by an entire and willing submission to the divine decrees: “Not my will, but thine be done!”

It seems worthy of remark, that as it pleased the Almighty to protect this distinguished woman to a very advanced period of life, from the infirmities of temper, which often tend to render age both unamiable and unhappy, so it likewise accorded with his goodness to spare her from many of those bodily infirmities, which usually accompany length of years. To the very last, her eye was not dim; she could read with ease, and without spectacles, the smallest print. Her hearing was almost unimpaired; and until very near the close of life, her features were not shrunk, nor wrinkled, nor uncomely, and her person retained, to a considerable degree, its wonted appearance, as at a much earlier period. Even to the last, her death-bed was attended with few of the pains and infirmities which are almost inseparable from sinking nature.

It has been my fortune, during a long and close intercourse with mankind, to have enjoyed many and valuable opportunities of observing and studying the human character, under various and trying circumstances; but never, I can say with truth, have I known a character in all respects so perfect as that of Mrs. Hannah More.

I remain,

Very truly and respectfully your's,

A. CARRICK.

It has already been observed that as the life of Hannah More approached its termination, her thoughts often travelled to far distant scenes, and seemed sometimes to be lost in visions of eternity. The forces that kept the citadel seemed to be gradually disappearing, except those clear thoughts and holy certainties which still sustained her spirits, and suffered neither sadness nor distrust to intrude upon her last hours. Amidst all her wanderings she was coherent

and consistent on whatever had an immediate relation to the place to which she was going.

‘Upon one occasion,’ says the faithful friend who was always about her dying bed, ‘in the early part of her illness, I read to her the office for the visitation of the sick, and the burial service in the Book of Common Prayer. She was still and engaged, while I was reading, with her hands clasped in devotion. Some of the verses in the Psalms, after I had begun them, she would finish, exclaiming with rapture, ‘how delightful, how sweet—delighting the taste and touching the heart.’ The fifty-first Psalm was continually on her lips: “Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.”

When the prison doors were open, and her soul was on the point of escaping to its true home, though a thick veil was spread over the world she was leaving, no look of regret, but one of sweet sympathy with its trials and sorrows, was often cast behind her; nor could the awful change which awaited her, dislodge from her heart that love of souls which had supported her through so many years of bodily suffering, in her various works of Christian beneficence. Prayer was the last thing that lived in her,—every breath was prayer; and in the vital energy of her expiring petitions, her affectionate friends, and those that administered to her wants, and soothed her last conflict, were earnestly commended to the great Advocate of repentant sinners. The lady who had long taken such kind care of her, and was kneeling at the bed’s side, was thus addressed by her shortly before her departure: ‘I love you, my dear child, with fervency. It will be pleasant to you twenty years hence to remember that I said this on my death-bed. Be near me, and with me as much as you can,—will you? I may last out a few days—how long does the doctor

think I shall live?’ ‘She was always,’ says this lady, ‘invoking blessings on those around her, and hoping they should meet in a happier world—in an eternal and glorious world;’ and when she was told of some presents made in her name to those who were employed in her service, with a smile almost amounting to a laugh, she exclaimed, ‘I am glad of it, glad of it.’ Adverting to her own frame of spirit, she said, ‘I hope my temper is not peevish, or troublesome.’ And on being answered that it was the temper of an angel, she said, ‘Oh no, not of an angel! but of a very highly-favoured servant of the Lord, my Saviour.’

The Psalms, and other passages of scripture were perpetually breaking from her lips, and it seemed extraordinary to those who were about her, that her memory, which had let almost every terrestrial impression slip away, had kept the registry of her devout recollections unobliterated and unimpaired. The loins of her mind were girded up, and her soul braced, as it were, to meet without amazement the strange and awful encounter which was approaching. Like one preparing for a great expedition, all impediments were thrown aside, all but the necessary implements to set up her tabernacle in the place of her destination and final rest.

‘She was sometimes,’ says Miss Frowd, ‘painfully conscious of the disturbed and confused state of her mind. One day she put her hand to her head, and exclaimed, ‘I am all confusion, I seem quite to have lost my understanding. My mind is all so (shaking her hand before her eyes); I used to entertain my friends and be agreeable to them. But if I shed tears, they are tears of gratitude, and flow from a sense of my unworthiness.’

The philosophical reader, when he contemplates this buoyancy of hope and trust amidst the languors of a last sickness, at an age verging on fourscore

years and ten, will find a difficulty in accounting for it by any analogies of nature; and if he is determined to see nothing supernatural in it, he must be content to sit down in ignorance and wonder; but to the Christian enquirer the phenomenon will shew itself under another aspect: he will see and adore in it the Spirit's work and the succours of divine help; he will see in it the process of a second birth in a dying child of Adam; he will see in it the funeral of death, its sting extracted, the grave spoiled, and Satan discomfited; he will find in it the best comment upon the Psalmist's exclamation, "Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

To save space, we lay before our Christian readers the sentences which escaped from her lips at intervals during the latter portions of her last illness, requesting them not to forget that at this period she had arrived at her eighty-ninth year. They were committed to writing by one¹ who dearly prized her posthumous honour for the sake of the generation which has succeeded her; but whom neither this nor any other consideration could ever have induced to dress up her sentiments in any other idiom than her own. Plain as it was, it was the vehicle of her last earnest pleadings with her merciful and awful Judge.

She said to those who surrounded her—"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." 'Jesus is all in all: God of grace, God of light, God of love: whom have I in heaven but thee?' When very sick she said, 'What can I do? What can I *not* do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who are expecting to be together in a better world. The thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. My God! my God! I bless thy holy name. Oh the love of Christ, the

¹ The survivor of the two Misses Roberts.

love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never tired of prayer. Pray, pray, that the dear mistress of this house may be supported in her last hours. I pray to God to forgive my many offences, to make me humble, and looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. Lord stablish, strengthen us! "The heavens declare the glory of God;" how I love that Psalm! O eternal, immortal Lord, I prostrate myself before thee, utterly unworthy of thy mercy! Holy Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit! into thy hands I commend my unworthy self—unworthy but penitent?' Upon being asked if any thing could be done to make her more comfortable, she said, 'Nothing but love me, and forgive me when I am impatient.' Upon her servant's proposing to read a chapter to her, she said, 'What are you going to read?' and upon being told, the resurrection of Christ, she said, 'If we meet at his feet we shall be equal!' She said to her attendant, who had been repeating some psalms and hymns, 'You cannot have your mind too much stored with these things; when you get old, or are in solitude, they will supply you with comfort.' After repeating the Doxology, she said to her servant, 'The word Trinity you know means three. I once lived in a street called Trinity Street; I do think it very wrong to give such sacred names to common things.' She often exclaimed, 'Lord, have mercy upon me: Christ, have mercy upon me, and make me patient under my sufferings. Take away my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a conformity to thy will. May thy will be done in me, and by me, to thy praise and glory: I desire only to be found at the foot of the cross. Lord! I am thine, I am not my own, I am bought with a price, a precious price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lord have mercy upon me, grant me an abundant entrance into thy kingdom! Jesus, my Saviour and my friend.' She talked much of the many mercies of God to her, through her very long

life. To an intimate friend she said, she hoped they should meet in glory; for herself she had but one object in view, and that was to wait the Lord's time. 'Lord! strengthen my resignation to thy holy will. Lord! have mercy upon me a miserable sinner. Thou hast not left me comfortless. Oh Lord! strengthen me in the knowledge of my Saviour Jesus Christ, whom I love and honour. How many parts of scripture speak of the necessity of our being born again; Raise my desires, purify my affections, sanctify my soul. To go to heaven—think what *that* is! To go to my Saviour! who died that I might live! Lord, humble me, subdue every evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe of glory; through Christ's merits alone can we be saved! Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy servant with eyes of compassion.' A friend said to her, 'Our good works will not save us.' She replied, 'Our good works are nothing, but without them we cannot be saved. You must pray for me, that my sins may be forgiven me for Christ's sake.' After repeating the fifty-first Psalm, she said, 'Pour out such a measure of thy grace upon me, that I may be enabled to serve thee in spirit, soul and body; and that loving thee, I may come unto thee through Jesus Christ. Oh, my Saviour, forsake not her whom thou hast redeemed. Feeling herself lingering long in her sickness, she said to a friend, 'My dear, do people never die? Oh glorious grave! I pray for those I love, and for those I pity and do not love.' She said, 'It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful; Lord, I believe, I *do* believe with all the powers of my weak, sinful heart. Lord Jesus! look down upon me from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support me in that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glorious thing to die!' When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, 'Talk not

so vainly, I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.'

The gradual dissolution and departure of this gentle ornament of her sex, shall be described in the natural and affecting language of the friend who cheered and comforted her last days and her last hours, and counted the last beat of her pulse. 'During this illness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps, and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length, nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion by her bed-side: she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day, till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and endeavouring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called, 'Patty,' (the name of her last and dearest sister,) very plainly and exclaimed, 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace, she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock, Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. She breathed softly, and looked serene. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very serene. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the

night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning, I sent in for Miss Roberts. She continued till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape ; and one more was added "to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever."

Thus ended the long life of this distinguished lady ; not the last, I trust, of the female worthies of this land, but one who more, perhaps, than any other, carried in her opinions, habits, and predilections the sample of a straight-minded English woman, combining natural manners with polished breeding, home culture with elegant attainments, and preserving in an era of revolutionary rage and moral bewilderment, a loyal heart, a regulated spirit, a simple faith, and a holy walk. A patriot, too, as much as a woman can be without purchasing the distinction at the price of qualities essential to the true relative place in society which the sex should maintain : adding strength and safety to the moral foundations of liberty, by prudent teaching and example, and leaving it to the rougher sex to tread the doubtful path of speculative daring upon the thin border which separates between liberty and licentiousness.

Her love of her country, and her love of her species, were without any alloy of party feelings or prejudices. To her sound and correct understanding, liberty presented itself as including among its essential constituents, loyalty, allegiance, security and duty. Patriotism in this view of it should be placed in the front of her character, since it really took the lead of every other *temporal* object.

As a writer, all the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical ; and it would be difficult to name another who has laid before the public so copious a

variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. To keep within this tangible barrier, without contracting the range of her imagination, or denying the truth any advantage to which it is fairly entitled, of illustration or entertainment, is a secret in the art of composition with which few, if any, have been so well acquainted. Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never needing the refreshment of change; never weary in well-doing. Thus to do good and to distribute, was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need, she was ever forward to supply; and as she had passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them.

It was the privilege of her intellect to work successfully in the face of forbidding circumstances; such as in ordinary cases repress vigour, and slacken perseverance. In her early life, her powers of conversation led her into varied society, and principally into those assemblies where intellect is in the breath, and where minds capable of things of lasting effect and extensive benefit often lay out their strength in thoughts that do but gild the fugitive hour, and soon fade from the memory. Those who move amidst such fascinations, are seldom extensive contributors to the treasury of human knowledge. It was therefore the more remarkable, that Hannah More, during this part of her life, was actually accumulating, projecting, and accomplishing beneficial schemes and purposes; and as some rivers are said to pass through large receptacles of water without intermixture in their passage, and to roll onward in their own course till their destination is completed,—in some such manner did this single-minded woman travel through

this gay medium without disturbance or diversion, till in no long time she gained a clear and uninterrupted current, dispensing beauty and fertility throughout her beneficent progress.

The qualities of Mrs. More, considered absolutely, have been deservedly the object of her country's homage and admiration; but when regarded as actively contending with the false sentiments, new theories, and foreign fashions which have, within these last forty years, been gaining so fast upon us, the worth of her character becomes very conspicuous. He who has observed the traces of the old English mind gradually growing fainter as it recedes into the great limbo of forgotten things, will think with sadness of our common loss in the departure of a person of such influence and authority on the side of moderation, loyalty, high breeding, and honour, and all those things which belong to our national and homely habitudes. If Mr. Burke, as a philosophical, and Mr. Pitt as a practical statesman, successfully resisted in their days the raving theories of revolutionary extravagance, Hannah More, as a moralist,—a scriptural moralist, standing in the old paths,—shared largely with them the glory of this conservative warfare.

She was always opposed in youth and in age to whatever in sentiment and practice carried the mind to a distance from the soberness of self-distrust, and the light and leading of scripture. That wisdom was her's which uttereth her voice in the streets—that orieth at the gates, and at the entrance of the city. It was her privilege in an extraordinary manner to compel attention. Her hints, her admonitions, and her remonstrances found their way everywhere, even where sprightlier moralists had been denied access. And all this was done without lowering the quality of religion, or disguising its interdicts with any arts of pleasing, or adventitious aids. Her moral writ-

ings, containing nothing but the pure ethics of the gospel, without anecdote, or ridicule, or satire, or any other superadded attraction but those of good composition and beautiful illustration, showed her to be in possession of the secret of gaining readers without cost or sacrifice on the side of truth or humanity, or any breach of the law of kindness.

On questions of party politics, she wrote and conversed but little; deeming them to be no proper part of a woman's province; but as far as she allowed herself to take a side in political contentions, she was thoroughly loyal and monarchical—of such principles as would have proclaimed her a staunch whig after the fashion of Lord Somers in his day. But in these days, when old things are shaken out of their places, and the notions and distinctions of a former period are lost in a crowd of new names and designations, so that the age of George the Third is already falling into virtual obscurity, it would be difficult to assign to Hannah More her proper political place among modern patriots or partizans. The more things were shaken around her, or trembled under her, the firmer was the hold she took on the pillars of the temple: and in this position she maintained her integrity and consistency to the last, amidst the new aspects of the political and religious community; and though she was too candid and generous to renounce friendships on account of any honest change of opinion, she was too true to her own principles, and too sensible of the value of ancient institutions, not to deplore the growing contempt for things tried and approved. It may be that in some things her mind was over-strenuous, and her adherence and opposition too unqualified; and I know not whether the totality of her hatred of every thing French—of French morality, French politics, French philosophy, and French fashions, might not have bordered on excess; but her feeling for the maintenance of what was understood by 'the

good old cause,' involving the great securities and pledges of social happiness and national prosperity, was such as to make every attempt at removing landmarks to be regarded by her with suspicion at least, if not with aversion.

On the concession of the claims of the Catholics to political power, whether right or wrong, her opinion was never altered. She always regarded it as the beginning of a succession of evil measures, which were gradually to change the whole face and character of our fundamental institutions, and turn the genius of the country towards objects of a disorganizing tendency. She considered Protestantism as the basis of our government, and she loved it best in its connection with the character and discipline of the church of England; but she could not move in correspondence with those eager men who were for reforming reformation, and measuring religious advancement by the length of its departure from the practice of the papal church. She was very liberal but very staunch; and although she could not but see that religious communities take up notions of each other's creed too much upon trust, and with too little forbearance and candour; yet of a religion which professedly regards our church as polluted, and founded on usurpation, she thought it not illiberal to be distrustful. She looked upon the alliance of church and state as founded upon nature rather than legislation; human societies being always in fact found in practical alliance with religion; and opinion, which is always at work, being itself determined and modelled by the influence of its secret and persuasive power. Such appears to have been her general views of this subject, as gathered from her works, her correspondence, and her conversation.

On her religious opinions, much need not be said. She was too pious to be a professed theologian, and too much in earnest for curious criticism, or specu-

lative discussion. To make a right application of religious truth, to bring it home to the conscience, and to be conformed to its precepts, was, she thought, our immediate concern with revelation, as soon as its great doctrines of redemption and grace were vitally apprehended. After saying this, it is almost needless to add that she was adverse to theological disputation. Wrapping herself up in a simple and humble belief, she went out to meet the accidents and storms of life, with a composure of mind, and a pious fortitude, which made her walk as instructive as her writings.

In treating of these subjects, in her books and her letters, her views appear to have been remarkably plain and practical. She knew it was the first business of an author to get readers; and she saw that others obtained them by striking out new and adventurous paths of research or conjecture; but her mind was so determined towards what was useful, solid, and saving, upon this great topic, that trite as was the theme of practical piety, she could not forbear again going over where so many footsteps had been, that scarcely a spot of freshness or floridity remained. But as her light tread proceeded along this beaten path, a new life of green and gay variety sprung up beneath her: surprising the senses with new colours and new odours, from products bursting into being in quick and endless succession. Her powers were inexhaustible. Again and again she recurred to the same subject, and still varying the dress of her thought where the thought was repeated, she cheated the light-minded into reading her again and again, and still again and again the pious fraud succeeded. Had she lived the life of a patriarch, it seems as if every year of that life would have been marked with some fresh expansion of Christian verity and duty.

If Mrs. More's religion was moral, her morality was altogether religious. She knew of no worth in

human actions, but as they belonged to faith ; which in her view was of such large dimensions as to encompass the motive and the object of whatever was good in conduct. As far as inferences may be drawn from her writings and her conversation, of the quality of her religion, it altogether excluded a speculative faith. It might be consistent with her avowed opinions to suppose a speculative belief, but not to hold the possibility of a speculative faith. According to her view of the subject, scriptural faith was essentially practical. It was with her the root and principle of spiritual life ; the very door through which sanctification enters into the soul's recesses, to concentrate its strength, spiritualize its affections, and determine its will.

It was this decided and prominent part of her character and mental constitution, which specifically distinguished her among Christians. A peculiar soundness of sentiment domesticated and tempered all her reasonings and opinions, without subduing their natural and free-born energy. There is a greatness which owes its effect in part to the sacrifice of symmetry ; genius is aggrandized by its eccentricities ; learning claims many privileges for itself, and wit often acknowledges none in others ; the details of duties and reciprocities are not seldom trampled upon by those to whom the world's flattery concedes the charter of despising ordinary things ; but Hannah More, caressed by princes and nobles, the delight of intellectual society, the centre round which so many luminaries revolved, having her name echoed from shore to shore through the civilized world, was yet a plain, home-bred, practical, and true-hearted woman, who managed so to live through a life of unusual length, that while one-half of her contemporaries were drawing largely from her stores of instruction and entertainment, the other half knew her only by the solace imparted by her labours

of love. While she was employed in the daily office of cherishing virtue, advocating merit, animating diligence, and clearing the road to happiness, she stood at the gate of mercy a humble suppliant for grace and forgiveness, and rested the success of all her endeavours on their conformity to the will of heaven.

She was a person to live with, to converse with, and to pray with. Her powers were capable of dilating or contracting their dimensions, as occasion required. Every one found it easy to deal with her in a commerce of benevolence. Her genius invited a near approach. It was great and commanding, but it was lovely and kind. Genius, in general, requires to be placed at a certain distance to produce its effect. The equilibrium of the mind is often disturbed by it,—its stability shaken, and its moral texture dissolved; and often out of this elementary disorder, forms and combinations arise, which the mastery of genius moulds and disposes at will. It claims our homage, and visits as a conqueror, to whom belongs the tribute of suit and service. But to domicile and diet with genius, is for the most part an unenviable lot. Its hearth and home are not usually the scene of comfort. In Mrs. More the colours of character were so blended that all was consistency, quiet, and pleasantness around her. Her wit was entirely subordinate to her good nature. Her great qualities did homage to her little graces.

Her manners were unostentatious and unconstrained; and although she could not but be sensible that she was always in all companies a principal object of attention, this consciousness produced in her neither reserve nor effort. She had the art of saying and communicating much, without seeming to engross a larger share of the conversation than others; and as she could afford, better than most, to throw away her opportunities of excelling, it was one of the exercises of her skill in which she took most pleasure,

to give confidence to the timorous, ease to the embarrassed, and its full credit to common sense. It was the prerogative of her superiority, to maintain the fundamental rights of social equality, by the equal distribution of her kind attentions.

Her friends were often astonished at the candour and good humour with which she listened to criticisms on her works. What was accomplished with so little labour, was never so fondly cherished by her, as to become a subject of fretful anxiety. Those who pointed out defects, or repetitions, or redundances in her composition, were always considered by her as giving proof of their kind feelings towards her. To those who treated her with severity, she was too conscious of the careless rapidity with which she generally worked, to be offended at that which she had taken so little pains to avert; or to be wounded by the animadversions which her own salutary censures naturally provoked. It is true that the homage of the world attended her throughout her life, with little interruption; but then it is equally true, that homage is not the nurse of contentedness, nor fame and success the usual preservatives of a patient spirit and a gentle temper.

No exemptions or immunities of genius were claimed by her. In her dress she was very neat and decorous, but also very plain and frugal. A great enemy to singularity and artifice, but especially to the artifice of seeming to despise art, as far as it was called for by the infirmities of our condition, and the duty of reciprocal respect, she was, however, so little taken with the tinsel of life, and studious decoration, that what she often said of herself has been confirmed by the testimony of those who knew her longest and best, that she never wore a jewel or trinket, or any adjunct to her dress, of the merely ornamental kind, in her whole life, though much of that life was spent in the society of the great and splendid.

A cultivated relish for rural scenery was one of her

distinctions, and so great was her delight in the disposition of her garden and grounds, that she would sometimes say that Providence had consulted her good by disabling her, during the greatest part of the year for exposing herself to the air, as there was danger, had it been otherwise, of her allowing this strong propensity to absorb too large a portion of her time. Akin to this innocent relish was the gaiety with which she entered into the happiness of young children, who were seldom introduced to her without receiving some advice from her, conveyed in so pleasing a form as to engage their attention, and impress their memories.

It was always, however, the foible of her mind to lean too much towards indulgence, the predominance of which propensity was sometimes productive of consequences injurious to her quiet, and laid her open to much disappointment from ingratitude. Her laxity in this respect was not however accompanied by any disregard of order and regularity. When in health she was punctiliously exact in the economy of her household; in observing rules, and times, and seasons; and more especially in the dispensation of her charities, and the discharge of all her pecuniary obligations.

She composed with remarkable rapidity, seldom reforming or retouching her sentences; and the same ability and habit appeared in all her transactions, small or great; her promptitude in business being stimulated by her anxiety to save others from inconvenience or disappointment. Similar motives induced her to arrange her papers and accounts with minute exactness.

The energy of her mind in carrying into execution any purpose which had been adopted after sufficient consideration was very remarkable. In conformity with this part of her character, her plan was, in any new resolution which involved the exercise of self-

denial, to contend with the most difficult part of the undertaking first, after which, she used to say, she found the remaining sacrifices comparatively easy. On this principle, having resolved to desist from going to the theatre about the time her play of 'Percy' was revived, she made *that* the immediate occasion for carrying her new resolution into practice. Mrs. Siddons was then at the height of her glory, and was to act the part of the heroine of the tragedy, a character which she was said to exhibit with remarkable success; and Mrs. Hannah More was in the midst of a brilliant society of friends and admirers, who all attended the representation; but here she was determined to make her first stand against this particular temptation, and to break the spell of the enchantment while standing in the centre of the magic circle.

Another anecdote will show the same principle brought into exercise on a very different occasion. As her limited income began to be sensibly diminished at one time by her travelling expenses, she determined to perform her journeys in stage coaches and in order to overcome at once every obstacle that pride might interpose, she resolved to pay a visit to a nobleman, on which she was about to set out, in one of these vehicles; which, as there was a public road through the park, set her down at the door of the mansion. She has more than once described her conflicting sensations when his lordship, proceeding through a line of servants in rich liveries, came to hand her out of her conveyance,—a conveyance at that time much less used than at present, by persons of high respectability. Thus it was the policy of this able tactician to commence her operations by a decisive blow, whereby the main strength of the opposing force was at once broken and dispersed, and her victory made easy and secure.

Those who lived much with her, speak with delight of her equability. None of those little petty peevish-

nesses with which some are so fond of spicing their intercourse and their friendships, played off in her commerce with her friends or dependents. As she was scrupulous of giving offence, so she suspected none of intending it towards herself. She lived in an immunity from quarrels, and above the need of explanation. That she was very sensible to human praise cannot be denied; but neither can it be denied that she was prompt to praise others, and had an alacrity in pointing out the merits of contemporary writers. Her charity, in thinking and speaking of others, ran sometimes into excess: it was the charity that “hopeth all things,” but it was carried so far as sometimes to confound the distinctions of character and actions. She had the finest tact in distinguishing and appreciating in the abstract; but her good nature and sensibility to kindness suspended the exercise of her moral discrimination in some instances, wherein wit courted her favour, and waited upon her genius.

Beyond the limits which have been expressly propounded in the written word as essential articles of belief, she knew that there was an area in which sincere Christians may expatiate at some *distance* from each other, without any hostile separation or substantial *difference*. She knew that a religion of general laws, which lays little stress on modes of opinion, and precise observances, in comparison with the service of the heart and a sound trust in the revealed plan of redeeming mercy—admitted of some variety in the particular application of it to the conscience, and even as to the extent of its practical requirements in the different circumstances of its professors; and to the farthest bound of this reasonable latitude she always carried her tolerance and her charity, if not her friendship and affection.

As she advanced in age and wisdom, and with a prayerful policy kept closer to God, and at a greater

distance from worldly connections, she drew around her the best and wisest of her contemporaries; many of whom have come before the reader in the course of the correspondence in which she engaged during the latter part of her life. Hardly an individual distinguished for learning, virtue, or piety, during this period, was a stranger to her merit, or without a participation in her interests and her objects. Such influence possessed by a retired female, during many years confined to her chamber, and constrained to pass much of her time on the couch of sickness and pain, while a series of strange occurrences were shaking the world out of its sober senses, and indisposing it to be governed by the lessons of practical prudence, was a fact so striking and peculiar that none can help acknowledging its testimony to the force of truth, when it goes forth in the demonstration of that power which the word of wisdom imparts.

Of the works of her pen, we may in truth aver that they have raised for her a monument which can never fail to remind her country of what it owes her. They are, for the most part, elevated above criticism by the noble purposes to which they were devoted, and by the decisive suffrages of the moral public. Her biography, however, would be considered defective if it did not bring her entire character before the world. There was hardly a period of her life which was not stamped with her intelligence. From her infantine days, books were her playthings, and her first discoveries were their own reward. The conscious capacity of doing good and making happy seemed to possess her earliest thoughts, and to prompt her first wishes and efforts. That, setting out in such a course, and excited by the anticipations and predictions of all around her, she nevertheless set her first foot upon life's open stage without art or enthusiasm, and with neither singularity of deportment nor conceit of superiority,—that she carried

with her the same consistency and sobriety of character when her powers and reputation had reached their highest point,—and terminated her career with a composure which infirmities could not disturb, and a beneficence which age could not contract,—are truths which those who admire excellence will delight in contemplating, and those who love their country will, especially in its present crisis, desire to see displayed and detailed with fidelity.

Some of her remarks, which have been preserved in the memory of her friends, and which may serve as specimens of the salt with which her conversation was usually seasoned, may deserve to detain the reader for a few moments.

She mentioned that her friend Mrs. K——, and a little worthy knot of her connexions, had, with the best intentions, entered into an engagement by which they bound themselves to do some good work every day; but that she had prevailed with them to dissolve the contract, because if they performed it they might be too triumphant; if they failed, too desponding; advising them, however, still to work on in the spirit, though not in the letter of the engagement.

She remarked, one day, if we resolved things into their first principles, how few and simple they would be discovered to be. The vehicle of all knowledge was formed of the combinations of twenty-four letters; all calculations were generated from nine figures, and all infinite variations of sound in music from eight notes.

At a dinner-party at Bath, the Rev. Mr. Jay, by whom the anecdote has been communicated, was lamenting the ingratitude Mrs. More had recently met with from a person he had recommended to her beneficence,—upon which he received a look from her which silenced him; and after dinner, drawing him into a corner of the room, she said, ‘You know we must never speak of such things as these before

people, for they are always too backward to do good, and they are sure to dwell on such facts to justify their illiberality.' She finely added, 'It is well for us sometimes to meet with such instances of ingratitude, to shew us our motives ; for if they have been right we shall not repent of our doing, though we lament the depravity of a fellow-creature. In these instances also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves ; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of any one towards us, compared with our ingratitude towards our infinite benefactor.'

Mr. Jay observes, this was but in character with *all she said and did* through a long and favoured intimacy with her after he came to Bath ; adding,— 'Great as her fame has been, I never considered it equal to her merit. Such a fine and complete combination of talent and goodness, and of zeal and discretion, I never witnessed. All her resources, influences, and opportunities were simply and invariably made to subserve one purpose, in which she aimed to live not to herself, but to Him who died for us and rose again.'

There was nothing he admired more than her *conversation* ; and not only its eloquence, but its judiciousness, its selectness, its appropriateness. Whatever was the party or the topic, "upon her tongue was the law of kindness." There never was a word to offend, or wound, or grieve, but always something to instruct and improve : "her speech was always with grace, seasoned with salt, and ministered to the edifying of the hearers."

'You could not,' says the same gentleman, 'touch her without finding her electrical wit, genius, and godliness. Her very praise was moral. If she praised a sermon, it was not a sermon that might have a little air of originality, but one that commended itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. She often remarked, that preaching was an

instrument, and the best instrument was that which did its work best.'

Mr. Jay further relates, that when, forty-four years ago, he first saw her in his congregation, she tried him more than any person he had preached before; but when he had become acquainted with her, and was secure of her friendship, he was pleased to see her present. He soon made her a confidante; entreating her to point out any thing she deemed exceptionable, or capable of improvement in one so young and inexperienced; and he acknowledged with gratitude many valuable hints derived from her judgment in the discharge of his ministry.

He admired the moderation of her doctrinal sentiments, and her decided dislike of the jargon of the schools, and whatever men had rendered metaphysical and exclusive in the gospel of the God of all grace. She was, however, he said, fond of reading the works of many of the old divines, and even those of the puritans and nonconformists, remarking with her usual smartness, 'that she found nothing better than the lean of their fat.'

The Editor of the Christian Observer, in his number for January, 1835, affords the following pleasing memoranda:—

'Mrs. More's conversation was always simple, though rich in literary allusion and anecdote, and full of point and epigram. You could never say she was trying to talk fine. A young lady who seemed to expect much Blue-stockings at Barley Wood, once complained to the writer of these lines that Mrs. More had talked to her of nothing but Sunday Schools and tracts for the poor, except once *to admire her shawl*.

'The writer was once reading with her for several evenings, while on a visit at Barley Wood, some of her publications which she was revising for press; but she would soon say, 'Enough of Hannah More;

now let us have an hour of Howe or Leighton before prayers.' She often expressed a dislike to *stilted* conversation, mentioning the anecdote of the French wit, who begged his friend to go with him and talk bad grammar by way of recreation, after coming from one of the old-fashioned literary-display parties.

'One day when a visitor seemed to expect some grand display, Mrs. More turned round playfully to the writer of this note, and smilingly said, 'I like fun, Mr.—: do not you?' This word was, however, singularly inappropriate: for her conversation was never mirthful or jocose; its characteristic, next to its moral and religious bearing, was literary vivacity: it was full of wit, but too refined for humour: the mind laughed, not the muscles; the countenance sparkled, but it was with an *etherial flame*: everything was oxygen gas and intellectual champagne; and the eye, which her sisters called '*diamond*,' and which the painters, complained they could not put upon canvas, often gave signal by its *coruscation*, as the same sort of eye did in her friend Mr. Wilberforce, that something was forthcoming which in a less amiable and religiously-disciplined mind might have been very pretty satire, but which glanced off *innocuously* in the shape of epigrammatic playfulness.

She certainly was no admirer of dulness. 'I agree,' said she, 'with Voltaire, where he says, 'I can away with writers of any calibre, except the wearisome ones;' or, as she allowed the maxim to be punningly translated to her, '*any calibre except a great bore*.' Yet she had well studied what most persons would consider heavy authors; Rapin, for instance, whom she commends, is not a light one; and she strongly urges, in all her works, the solid before the shining, especially in books of education. In divinity, most of her favourites were not superficial authors; no, nor even authors whose piety the world will half forgive for the sake of their genius. 'What are you reading

just now?' said she one day to the writer of this note. 'Jeremy Taylor.' 'Yes, one reads him as the Shakespeare of the church; but I meant for the heart.'

'But with all her abhorrence of prosing, she never said lively things for the sake of their liveliness. Her conversation was always instructive, and remarkably characterized by sobriety and good sense. Her advice-giving was singularly judicious. 'What do you do, Mrs. More, when young ladies come to you with their difficulties? Suppose, for instance, they have been brought up in a practically irreligious, though perhaps decorous circle; but, by the blessing of God, religion has touched their hearts; their affections are set upon things above, and not upon things upon the earth; they feel the importance of the soul and of eternity; but their friends and connexions, perhaps their own parents, oppose their conscientious feelings. The Bible tells them to come out from the world, and they wish to do so; but their friends wish them to live in it; and hence arise what appears to them conflicting obligations; they know not how to reconcile their duty to God with their duty to their parents: and they find much distress of mind, in being expected to join in gay parties, to attend various public amusements, and Sunday dinners, Sunday drives, and so forth.' 'It is a very affecting case,' she would say, 'but I always tell them to be very meek, very dutiful, very amiable, very patient; to pray much, and never to give unnecessary cause of offence; and that God will in time make their path clear before them.'

'But though there was not any ostentation in her allusions, the chief names which occur in the above correspondence were as household words at Barley Wood; and the whole place echoed the names of Burke, Garrick, Johnson, Porteus, and other remarkable men of her early days. Burke owed a good share of his electioneering success at Bristol to

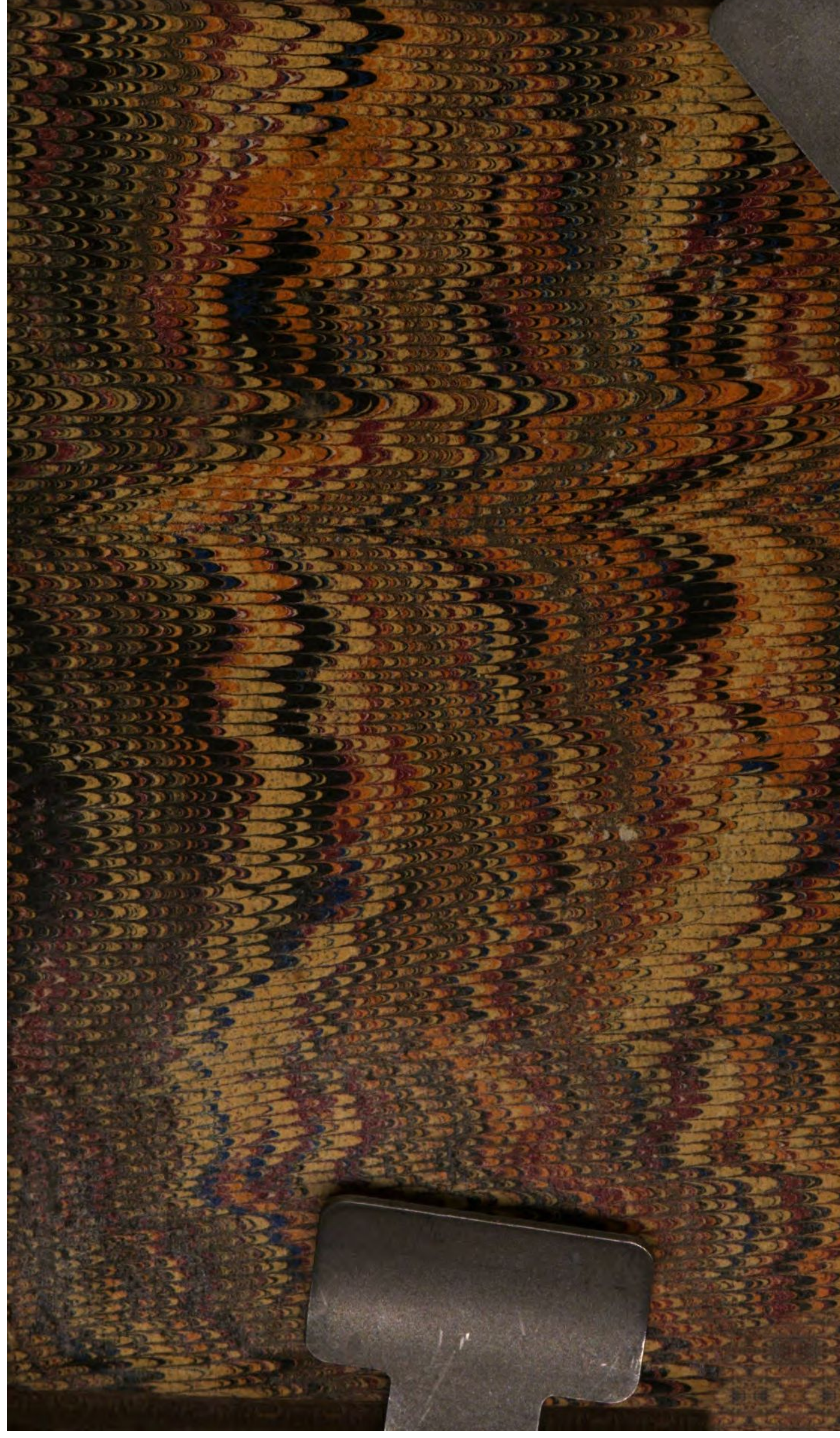
the excellent canvassing of the Miss Mores; and often have we heard (though generally from meek-eyed 'Patty,' Mr. Wilberforce's prime friend; or from 'Sally,' the writer of 'The Two Soldier's,' and other of the Cheap Repository Tracts, who Garrick said had the greatest powers of humour of any Woman he had ever met with) of the electioneering trophies; and above all, of 'the splendid speech'—splendid even now—and which will never be forgotten while the name either of Howard or of Burke is remembered.

'The writer well remembers being much struck with her manner, the last time he saw her at Barley Wood, shortly before her departure from that place, when calling on her with his family, she presented to them, as was her hospitable custom, some of her books, and among others, to one of them her own Greek Grammar, saying, 'I am eighty-three years old, and it is time I should have done with Greek; you, I suppose, are just beginning; so here is my Greek Grammar.' To give up elegant literature, was in her case to sever one strong tie to earth, and she appeared so to feel it, though contentedly and even joyfully. Barley Wood is a mournful place now, to those who knew it formerly. Its tenants are gone; but they are at rest, for they rest in Christ.'

THE END.







More, Hannah

Memoirs of the life of Mrs. Hannah More

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